

## Young Buck "Shots Outside"

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Blaze up the indoor, raise up the window  
I can hear the shots outside, you better get low  
You know, lifes a bitch cause she the shit, though  
Yeah, Im still trapping at the signal  
Mama planned pics for her son, let them bricks go  
Mama hit the numbers, daddy wondering what she  
here for  
My old bitch she under, wanna know what we quit for  
Told her Im like you, you know, tryina get dough  
Dope fiend keep my car clean, told him hit it with the  
briller  
the inside and vacuum up the spill, take care of that  
The weed too high so I still grow  
Why you think I got this high as light, be your foe  
Why you think I got these thousand white pills for  
They moving real slow, Im tryina make a meal, hoe  
Why the fuck do you think that I left the ville for  
Niggas might act like they dont but they still know

Listen, you can hear the shots outside  
I can hear the shots outside  
It go plucka, plucka, plucka  
Niggas take cover, these bullets aint got no eyes  
When they shooting motherfucker  
I hear the shots outside, man, be quiet  
I hear the shots outside, shh

Listen, the shells hit the sidewalk, no bullshit  
Two bedroom project with a full kit  
You know, two Glocks I got black with two full  
extensions  
You niggas snitching not to mention still whipping while  
Im on bar  
Bitch, Im all done  
You pussy niggas aint gonna do nothing, I know you  
dont mean that  
Bought a brick with the shit that came off your arm  
And my young niggas working, I keep it work form  
We all here for a purpose and then its done for  
Its up to you if you gonna decide if its worth going  
Its a war, get on the floor, they send the hit for

Shorty they grab the answer and dealt with my shit,  
sure  
I told you watch them bullets hit the brick wall  
Dont know where this found me but Im stunting and my  
bitch raw  
Look at the window, I see shooters tryina shoot yall  
This aint no different from me, we all going through it,  
bro

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