

## Young Buck "Somethings Got Me On It"

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[Intro]

I don't know  
maybe it's cause there's a bunch of fake ass niggas  
out here  
fake ass rappers  
Ain't too many real niggas left  
Just trying to figure it out  
Something's got me on it out here  
Let go

Don't know if it's the murders, the robberies, the beef,  
the trap  
The hood, the straps, don't know  
But something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it  
Something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it

Don't know if it's the pills, the weed, the coke, the lean  
The way I'm yellow taping off the scene  
But something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it  
Something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it  
Ok, Ok, I'm back, I'm serving, I'm leaning, I'm swerving  
I'm strapped, for certain  
These young niggas is hurtin'  
On bond, I'm lurkin', I'm killin', I'm murkin'  
I'm shootin', I'm workin', I'm only one person  
No tags, blue rags, you mad and I'm glad  
Got a chrome .44 mag  
Put niggas in body bags  
A-1 Yola, no soda, No oil base just over  
I'm a soldier, I told ya, Put Cashville on my shoulders  
Nigga fuck me? Fuck you, Fuck him and fuck her too!  
Fuck that I want something new, Top down, no sunroof  
Hundred pounds I run through, I'm running around like  
my son do  
Never say how she done you, I kick a bitch out, kung fu  
Told ya'll, I'm a come through, No religion, just truth  
Thirty chickens, front you, Better not give me no ones  
dude

Still pimping, know I'm one, All the mirrors on our arms  
Country nigga, live in a barn  
Growing kush on ya'll farm

Don't know if the plug, the powder, the money, the  
power  
The way that half of these rap niggas cowards  
But something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it  
Something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it

Don't know if it's the jail, the pen, the Rose, the Hen  
The way that I'm back on my buck shit again  
But something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it  
Something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it  
I'm cooking, I'm watching, I'm looking, I'm shopping  
I'm tired of all the people asking me when am i  
dropping  
I'm rolling, I'm rocking, I'm moving, not stopping  
I'm loading up my chopper out here bout to get it  
poppin'  
You flexin', I'm stressin', and I still ain't learned my  
lesson  
I'm counting up all my blessings, And I'm putting them  
all in investments  
These hoes ain't shit, but they on my dick  
I just started, you quit, I'm real, you a bitch  
I'm hell, no scale, I got eight balls for sale  
And I hate ya'll to tell, I pray ya'll get killed  
I'm an outlaw, without ya'll, Mayweather, south paw  
Ring a bell, sound off, I smell pussy, hound dog  
Court cases, probation, one god, one nation  
Nerves bad, no patience, selling dope is my occupation  
Fuck a rapper, fuck a label, I'm in the trap with no cable  
And I want your seat if you ain't gonna bring nothing to  
the table

Dont' know if the the Lord, the devil, the bricks, the  
pebbles  
The way these niggas cant get on my level  
But something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it  
Something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it  
I just don't know!  
I'm on it, I'm on it, I'm on it!

Don't know if it's the love, the hate, the pieces, the

weight  
The way they say the real but they fake  
But something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it  
Something's got me on it  
I'm on it, I'm on it

[Outro]

Ok, Ok, Ok, real talk.  
You know there's more black people in the penitentiary  
than anythang  
We kill about this money  
Ain't one black president on that shit  
I'm just being real, you should be real too  
Cashville records nigga  
This rap shit is mine  
Bitch niggas your time is up, It's Buck  
Holla when you see me nigga

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