

# Young Buck Feat. Snoop & Trick Daddy "I Ain't Fucking Wit U! [Explicit]"

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I tried to take you serious but you think I'm a fool  
Ooh, I ain't fucking wit u!  
'Cause if I ever caught you up, ain't no tellin' what I'd  
do  
Ooh, I ain't fucking wit u!

Fuck y'all, he used to be a hustler, he ain't real no more  
'Cause it's some shit in the hood, we wanna kill you for  
Loose lips, sink ships, tattle tellin' gets you killed fast  
I hope you get knocked off wit your snitchin' ass

Made a deal 'cause the jail had you scared  
Can't do your time so you sold to the feds  
Nigga, kill yourself, you a dead man walkin'  
L.T. got life and homie still ain't talkin'

So all of them niggaz puttin' wires on  
Don't say nothin' when your family get fired on  
They say your man took the stand and he didn't think  
twice  
They took his life and they didn't think twice

It's an eye for an eye, you rat, you die  
Ain't nobody 'posed to know when the pack arrive  
See, the judge is the pimp 'cause he made you snitch  
Light you up and he didn't pay you shit, who the bitch?

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Trip, me and Cuz used to dress alike, wear the same  
clothes  
Fuck the same hoes, my nigga for life, so the gang  
goes  
Nigga used to bang with me, smoke dope with me  
Sold coke with me, went low with me,  
[Incomprehensible]

Oh, so shifty, bitchy, bitchy, switch the game up

Put me in the frame up, nigga came up  
Sellin' 'caine for us, tryin' to make a name for us  
Sticky, it's tricky and quite dangerous, cuff and chain  
him up

Make him talk, I bet he squeal, real shit, I'm dishin' out  
Why you niggaz be bitchin' now? I ain't make it up, I  
ain't break it up  
'Cause you keep me on some bullshit  
I ain't with that bullshit, my nigga, I'm on this real shit

Stack a bill shit, crack a meal ticket  
Every time I spills, nig', yeah, I'm on this real shit  
Now don't you come to the house, Cuz, on the dub  
'Cause I put my gun in your mouth, now nigga bounce

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The life I'm livin' and how I do my thug thizzle  
Separates me from all of them fuck niggaz  
See, I don't deal with niggaz who ain't real  
He in character, playin' some life that ain't his

He testify, wasn't wise and make deals  
So stop talkin' on the phone, boy, the street's got ears  
Here's some niggaz doin' 20 to 30 years  
That'll lie on your ass and knock five off his

Affiliation with niggaz that's living ruggedly  
Will get a nigga like me charged with conspiracy  
Before you know it, you been followed by the  
knuckleheads  
And your job is to make his ass do his

Bein' in the wrong place can really hurt your case  
And ain't no sense to talkin' in codes, they already  
know  
Them niggaz who you used to hustle with before  
Kinda wanna play the role, so they already told, you  
know

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