

## Young Buck "It Is What It Is"

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[Young Buck:]

Give me some shotgun shells  
Young Buck,  
Buck 'em down motherfucker lets go  
Ha ha ha  
Yeah

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

I got the weight of the world on my shoulders and I love  
it  
The Bubble Kush got me I can't get enough of it  
I'm thuggin' in public  
Bustin' like fuck it  
They say i'm the reason my neighborhoods corrupted  
Because I came from nothin'  
Wouldn't change for nothin'  
Started swingin' my chopper nigga just aim for  
somethin'  
I need a cup of Grey Goose  
Cause the renegade's loose  
Leave your brains in your coupe  
When the twenty gauge shoot  
Tell the truth  
That nigga 50 know what he got  
The rap game ain't seen nothin' like this since Pac  
I'm just breakin' down birds 'till my album drop  
Back and forth to the A where I set up shop  
Cruisin' down the street it must be around two o'clock  
They done pulled me over and just found two Glock  
But i'm straight you know we got a license for that  
So give me my ticket and hand my strap right back

[Chorus: Young Buck]

I'm okay in the A  
I'm a stay in the A  
Got the Yay in the A  
So i'm good anyway  
But I live in the 'Ville  
And i'm still in the 'Ville  
Niggas know I keep it real  
So it is what it is

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[Verse 2: Young Buck]

God damn it  
I don't understand it  
If I was you I wouldn't take life for granted  
Got to grind  
I started from the back of the line  
And waited my turn so now its my time  
With a pistol grip pump yeah its all mine  
Give your boy two months get rich or die tryin'  
If I die tonight  
Just get high as a kite  
Tell my mama and my little girl i'm all right  
Buck The World!!!!  
Throw the clip up  
I'm 'gon hit up  
Nigga git up  
If you with us  
Cause they know I know they want to kill us  
Dope dealers  
Cop killers  
Sac stealers  
Black Gorillas  
The more Macs they give us  
They got to deal with us  
I'm a soldier  
Never made it past the eight grade  
But I could make half a million in eight days  
So when I holla: "Hey"  
Do it the same way  
It ain't about where your from its about how you stay

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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[Young Buck:]  
Yeah  
G Unit South in this motherfucker  
Ca\$hville Records nigga  
You know how we get down over here  
NA I ain't beefin' with no DJs nigga  
You know? they got love for me man  
G Unit South

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