

Young Buck Feat. Snoop & Trick Daddy

"I Ain't Fucking Wit U!"

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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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