

# Young Buck "Footprints"

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"Walk with meeeee..."

[Young Buck] Ay if you hear me out there

"Walk with meeeee..."

[Young Buck] I get down on my knees every night and say

"Walk with meeeee..."

[Young Buck] Hahahaha, yeah

"Walk with meeeee..."

[Young Buck] I'm goin to war, I'm goin to WAR!

[Verse One: Young Buck]

You never know when death's comin, all you hear is gunshots

Lil' kids get to runnin, old ladies get off the block

When the poppin the truck music comes to a stop

Niggaz get on the floor with they front doors locked

Syringes and sirens the only thing on the street

People act like they don't know who did it, but they notice me

Every day's a death threat, but I ain't dead yet

So I go put a hole in a nigga from the next set

Don't know where I slept at, just know where my tec at

It's the first of the month, my bitch ain't got her check yet

Juvie left me in California, I don't respect that

I love him too much to beef, so I'ma accept that

But I'ma just step back, and focus on Buck

Tired of ridin in yours, I'm bout to buy my own truck

Got to try my own luck, "Get Rich or Die Tryin'"

It's G-Unit 'til I'm gone, Lord knows I ain't lyin niggaz

[Chorus: 50 Cent - repeat 2X]

First there was two sets of footprints in the sand

Then there was one set of footprints in the sand

When times get hard and shit hits the fan

God don't walk with me, he carry me man

[Verse Two: Young Buck]

You don't know what I been through to get what I done got

If you looked through a scope, you couldn't hit what I done shot

Couldn't flip what I done copped, couldn't tip what I  
done topped  
I murder you all-talk like a clip without a glock  
When you holla G-Unit on some other shit  
You need to do the research, and see who you fuckin  
wit  
I smoke all your weed up, go run up your Beeza  
Your baby momma want me, I don't want that skeeza  
She's scratched my Beema, but I ain't seen-her  
When I catch the bitch, I'ma gangsta lean-her - WHOA  
We be playin in them videos, with them pretty hoes  
Cash bucks and the key bitches and New York City hoes  
They learned it from Lil' Kim to let they titties show  
I'm the King of the South, this is how it really goes  
Lord knows, I keep all my jewels froze  
As long as the check come, then FUCK the award shows  
You know me nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Young Buck]  
Half of these kids never read the Bibles  
But they can tell you how to kill a man better than I do  
The reason they fucked up, they all been lied to  
I know what it feels like when a nigga misguide you  
My momma stay in the projects and I been havin money  
I went bought her a house, but she told me she ain't  
want it  
(What?) Right then I understood that the hood's in my  
blood  
So I hollered CASH REAL, lettin 'em know where I'm  
from  
Niggaz know I got a gun when I come to the club  
And if it go down, you better tell your people to duck  
Why should I slow down, I just got started targettin  
artists  
Wait 'til the bullets start hoppin out the cartridge  
I come to get it poppin, pray to God the news watchin  
So when they see 'em snitch niggaz'll know who got  
'em  
We came from the bottom to the top, from hoopties to  
a drop  
And kill or be killed is the attitude I got nigga

[Chorus]

[Young Buck]  
I know you prayin I get killed nigga  
He who fears death is in denial  
50 told you niggaz, Young Buck showed you niggaz  
Banks! FREE YAYO!

And tell the bitch ass niggaz put they vest on  
I'M HERE NOW!

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