

## Young Buck "Thug Til Your Death Day"

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As I walk through the street  
45 on my front, AK on my back seat  
smokin' your fat ass across the street  
Then I ask myself "How do I survive?"

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

How can I tell ya'll to stop sellin' bricks?  
Thats the way that man choose to pay his rent  
Shit its hard to get a job gettin' out the pen  
Then they wonder why we right back in that bitch again  
Try to peace talk and sit down like men  
But then theres always a friend that be like "Fuck them"  
When the guns bust a body must fall  
Nothin' can stop it, not even Farrakhan's calls  
Its a shame though  
What I came in the game fo'  
I really done slanged dope  
So really i'm thankful  
To be in a position to make a thug listen  
Ain't no tellin' who 'gon come up missin' or go to prison  
Run from me, try to hide it from your kids  
Let 'em hear about it, before they go see what it is  
I can give it to ya, tell you about what I done did  
Even though i'm gettin' money ya'll this is how I live

[Chorus: Young Buck]

Still on the block lookin' for a better way  
Its safe to say  
I'm thuggin' 'till my death day  
Every gangsta in the world let us all pray  
And put in work homie, thug 'till your death day  
Still on the block lookin' for a better way  
Its safe to say  
I'm thuggin' 'till my death day  
Every gangsta in the world let us all pray  
And put in work homie, thug 'till your death day

[Verse 2: Young Buck]

now everybody in the race for the first place  
They gave Deke twenty years for his first case  
We form gangs to protect our hood  
If the police could lock us all up they would

But we don't trip no  
Just pray to god we got a big fo'  
Relyin' on side hustles to get dough  
Ain't nobody rich, even if you workin' with some  
millions  
You need more money to support your cost of livin'  
See we don't cry in the hood no mo'  
Ain't really too much I ain't seen befo'  
And crack head Fred he'd kill for a nigga  
when it came down to it he did for a nigga  
That don't get no realer  
Cause ya'll niggas ran  
You was the only man with a gun in ya hand  
Good thing that I don't trust a nigga with my life  
Fill the clip with hollowtips, we ridin' tonight

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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[Voice:]

Every neighborhood  
Every project  
Every one in the motherfuckin' world  
We got to ride niggas  
Motherfuck the police  
Got no love  
A man is only good as his word  
Death is something that comes to us all  
What you scared for?  
Nigga what you scared for?  
Ride  
Gangsta holla when you see me

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