

## Young Buck

### "Straight Up"

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Our Father who art in Heaven  
Hallowed Thy be Thy name, Thy kingdom come  
All our G's would've been gone, would've been done  
If it wouldn't for thug holiday

In this life I live, I done see niggaz deal  
Seen niggaz steal and done seen niggaz kill  
And them same niggaz there, them be the main ones  
that tell  
There's a lotta tension in the air, so nigga easy on them  
pills

I rather be the bitch that's squeezing than the nigga  
that's bleeding  
See I'ma drink my liquor and I'ma smoke my weed  
And I'ma stay far away from y'all buster motherfuckers  
Y'all sucker motherfuckers, man fuck you  
motherfuckers

I'm being convicted of a thug living and drug dealing  
Been a two time convicted felon ever since I was a lil'  
nigga  
My first words was curse words  
Shit, the first bid I did I was just a lil' kid

And I was raised by pimp, hoes and mobsters  
Taught the game by dope boys and robbers  
I ran the streets with goons, I broke the rules with fools  
I used to take my motherfucking tool to school

See I been thuggin' all my life, trying to live right  
You ain't even gotta ask  
I got that Hen in my cup, smoke in my lungs  
What you know about that

You already know straight up, you already know  
straight up  
You already know straight up  
You already know straight up, straight up, straight up

These feds crazy trying to take me down and book me

Throw me on death row and do me like Big Tookie  
Got me running from them rookies and poppin' at the  
seargent  
Tried to tell 'em not to push me now look what you done  
started

And you got these rap artists that's beefing on these  
songs  
But I really will kill so I'm leaving that alone  
I'm a grown ass man that ain't about playing  
Ten G's will get you killed, your family will die for  
twenty grand

Blow my nose with a Gucci rag smoking on a Cuban  
You damn right I know they mad, 'cuz half of em' losing  
I slip a another clip into my A.K.  
Stay with Trick in M.I.A. when I come and get the yae

See the Chevy got a stash spot, I can fit a hundred  
In the back and just mash out hope I make it home  
If they catch me then I'm gone so we put it on the line  
Everyday we on the grind gotta hustle 'til you shine

See I been thuggin' all my life, trying to live right  
You ain't even gotta ask  
I got that Hen in my cup, smoke in my lungs  
What you know about that

You already know straight up, you already know  
straight up  
You already know straight up  
You already know straight up, straight up, straight up

My blood line is a level above the thug line  
And according to the cat scan I ain't a ordinary man  
See I, I run off oil and I breathe off chronic  
I power up off money like a motherfucking bionic

I travel through time with a military mind  
Strapped with a Russian A.K. and a German made nine  
And don't be mad at the [Incomprehensible]  
They ain't the one who trying to attack us  
It's slimy ass niggaz and red neck ass crackers

Y'all better lower your weapons before my niggaz get  
to steppin'  
'Cuz shit can get real crazy if it was a thug invasion  
Imagine a whole bunch of Cuban niggaz and Haitians  
Rebellion on your ass for the shit you did to us in the  
past

See y'all those things and even arrested fiends  
It took you fifteen years to close the ave  
It's going to be twenty more before they close the  
[Incomprehensible]  
Now where my motherfucking twenty one soldiers at  
Now where my D Boy big gun toters at

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