

Young Buck "I Ain't F***** Wit U!"

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I tried to take you serious but you think I'm a fool
Ooh, I ain't f***** wit u
'Cause if I ever caught you up, ain't no tellin' what I'd
do
Ooh, I ain't f***** wit u
F*** y'all

He used to be a hustler, he ain't real no mo'
'Cause it's some shit in the hood we wanna kill you fo'
Loose lips sink ships, tattle-tellin' gets you killed fast
I hope you get knocked off wit' your snitchin' ass

Made a deal 'cause the jail had you scared
Can't do your time so you sold to the Feds
Nigga kill yourself, you a dead man walkin'
L.T. got life and homie still ain't talkin'

So all of them niggaz puttin' wires on
Don't say nuttin' when your family get fired on
They say your man took the stand and he didn't think
twice
They took his life and they didn't think twice

It's an eye for an eye, you rat you die
Ain't nobody 'posed to know when the pack arrive
See the judge is the pimp 'cause he made you snitch
Light you up and he didn't pay you shit, who the bitch?

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Trip, me and Cuz used to dress alike, wear the same
clothes
F*** the same hoes, my nigga for life, so the gang
goes
Nigga used to bang with me, smoke dope with me
Sold coke with me, went low with me, we gon' fold fifty

Oh so shifty, bitchy, bitchy switch the game up

Put me in the frame up, nigga came up

Sellin 'caine for us, tryin' to make a name for us
Sticky, it's tricky and quite dangerous, cuff and chain
him up

Make him talk I bet he squeal, real shit I'm dishin' out
Why you niggaz be bitchin' now? I ain't make it up

I ain't break it up, Cuz you keep me on some bullshit
I ain't with that bullshit, my nigga I'm on this real shit
Stack a bill shit, crack a meal ticket
Every time I spills nig', yeah, I'm on this real shit
Now, don't you, come to the house Cuz, on the dub
'Cuz I put my gun in your mouth, now nigga bounce

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The life I'm livin' and how I do my thug thizzle
Separates me from all of them f*** niggaz
See, I don't deal with niggaz who ain't real
He in character, playin' some life that ain't his

He testify, wasn't wise and make deals
So stop talkin' on the phone, boy, the streets got ears
Here's some niggaz doin' 20 to 30 years
That'll lie on yo' ass and knock five off his

Affiliation with niggaz that's living ruggedly
Will get a nigga like me, charged with conspiracy
Before you know it, you been followed by the
knuckleheads
And yo' job is to make his ass do his

Bein' in the wrong place, can really hurt your case
And ain't no sense to talkin' in codes, they already
know
Them niggaz who you used to hustle with before
Kinda wanna play the role so they already told, you
know

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