

Young Buck

"Thug Till Ya Death Day"

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[Intro:]

As I ride through the city streets
Forty-five on my lap A-K on my backseat
Smokin a fat ass swisher sweet
Then I ask myself, Will I survive?

[Verse 1:]

How can I tell you Imma stop sellin bricks
That's that way 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
So the guns bust, and the body must fall
Nothing can stop it not even Farakan balls

Its a shame tho, and what I came in the game fo
I really done slang dope, so really I'm thankful
To be in a position to make a thug listen
Aint no tellin who gon come up missin or go to prison

You can run from it, try to hide it from your peers
Let em hear bout it, before they go see what it is
I can give it to you, tell you bout what I done did
Even though Im gettin money yall this is how I live, fo
real

[Chorus: x2]

Still on the block lookin for a better way
Its safe to say Im thuggin till my death day
Every gangsta in the world let us all pray
Then put in work homie, thug till ya death day

[Verse 2:]

Now everybody in the race for the first place
They gave D 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 dont trip tho, just pray to God we da picked folk
Relying on side hustles to get dope

Aint nobody rich, even if you workin with some millions
You need more money to support your cost of livin

See we dont cry in the hood no more
Aint really too much I aint seen before
Crackhead Fred said he'd kill for a nigga
When it came down to it, he did for a nigga
That don't get no realer cuz yall niggas ran
You was the only man with a gun in ya hand
Good thang that I dont trust a nigga with my life
Fill the clip with hollow tips we ridin tonight

[Chrous x2]

[Outro:]

Every neighborhood, every project, every block in the
motherfuckin world
We gotta ride niggas, its us against the motherfuckin
police
Aint no love, a man is only as good as his word
Death is something that comes for us all
What you scared fo? Nigga what you scared fo?
Gangsta, holla when you see me

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