

Young Buck

"This Shit Rough"

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I had a feeling niggas was gonna be with the shit,
Cause it was drive me
Nigga you take what you can get or you gonna sit there
and just die
Learned long time ago, get your money never mind the
hoe
Got 10 years invested in your bitch naked dick down
her throat
Catch me dirty and trappin up till something occurs
And then it's spike on my sneakers, red on the bottom
of hers
Nigga don't do nothing but do this, that's right nigga
you clueless
But that's the only way a street nigga can get through
this
Meditating like a Buddhist, niggas cool but I'm the
coolest
Take this cup and I'ma screw this, tryina get money like
I'm jewish
Who is nigga think he is, just gonn fuck all of our hoes
Put coke all in our city, then just jump up and go
Nah, truth is I heard it all before, it ain't too much that
you can say
That make me wanna stop it though
But yeah, I told my partner push, a million dollar ain't
enough
And they know dope out in the streets nigga ain't it
rought
[Hook]
Big gold chain on your neck and you just came just to
flick
We just came just to come up then go hang in the G
Let me get that, drop it, this shit rough
Let me get that, drop it, this shit rough
You got ice on your wrists and I got money on my mind
That mean I'm tired of being broke and now you're
running out of time
Let me get that, drop it, this shit rough
Let me get that, drop it, this shit rough
Talk to me baby, what is that pussy gonn do for me?
I'll buy you this bag, is you gonn shoot for me

All this money coming, honestly this shit is spooky man
Plus I ain't bc'ing, my key is like I do usually
Crackers ask me who I am, I tell em all just google me
Back this Bentley back, excuse me, can you move for
me?
Left all my feelings at my mama's house, came out like
fuck y'all
Erybody buying bricks, erybody butcher y'all
Lil dude just a rapper dude, don't let em niggas play
you
Ungrateful ass bitch, cause it's the last time I say to
you
Keep twitting all them lies like you really seeing them
pies
And cooking all that coke, you a broke nigga in
disguise
We laughing at you guys, and y'all Columbian ties
If I told you what your bitch be doing, you would be
surprised
Hey budyy, keep pushing, a quarter key isn't enough
And ain't on dope in these streets, boy you see that is
rough
[Hook]
Big gold chain on your neck and you just came just to
flick
We just came just to come up then go hang in the G
Let me get that, drop it, this shit rough
Let me get that, drop it, this shit rough
You got ice on your wrists and I got money on my mind
That mean I'm tired of being broke and now you're
running out of time
Let me get that, drop it, this shit rough
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