

Young Buck "Funeral Music"

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The business is entertainment
And what entertain the customers is the sight of blood
Cam, I mean, I was bein' nice to him, okay, I'll get him

You niggas should worship the ground I walk on
I make mills off the tracks I talk on, it's kingpin
50, don't call me, nigga, I don't wanna talk it out
The 40 cal'll hit your leg, go on and walk it out

I see it clear, you tryin' to sabotage Jimmy
See what happens when you talk after sippin' the
Henny?
I'll send Haitian niggas at you, yeah, sak pase
Zoe pound niggas, they don't play

Buck stabbin' niggas on camera and it's okay
'Cause my money make my lawyers make the shit go
away
Attempted murder, get a year on probation
Cam, are you clear what you facin'?

You must ain't hear me, I done told you, I'm a boss
I'm eatin' good but I ain't chubby like Ricky Ross
Word on the street is that 50's not Jay
And Cam better stay out of his way

Everything's cooler than a fan till you rolled on
Have you in the I.C.U., tryin' to hold on
Niggas in the waitin' room, been waitin' so long
Till they hear the flat line, the doc say, he's gone, he's
gone
That's fucked up
When they say he's gone
He dead

Well, he knew that could happen, fuckin' with the kid
This is graveyard music right here, ya dig?
This is not competition, this is murder
Career endin', mind bendin', Southside, ya finished

Now look, niggas laughin' at Cam, down on Lennox
They heard what he did but they don't know why he did

it
I have eighty of them boys with black flags
Come through with black mags
And have you niggas zipped up in black bags

For a second he was hot, now he cold
I apply pressure on niggas until they fold
But never mind me, man, that's just how I be
The game got me trained, they call me the hustle man

And like fame, my style will live forever
They thought I crossover 'cause they don't know no
better
I think they think I'm laxed now 'cause I got the cheddar
Till I return back bustin', trust me, it's nothin'

Everything's cooler than a fan till you rolled on
Have you in the I.C.U., tryin' to hold on
Niggas in the waitin' room, been waitin' so long
Till they hear the flat line, the doc say, he's gone, he's
gone
When they say he's gone
It shouldn't have to be like this, man

Dipset, Cam, stay up, I'm not gonna destroy Dipset
Just gotta make changes, from now on, Jimmy's the
boss of Dipset
And Juelz is the capo, he's gone
Cam's demoted to soldier, we like Jimmy better anyway

Ballin', come on, man
What's the last Cam joint you liked?
Computers computin', boogity, boobity, he's gone
Cameron, you better learn how to talk to me, oh

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