

Young Buck "Out Here Grindin'"

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(Intro - Talking)

Damn

What everybody lookin' at me for?

I mean, I'm out here just like you nigga

Shit

You ain't got shit, I ain't got shit

But that don't mean, we ain't the shit

(Verse 1)

Rain pours when I open up the Range doors

The young boys slang 'caine from they front porch

Show 'em love, let 'em know they ain't playin' wit' 'em

Ya homies locked up, ya might be stayin' wit' 'em

Act like ya don't know they haters

They make us tax payers

And then section 8 us (Fuck 'em all)

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 wit' 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

Ya have no clue what we goin' through

Ya need a hundred to fill up what I'm 'posed to do

nigga

(Chorus)

Ya in my ear, but there's money out here

And I'm always here, when none of y'all here

Which one of y'all scared? (Which one of y'all scared?)

Okay, '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 wit' the decisions that you make

I'm gettin' cake, let 'em hate, I'ma elevate

I sold my soul to the streets playa, it's too late

(Verse 2)

Sunrise, gun fires, and another dies

Mother cries, brother rides, now that's two lives
You and I both know that that was suicide
Same shit woulda happened if you'da died
Thirty guns, fifty deep, ten niggas shootin'
O.G.'s keep ya eyes on who ya recruitin'
Back then they was ridin' and lootin'
You lookin' at the 2000 Huey P. Newton
True deciphile, swag like a el rookin' (?)
Ain't heard it like this since 'Pac, I might spook 'em
Chosen, you tryna be chosen, it's a white man's world
If we win we losin', abusin' ya 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 went on a killin' spree
Look at me

(Chorus)

(Outro - Talking)

Y'all know what to do right?
Take care of what'cha got homie
I mean, ya never know what'cha got till it's gone right?
Do what you gotta do man
Support you and yours
God giveth, God take it away
Young Buck

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