

# Young Buck

## "Look At Me Now"

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**(feat. Mr. Porter)**

*[Young Buck:]*

You Know, Growin Up In The Hood,  
Is Gon' Do All Kinds Of Thangs, Ya Heard?  
Some Of Its Good, Some Of Its Bad,  
But The Things You Go Through In Life, Make You Who  
You Are  
Look At Me Now!

*[Mr. Porter:]*

From The Day I Was Born, I've Been Hustle'n Strong  
Been Strugglin' Since A Child, Now Them Day's Is Gone  
And You Say'd I Wouldn't Do It, But I'm Proving You  
Wrong  
N They Got They Hands Out Like I Owe Them So  
I Ain't Got Time For The Bickering, And Carrying On  
It Aint Too Much Into Who I Don't Know  
How Many Times Do I Have To Sit In And Grown  
Im A Young Buck, But Still Enough To Know When You  
Niggas Is Hoe

*[Young Buck:]*

I Still Remember Them Nights Under The Street Lights  
Fiends Don't Give A Damn, They Want Who Got The  
Cheap Price  
I'm Trying To Get Right, Get It And Go  
You See People Is Dyin' Fast, And The Money Is Slow  
We Used To Hang In Front Of The Store  
Flag Down Cars To Be A Movie Star, Go Get A Glass Jar  
Once You Cook It And Cut It Homie, Go Stand Out In  
Public  
See The Work Sell's Itself, If Ya Got Enough Of It  
Plenty Thugs Get Shot, But See Its All In The Game  
Even I Took A Couple Of 'Em, But Still I Remain  
I Aint Dippin From That Same Lead Project Figga  
I Done Went With No Lights, And No Water Nigga  
And I'm Still Hood, That Mean I Still Cook  
Get On The Block And Go Get Mine, Like You Should  
How Can I Be Good? When Rappers Wanna Be Suge  
Suroundin' Myself With Family, So I Can Sleep Good

*[Mr. Porter:]*

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*[Young Buck:]*

I Would Light Me A Cancer Stick, Thinkin How Can I Get  
My Momma Out The Bricks, And My Whole Click Legit  
Lil Jimmy In The Fed's, Its Just Me And Some Ted's  
We Cuttin Heads Doin Whatever To Buy A Lump Of  
Bread

The Hot Beat Faces, I Really Loved It  
To Blow 50 G's, And Don't Think Nothing Of It

We Show Love, But Won't Get No Loved Show'd Back  
Whoa Kimosabi, What Part Of The Game Is That?  
This A Fact, And My War Wounds On Me Can Prove It  
But Look How You Made Me, Go And Show Ya I Can Do It  
I Sollomly Swear To Hold It Down For My Homeboy  
Locked Up And Don't Know If They Ev'a Coming Home  
Boy

Time's Keep Tickin', Another Baby Is Born  
Thats Gon' Go Through The Same Stuff I Went  
Through, And More  
You Wonder Why I Hustle, My Life's On The Line  
My Baby Gotta Have Milk When She Cryin', Come On Da  
Now

*[Mr. Porter:]*

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*[Young Buck:]*

Now Everybody Got They Hand Out  
Crackhead Willin' Spit These Millions Till They Ran'd Out  
Shorty Don't Wanna Holla Now, Cuz Her Man Out

But Just Last Week I Couldn't Get It Out Her Damn Mouth  
No Where To Go, Look Like I'm Stuck In These Bricks  
Seems Like The Good Die Young, The Bad Get Rich  
Quick  
Enough Of This Lemme Take You To A Whole Nother  
Level  
It's Like Stopin The Police From Rollin' Through The  
Ghetto  
Ain't Nuthing Gettin Better, But The Bills Gotta Get Paid  
That Money Come Up Short Then Them Tecks Gotta Get  
Spray'd  
Everybody Gotta Grave, We Just Waitin To Go To It  
No Matter What We Do, We Still Gon' Go Through It  
Some Say That I'm Heartless, And Don't Give A Damn  
They Wont Ever Understand Until They Get A Gram  
This Who I Am, Not Who I Wanna Be  
Open Up Your Eyes And See, What These Streets Have  
Done To Me

*[Mr. Porter:]*

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