

## Young Buck "Crime Pays"

Visit "[Crime Pays](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

*[Young Buck]*

State to state, slippin slate nigga  
This for the block nigga  
E'ry nigga out there who God damnit maintainin  
off slangin 'caine and all dem, thangs  
And y'knowwhat!m'talkinbout I feel that (I feel that)  
See I done been in that situation where niggaz flip  
birds  
Y'all know the gangsta, lil' young nigga  
Who thugged out all night on the curb, came up from a  
GRAM

And bitch I got 'em warrin for 10-5, the new nigga in  
town  
I'm the king of this drug ring, just waitin to be crowned  
You havin money by the ton, I got thousands by the  
pound  
And the urge to splurge for all you niggaz want an  
ounce  
Ain't no problem with the product, long as you got the  
amount  
And every bit of my fetti, cause every bit of it count  
I'ma roll in the low, rain snow hot or cold  
Finish my narcotics and put my bitches on the road  
First nigga try and jack, watch murder go kill them  
hoes  
All white, no crack, how I get it, how it go  
17 years old, I'm rappin 10 at a time  
To me, front shit ain't punk shit, long as I get mine  
And we can get down to shine, no more sellin them  
dimes  
Put 20's on our rides, fuck hoes with thick thighs  
Then maybe you can see, how it is to be rich  
You ain't heard about a nigga? I be servin them bricks

*[Chorus]*

Nightfall to sunshine, 24 hour shifts  
If crime didn't pay, I'd be still on the strip *[repeat 2 lines  
3X]*  
Nightfall to sunshine, 24 hour shifts  
Look - if crime didn't pay, I'd be still on the strip

*[Young Buck]*

I've survived off this cocaine game, and it's a strain to  
my brain  
to front a nigga a thang, 'bout mine he won't complain  
Conversation rule the nation, y'all niggaz know the  
sayin

Prayin I don't catch ya wit'cha watch I'll take ya out the  
picture  
Money run the country, similar to Adolf Hitler  
Always been to drugs but see it's different kind of  
dealers  
You pay what you weigh, or should I say, get my scrilla  
Not tomorrow but today, okay, it's on the real'a  
I ain't tryin to be a killer just a nigga 'bout his cheddar  
And I ain't got it, you can't cancel the bill collector  
Coulda been did your rump, put your family in the  
middle  
But I chose to be a man and keep it on that level  
Your potnabs done told you about this young runnin  
rebel  
And the load he carries behind if I can't get mine  
So robbin niggaz blind is the way I'ma play the game  
Gotta respect my mind and if you don't you still payin

*[Chorus]*

*[Young Buck]*

I'm a 100% for the Presidents  
I never been hesitant, to leave 'em layin with no  
evidence  
Gotta make the best of this, stack my cheese  
Then come back and get the rest of it, transportin ki's  
In the Benz with the leather kit, ride with me  
When you hear that Desert Eagle click it's world war 3  
This ain't how it 'posed to be, but ain't no fuckin role  
model  
Besides people down in hell still want ice water  
Now how you livin nigga? When hard times come  
can you stand prison nigga, or you gon' run yo'  
tongue?  
What's that on yo' arm? You feel like it make a man?  
Well let me get that and yo' charm, but turn around and  
count to 10  
Can't turn soldier in one day, the thug gotta just be  
within  
your blood or yo' family, the streets gon' tell how good  
you been  
But see I'm a young nigga {edited} in his face  
Since 12 I had a triple beam servin them cakes

*[Chorus]*

Visit [Young Buck](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.