

Young Buck "I See Why"

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Feat. Tha City Paper

[Hook]

I got all this money round me
All these goons around me
All these d boys round me
Got all this dope around me
Oh no, I see why they talk about me
Oh no, I see why they talk about me
I got all these killers round me
All these robbers round me
All these hoes around me
Got all these bitches round me
Oh no, I see why they talk about me
Oh no, I see why they talk about me

[Verse 1]

Yeah, see way them niggas gasing up again
All they make is slaps
Toe got my money, oh this Yo MTV Raps
Fast money, I can sprint thousand laps
Hit my booster up, my daughter need some shit from
baby Gap
Fifteen pounds of purps and thirty-five pounds of mid
Sell me like four zips of molly's
I ain't really know that it came like this
Lil Ray-Ray clean my forges
He let him clean my crib
He told me he do carbon,
Hell I told him I do flip
Real nigga shit straight up,
All bullshit to the side
One more time for my joe niggas
Getting off Airmax 95
Yeah, drop top bumping that Lupe
Hard top bumping that old face
Pull me off with a half of plug
Gotta let that bitch off the fourway
Right hand up I'm real nigga
My homie locked up, I'm still with you
Young nigga strapping at the barber shop

Had a quarter ounce strapped and Hilfiger
Said some niggas rather be pimping
But me I ball like Michael Jeffrey
It's bringing me some of they good shit
Lit a fizz up, call it a dirty piff

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[Verse 2]

Got me laid up in this Days Inn
Sixty dollar rooms
The young niggas been getting it off
Ever since we brought it to em'
Can't be paranoid, picking it up
Or under pressure, whippin it up
Couple niggas I know took a fall ain't never getting it up
I'm telling papi send it up
Baking soda blend it up
I told the mayor fuck yourself
Selling dope because my rent is up
Hey all my cars tinted up
I need my picture centered up
Your lil bitch don't stand a chance
I like my bitches thick as fuck
My click deserve a kodak moment
Smile, say cheese niggas
Hey get this, the bread letters catch up on these niggas
Going once, going twice, what your life cost
Fifteen hunded pounds, in the basement with the lights
out
My old lady counting three mill and can't tell you where
we live
I'm just drankin champagne in True Religion in green
hills
Chanel 5 sent me a tweet asked me did I buy my chain?
I thought y'all had all the news bitch
I've been doing my thang

[Hook]

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