

Young Buck "Teach 'em Bout Playin'"

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(feat. C-Bo)

[Young Buck:]

Yeah I done seen this before
Nigga this ain't woe
Until your brains all over the floor
You fuck niggas out of line
But yall know I'm one of a kind
A hundred shots comin' at one time it go (brrrrat!)
Get back, you fuckin' with a grown ass man
I came by myself so alone I stand
Don't let them gas you
These shells won't pass you
So pick up the phone I got some questions to ask you
I'm doin what I have to do, these niggas hatin'
I'm stationed, posted, patiently waitin'
See money ain't shit nigga you can be touched
You watchin' Godfather movies too much
I'm bout to push that button
You know when niggas come from everywhere
Grape Street get ready
Purple rags in the air, I don't care
Lets take it there, I'm gon' ride
I'm hittin every motherfucker outside

[Chorus: Young Buck]

I'ma teach 'em 'bout playin with me
Let me teach 'em 'bout playin with me
Watch me teach 'em 'bout playin with me
You know I'll die for this G-Unit shit so what you sayin
50?
I'ma teach 'em 'bout playin with me
Let me teach 'em 'bout playin with me
Watch me teach 'em 'bout playin with me
You know I'll ride for this G-Unit shit till the fed's come
get me

[Young Buck:]

Niggas can't fuck with me, nor can they say "Fuck 50"
I'll poke a nigga's ass up quickly
So all yall miss me with the latest hip-hop street news
About what my man said on Miss Jones interview

What you do, is open up the Billboard charts
I got the number one rap album so far
I'm on the cover of the XXL giving em hell
What I'm sayin, is Buck got records to sell
I'm not playin, just layin in the Maserati gitted up
Hell'll freeze before the G-Unit splits up
Banks at the bank, Yayo gettin' dough, and I'll buck ya
down
Soon 50 holla (yo come on)
This is family, I don't know what you been told
Even our worst sellin albums, still went gold
And I made a few million before I picked up the mic
So if you gon' hate me, get your shit right
(motherfuckers)

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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[C-Bo:]

Buck say fuck it so fuck 'em
Load the K's up, lit them Trey's up
These niggas is pussy, virgins, they ain't been fucked
before
Hundred rounds in the mac, they ain't been bucked
before
Big fish in the water, Jaws, I'll slaughter ya man
Till the clique, all my arter was jammed
So butterfly, keep ya nine cocked
Cuz I could do time slots
Did mines like Tookie smilin with mine's, pa
And yeah I heard about the streets and stompin
Ain't nothin like the gardens of the streets of Compton
Yeah, hes a fruitcake
He thinks he can take 10 shots like 50 and come out
with a 2-fake
And I got the scoop for the men hood
Said you had a suit sign on your head last time you was
in the hood
Now you wanna front like you really stompin it
Boston, keep talkin we gon' take you to Compton, nigga

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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