

Barbra Streisand F/ Ryan O'Neal**"If U Buying"**

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[Ridah]

Man what they thought
That I'd give up and get caught
After I grabbed the nine
And headed straight for the fault
When it ain't never been a battle
That I fought and lost
Without my opponent being traced out in chalk
But I still ain't satisfied
So peep the rapid fire
This'll be the day I die
Fuck rappin' I'll retire
Negotiators say they'll provide
The paper I desire
But he's a liar
Cuz I'm tired of being lied to
So we die too, I ride through
Bustin' wit the hostages
Shielding me, yielding me,
From the cops and shit
Spectators syndicate of how to stop this kid
But it's too late
I fear no fate, plus shoot straight
And it's funny
That all I ever wanted was some money
And someone to suck me like they had no teeth
Now all of a sudden these muthafuckas wanna know
me
Calm me down, sayin "Ridah let the hostages free"
But I'm on some fuck the world shit and I don't know
I guess I'm stressed off the bullshit
But they don't know me like they think they do
To the whole world nigga

Chorus: [Ridah]

You don't know me like you think you do
If you buying I sit down and have this drink with you
But still you don't know me like you think you do
I was strapped the time you had yo heat with you
You don't know me, you don't know me like you think
you do

If you buying I sit down and have this drink with you
But still you don't know me like you think you do
I was strapped the time you had yo heat with you
You don't know

[Hustlah]

I was in the back seat
Tacked out sipping yak
Keep burnin' my chest
Dropping ashes from my skull
Cherry burnin' my flesh and I can't feel it
Cuz something's wrong
Touchin' my gat was also peelin' it
And I'm feelin' strong
Look up and all I seen was two niggas' dome
And my cousin Clyde sayin'
"Lil' Cutty hold on"
But the feelin' was strong like I said
One in the chamber on my thang
Wear a beam on they head
Tryin' to stop
But my fingers kept holdin' on
Hella [?] I wish [?] the car [?] wrapped around a pole
And I'm out cold
Smith and Wesson in my hand
And a couple of songs in my pocket
As I bail from the [?] [?] gone
What the fuck one minute was on way home
Next one I'm hittin' gauges with blood stains on my
clothes
Now I ain't worried about my PCP though [?][?] for a
second
Or Two niggas get smoked
Was it somethin' I drank or
Was it somethin' I smoked
All these niggas think they know me
When they really don't know
Damn it's killing me slow
Think I'm a rapper but he's dealin' his coke
It's the only way I still lounge and chill with my folks

[AP 9]

You better back up
Give me some room, stack up
Before I jack ya, on a platoon
We be them niggas and I blast ya silly muthafucka
You not knowing me who asked ya
I wouldn't put it past ya
I'm movin' faster
In the fast lane the fast life causing disasters
These niggas actin' like the dons we the last ones

Wit a gat in my palm
I'm pullin' fast ones
These suckers actin' like they really want some
Come get some
I'm getting dumb
Dumpin' hollow's with your death day
So catch your breath man
Somebody better hold me
That's what they told me
The ghetto is tryin' to kill me
Cuz I'm constantly gettin' silly
Just a thug nigga
I roll with ridahs and hustlahs
We dumping slugs nigga
And we don't fuck with no bustas
But I love niggas
Who get they thug on and the drugs on
Police jockin' me
Told my little cousin that they watchin' me
Stoppin' me, poppin' me
They wanna see AP not breath like Pac see
I live the young, the good life
The mob life foo
But you don't know me like you think you do

[Chorus]

[Fed X]

It all happened in a Lincoln limo
I'm talkin' business
With a [?] cap by the name of Leo
Was supposed to be his so called nephew
A Coleone that was sellin' it
For two times cheaper than what his uncle do
I should of knew I couldn't trust him
The snake in the grass
Crossed his van
Throw that kilo in the shape top grab
Set me up
The Feds needed a bust
A paid cat from the Bureau
That his own team couldn't trust
They call me Groupie Don
Had to get him for nine
A ball head nut from Frisco
Who sold his pistols by the crate
And [?] with missiles and hand grenades
They don't know
It's all a fad

[The Jacka]

And I could tell them on my way
Just a few more moves I gotta make
And a few more chances I gotta take
Being in the Mob
Every job is a promise I can't break
The fast lane
Yeah so much cash came
The Feds know my name
But they don't know my face
My young nigga got caught
When a cape caught a case
Any time you will waste
G'z on a lawyer
Only to get 34 years
Chest to the floor
Push-ups till your chest gets soft
Muthafuckas ain't shit
Only let a nigga know
When I predict
As time changes playas become haters
Even if you knew me for hella long
You will still be a stranger
You don't know me nigga

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