

# Young Buck

## "Let Em Hate"

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[Young Buck:]

Aiyo Kay Slay  
Aiyo whats up nigga  
I see you nigga  
Ha Young Buck  
Aiyo I got my weight up  
And I ain't been in the jail neither nigga

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Every hood get ready I've been in the kitchen I'm back  
My cook game wicked I flip it and count stacks  
My hands still in it so my finger nails dirty  
I can't switch teams like Vince Chesterverte  
Rappers be keepin' my name in they mouth  
I say something back and I might lose count  
Hold up 400, 500 thousand damn thats what I'm talkin'  
about  
I goin' on  
To all my enemies so long  
Ya ain't killed me yet might as well go home  
I'm a boss I could've been got it done it don't cost  
Just love to shoot where I'm from so knock it off  
You niggas soft  
I'm overseas with 50 we playin' golf  
You see the streets already know I bust my heat  
And if the police know about it this ain't beef

[Chorus: Young Buck]

Let 'em hate  
Let 'em hate  
Let 'em hate  
Let 'em hate  
Fuck them hos  
What? this the way I roll  
Just a gangsta, hustler this all I know  
Let 'em hate  
Let 'em hate  
Let 'em hate  
Let 'em hate  
Fuck them hos  
They just mad they broke  
I get money you niggas used to have the dough

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

I see the craziest shit on TV  
So I ain't got to adjust to nothing ya'll see me  
Life is hard homie but dying is easy  
We give to the rich but we take from the needy  
Damn  
Thats why we break down grams  
No ho training we don't say yes mam  
Keep on hatin' you don't know who I am  
The chopper go blah and the glock go blam  
I ain't got no fam  
But no friends  
Some niggas ain't got no Lamb or no Benz  
Some niggas ain't got them rims that just spin  
Some niggas ain't got no ends  
My brother in the pen  
But when he comin' out I might be goin' in  
You see the streets already know I bust my heat  
And if the police know about it this ain't beef

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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