

Joe C

"Look at Me Now"

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[Young Buck]

You know.. growin up in the hood
You go through all kind of thangs, ya heard?
Some of it's good, some of it's bad
But the thangs you go through in life, make you who
you are
LOOK AT ME NOW!

[Chorus: Mr. Porter]

And from the day I was born I've been hustlin strong
I've been strugglin since a child, now them days is
gone
And niggaz said I wouldn't do it now I'm provin 'em
wrong
And now they got their hands out like I owe them some
I ain't got time for the bickerin and carryin on
It ain't too much in the hood I don't know
How many times do I have to say that I'm grown
That I'ma Young Buck and still enough to know when
you niggaz is hoes

[Verse One: Young Buck]

I still remember them nights under the street light
Fiends don't give a damn, they want who got the cheap
price (AIGHT?)
I'm tryin to get right, get it in dough
You see people is dyin fast and the money is slow
We used to hang in front of the sto', flag down cars
to be a movie star, go get a glass jar (woo!)
Once you cook it and cut it homey go stand out in
public
See the work sell itself if you got enough of it (FO'
SHO')
Plenty thugs been shot but see it's all in the game
Even I took a couple of 'em, but still I remain
I ain't different from that same lil' project figure
I done went with no lights and no water nigga
And I'm still hood, that mean I still could
get on the block, and get mine like you should (yeah)
How can I be good, when rappers wanna be Suge?
Surroundin myself with family, so I can sleep good

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Young Buck]

I would light me a cancer stick, thinkin how can I get
my momma out the bricks and my whole clique legit
Lil' Jimmy and the feds, it's just me and some Teds
We cuttin heads, doin whatever to buy a loaf of bread
(GIMME DAT)

The high speed chases, I really loved it
to blow 50 G's and don't thank nothin of it
We showed love but wasn't no love showed back
Whoa Kemosabe (what happened) what part of the
game is that?
It's a fact and my war wounds on me can prove it
But look how you made me go and show you I can do it
(FO' SHO')
I solemnly swear to hold it down for my homeboys
(WHAT?)
Locked up and don't know if they ever comin home boy
Time keeps tickin, another baby's born
that's gon' go through the same stuff that I went
through and more
You wonder why I hustle, my life's on the line
My baby gotta have milk when she crying, c'mon now

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Young Buck]

Now everybody got they hand out (whatchu want?)
Crackhead Willie spent his millions 'til they ranned out
Shorty don't wanna holla now because her man out
But just last week, I couldn't get it out her damn mouth
(ha ha ha!)
Nowhere to go, look like I'm stuck in these bricks
Seem like the good die young, the bad get rich quick,
enough of this
Let me take it to a whole 'nother level (what?)
Like stoppin the po-lice from rollin through the ghetto
(FO' SHO')
Ain't nuttin gettin better but the bills gotta be paid
And money come up short then them tecs gotta get
sprayed (b-r-r-ap)
E'rybody got a grave, we just waitin to go to it
No matter what we do y'all we're still gon' go through it
Some say that I'm heartless, and don't give a damn
But they will never understand, until they get a gram
And this is who I am, not who I wanna be
Open up yo' eyes and see, what these streets done
done to me

[Chorus]

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