

## Young Buck

### "Do It For Ya"

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Walk Where I Walk, See What I See  
Now I Welcome You All To Cashville, Tennekee  
All My Life, I Hustle'd All Night  
Now I'm Alright, My Wrist Is All Ice  
And I Did It All, Without Ya'll Advice  
I Done Been To Hell And Back, Twice

You Cant Do It Like Me!

Now As The World Turns, I Let My Bud Burn  
Police Writin' Down My Tags, Like Im Con'cerned  
I Graduated From The Nickels And Dimes  
You Need The F.E.D.'s Bitch, To Come Get Mine  
Get On The Grind Hoe, And Stay The Fuck Up Outta  
Mine Fo'  
The Kid's Find Daddy Lay'd Out With His Eyes Closed  
I Know, Can't Be Humble In The Jungle  
Give A Nigga An Inch, He'll Take A Whole Mile From Ya'  
So I Bust First, Fuck This Earth Nigga  
Whats Worse? Wakin' Up In The Pen, Or Sleepin' Up  
Under The Dirt  
Boo Yow! Is The Sound Of The 40 Cal.  
Ak's Bananna Clips Hold A 100 Rounds  
Test Me, Rude Boy Don't Want None  
Got Jamaican's And Hesian's Buck, Buck, Buckin' They  
Gun  
Where The Hood At? Nigga, That's Where I Come From  
Where Shoot Dice, Snort White, Sell Crack And Heroine

You Can Walk Like I Do, And Talk Like Me Too  
But Nobody Gon' Rock With You  
Cuz You Can't Do It Like Me (Nah, You Cant Do It Like  
Me)  
{[50 Cent:] Hold On A Second Homie, Lets Get This  
Clear}  
You Can Walk Like I Do, And Talk Like Me Too  
But Nobody Gon' Rock With You  
Cuz You Can't Do It Like Me (Cuz, You Cant Do It Like  
Me)  
{[50 Cent:] Hold On A Second Homie, Lets Get This  
Clear}

G-UNIT!!!

Somebody Tell Me What This World Comin' To  
Why They Go Get They Metal Detector's When We  
Come Through  
Yah, I Know We Got Beef, And Niggas Say They Wanna  
Kill Us  
But You Can't Get Mad, Cuz The Whole World Feel Us  
Do The Math, Half Of These Niggas Lying In They  
Rhymes  
They Don't Even Read The Paper Work, Just Sign On The  
Line  
I Got A 9, And A Heart To Go Get Mine  
And I'll Be God Damn, If I Take A Loss This Time  
I'm Fishline, In The Water, Nibble Only To Get Caught  
May I Take Ya' Order? Yah, I Can Get It In New York  
See The Streets Know, This Nigga Here'll Let The Heat  
Go  
Be Low, Don't Be No Muthafuckin' Hero  
A Kilo'll Get A Nigga Whole Click Killed  
You Ain't Gotta Spend Shit, Niggas'll Hustle Up A Mill  
When You Live With All The Roaches, You Kill All The  
Rats  
And The Thugs, That Ain't Focused, Get They Head  
Cracked

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G-UNIT!!!

I Know I Got A Dirty Mouth, Bitch I'm From The South  
I'm Nuthin Like What You Done Seen Or You Done  
Heard About  
I'm In My Best On The Block, A Vest And A Glock, And  
The Rest In My Sock  
Unless I Was Pac, You Wont See Me With A Cross On My  
Back  
Gotta Do My Own Thang, Can't Copy That Cat  
Let Me Holla At Ya' For A Minute May'ne  
If Ya Stand For Nuthin' Nigga, You'll Fall For Anythang  
I'm Bustin Any Brain, They Say That I'm Insaine

But I Came In This Game With Cocaine In My Veins  
What I'm Sayin, That I'm Trained To Go And Turn A  
Penny To A 20  
You Complain, I'd Rather Work With What He Sent Me,  
Ain't It Strange?  
How I Went From A Hoopty To A Bentley, I Ain't Changed  
I'm In The Hood, You Want Me? Come And Get Me  
Feel My Pain, But Don't Feel Sorry For Me  
Cuz They're Some Kids In Somalia With Nuthin To Eat

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[Scratching {50 Cent: Hold On A Second Homie, Lets  
Get This Clear}]

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