

Young Buck "I'm Out Here"

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What everybody looking at me for
I mean
I'm out here just like you nigga
Shit
You ain't got shit
I ain't got shit
That don't mean we ain't the shit

Rain pours when I open up the Range doors
The young boys slang caine on they front porch
Show 'em love, Let em know they ain't playin' with 'em
Ya homies locked up
You might be stayin' with 'em
Act like you don't know they hate us
They make us tax payers
And then Section 8 us
White lady but she had a black baby
A nigga fell in love and we look at her crazy
We all got guns
And so do Dick Cheney
They trick on hoes
I make my bitch pay me
These are the things that they scream
As I lean to the left by myself with no team
Tell the kids to go to school
They tell me they ain't breakin' no rules
'Cause when the bell rings then it's back to no food
They have no clue what we goin' through
You need a 100 to fill up what I'm supposed to do
Nigga
You too

You in my ear but it's money out here
And I'm always here
When none of ya'll here
Which one of ya'll scared
(Which one of ya'll scared)
OK!
Cause you said let's get this bread and I did
Shit I wanna do it big
And I just can't wait

So you gotta live with the decisions that you make
I'm gettin' cake
Let 'em hate
I'm a elevate
I sold my soul to the streets playa
It's too late

Sun rise
Gun fires
And another dies
Mother cries
Brother rides
Now it's two lives
You and I both know that that was
[Im Out Here Lyrics On] suicide
Same shit would'a happened if you'da died
Thirty guns
Fifty deep
Ten niggas shootin'
O.G.'s keep your eyes on who you recrutin'
Back then they was ridin' and lootin'
You looking at the 2000 Huey P. Newton
True disciple
Swag like a I'll rookie
Ain't heard it like this since Pac
I might spook 'em
Chosen
You try'na be choosen
It's a white man's world
If we win, we losin'
Abusin' your blessin'
I'm givin' you a lesson
But it's goin' in the right ear and out the left one
I tell the kids education is the key
Then a student in Virginia goes on a killin' spree
Look at me

You in my ear but it's money out here
And I'm always here
When none of ya'll here
Which one of ya'll scared
(Which one of ya'll scared)
OK!
'Cause you said let's get this bread and I did
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So you gotta live with the decisions that you make
I'm gettin' cake
Let 'em hate
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I sold my soul to the streets playa

It's too late

Ya'll know what to do right
Take care of what you got homie
I mean
You never know what you got 'til it's gone right
Do what you gotta do man
Support you and yours
God giveth
God taketh away
Young Buck!

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