

Young Buck

"Countin My Pockets"

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feat. Starlito & Sosa Da Plug

Look at where I come from, a long way man
The ghetto where we call home, the hood baby, you
know what's up
Look at all what I've done, I mean I put a song to
matter, and a key nigga

It's where we belong, we on top, we get money
I see you with your hands out, now I don't owe you shit
nigga
Looking for a little bit of help, but I understand, haha
How can I help you get money, think about it
If you can't help your damn self

[Hook]

Quick count my pockets
If I say I don't got it
Homie I'm not lying, I'm grinding you know
The block where you find them
Quick count my pockets
If I say I don't got it
Shawty I'm not lying, I'm grinding
I'm grinding, I'm grinding
Gotta focus more on myself

I used to hope them lights out, man hoping I kiss the
low
Quarter ounce on me hope the laws don't patrol
Which y'all don't know, this hustling ain't fun
Cause we getting that money comes busting that gun
Stuck in the slums, nah, I'm gonn make it
Either that, or I'm gonna take it
Give me that cashville, everybody grinding hard
Won't sit back on they ass, cause they tryina starve
Nevermind the charge, cause we weren't from the blue
light
It's catch me if you can, if a nigga got 2 stripes
If you knew life like I know life
Man, you be hustling right now, cause there's no time
outs

My uncle told me young don't rent by the ounce
Before I get fronted, I rather buy my own
So like we're ...
And when I get at this booth, I got sell ...on

Hook]
Quick count my pockets
If I say I don't got it
Homie I'm not lying, I'm grinding you know
The block where you find them
Quick count my pockets
If I say I don't got it
Shawty I'm not lying, I'm grinding
I'm grinding, I'm grinding
Gotta focus more on myself

I ain't got nothing for you, dog, get some money man
I don't fuck with y'all, I just wanna ball

Well it's the plug over fuck about a bitch,
I'd always be broke,
I never have no motherfucking kush to smoke
I get twacked to loco, some I never go for
It's haters tryina kick it too much, this ain't a dojo
You boys shake this here, I call this scared of success
Watching me, while I'm making myself
You probably snitch, aching to tell
How I get big guap and they say I might take it as well
Catch me when the sun rise, with my young guys
We serving trays, like ...lunch time
Strapped with a gun crime, it's a drought
On the slick Christmas around the corner
Cause I want mine, yeah

Hook]
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