

Young Buck "Fuck Y'all"

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[LeBron James:]

Yeah Buck man

These motherfuckers out here talkin' wreckless man

Ain't got records or shit

Real gangstas beat that fake ass up

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Fuck you rap niggas back that ass up

Your money slow motion get your cash up

These niggas is starvin'

They beggin' and borrowin'

Want to hate on the Unit nigga we too busy ballin'

We done did the callin'

So fuck all of ya'll and..

Every motherfucker that is down with you

Come to your studio session let off a round or two

See I've been dyin' just to see what this four pound 'll do

And them hatin' ass niggas better play ya'll part

Better stay in your lane nigga don't come out the yard

I got something to make it hotter than four hundred degrees

So if you ain't hatin' on me

Then come and get one of these keys

[Chorus: Young Buck]

I got my beat turned up I can't hear you haters

I can't hear you haters

I can't hear you haters

I got my stunner shades on I don't see you haters

I don't see you haters

I don't see you haters

You know a nigga money long I don't know you haters

I don't know you haters

I don't know you haters

I catch you cowards later on I'm a see you later

I'm a see you later

I'm a see you later

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

You know the difference from me and you is I don't wait on rap money

Take me to jail but bitch you can't take the trap from
me
You push a six
Big deal I push bricks
Put a Benz in my baby mama's name she legit
Nigga quit
Shit I ain't got no time for this
Buy all the weed I can't figure out what kind to get
Somebody throw that nigga something get him back on
his feet
I never left so I don't got to go back to the streets
I'm by myself like "Ok who want it with me?"
Take a deep breath OK, now lets go and see
Thats what I thought
But I don't want to talk no more
I got a Phantom, I'm a show you what I bought this for

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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I don't see you haters
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I don't know you haters
I don't know you haters
I catch you cowards later on I'm a see you later
I'm a see you later
I'm a see you later

[LeBron James:]

Real Gs in this motherfuckin' shit
Young Buck, Ca\$hville nigga
Hold your head up man
Get your paperwork right man
Where the street boys at baby?
Where your back up at?
You better watch what you say man
Cause real Gs in the spot tonight man
Get up out of the booth man, get some money
If it ain't workin' for you change the game
Stop talkin' all that weak and ass shit
My nigga ain't got to do shit man the streets grab your
ass
And ain't 'gon let you go
G Unit South
Ca\$hville Records
Young Buck

