

Young Buck Featuring Young Jeezy "Pocket Full Of Paper [Explicit]"

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6 1 5, Cashville, we buck, yeah
Toomp, I got you, nigga
A.T.L. to Cashville, nigga
Aiiyo Jeezy, whattup nigga?
Aiiyo, it's on me tonight, nigga
Let's get it

Got a pocket full of paper, Patron in my cup
Tell them haters, catch up, ho, bitch, you better buck,
ho
Bitch, you better buck, nigga, bitch, you better buck,
nigga
Bitch, you better buck, nigga, bitch, you better buck,
nigga

I ain't playin' 'bout my money, I hit ya ass up
Leave ya right there so they can pick ya ass up, yeah
Bitch, you better buck, nigga, bitch, you better buck,
nigga
Bitch, you better buck, nigga, bitch, you better buck,
nigga

Jack boys, jack boys, whatchu gon' do?
Run up and the nigga put the thang on you
Jack boys, jack boys, whatchu gon' do?
Run up and the nigga put the thang on you

It's Young, Jizzle and the homie, Buck
We still ridin' dirty, think we givin' a fuck?
Headed 75 South for 75 blocks
Hundred miles an hour, past 75 cops

And straight to the mac, hit 75 spots
And I'm back down, Atlanta, copped 75 drops
So on first sip, I made about a grand
You ask me what I need, I tell 'em bring the whole van

All I do is make hits, just to see my SoundScans
I know the yayo, you should see me bag grams
See cuz, over there, he'll kill ya ass for nothin'
C.T.E. and motherfucker, we buckin', nigga

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Let me go and show you niggaz what my whip game
like
I whip it to the left and whip it to the right
I mix it with the Sprite and flip it with the whites
See I make my own price 'cause I take my own flights

I still got my ski mask, still need cash
Still got them eighteens as if you want a half
That's 11, 5, a piece, dawg, if ya do the math
But I do it for the ten for my niggaz in the cab

Got a bitch in Decatur, she shake it for the paper
So when I make it rain, I just get it back later
See cuz, over there, he'll kill ya ass for nothin'
6 1 5, Cashville, we buckin'

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