

Young Buck

"Let It Go"

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(feat. Hi C & Sosa)

[Young Buck:]

Hey my nigga, down here in the dirty dirty
We ain't with that fake rap beef shit
You want to get into it lets go

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

Talk about me baby get the good and the bad
I ain't the only motherfucker in the hood without a dad
Its 'gon take more than the game to get me mad
More to get me high than what you got in that bag
Nigga i'm focused
Ash tray full of roaches
See i'm the player who be cussin' out his coaches
Lamborghini with the lemonade suede seats
50 Cent helped but the streets made me
Got some niggas that I see with a trick up they sleeve
Might want to take heed
If your ass want to breathe
Fuck how it started nigga this is where it ends
And since we could never be friends

[Chorus: Vocal Sample]

Its like you better let it go
Think about what you doin'
Think about how you movin'
Think about the life you ruinin'
Think you better let it go
Think about the road you takin'
I mean what are you really chasin' (What you doin'?)
Think about the mistake you makin'
Think you better let it go

[Verse 2: Hi-C, Sosa]

[Hi-C:] I'm in a hooptie with a gangsta, bitch where the
chauffeur?

.40 Cal in my holster

Me and Sosa

[Sosa:] Whats up?, i'm caked up

Dripped out and draped up

G Unit sneakers at your motherfuckin' face bro

[Hi-C:] I formed up in the streets, yeah street game
Just one nigga thats too hard hustlin' it gently
[Sosa:] God meant me
To push a Bentley
Me and Hi-C sellin' niggas keys
By the threes
[Hi-C:] I'm a G
[Sosa:] A G
[Hi-C:] Made a G
[Sosa:] A G
[Hi-C:] Twenty five for a G
[Sosa:] A G
[Hi-C:] In them fuckin' streets
[Sosa:] And as I hustle in the valley of death
I give a fuck less I got a strap and a vest
Yes
[Hi-C:] The weed purple, coke white and the Ruger gray
Bullets goin' through your face
Another murder face
[Sosa:] So while the haters get kidnapped and robbed
We on stage gettin' paid just to rap some bars
G Unit South

[Chorus: Vocal Sample]
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