

# All About Money (feat. D-Tay)

## Young Buck

[Young Buck]

You a thug like me[Verse 1]  
You can catch me green stick it up,  
Dick it up,  
Cut a nigga shit over 50 bucks,  
Need work on the low nigga hit me up,  
Never quick enough after pickin up,  
Feds on a nigga block ridiculous,  
'cause the game done brought all our shit to us,  
I done bit the dust-countinus  
Now I ride double ? to the ind you bust,  
Oh no wrong move if my ind you touch,  
17 but its real when you playin with much,  
One in the chamber on the table when you chillin for lunch,  
And head up with your door open feelin your blunt,  
Where I'm from 20 gone by the end of the month,  
I get drunk smoke the weed to the end of the blunt,  
Make sure 10 shells done been in the pump,  
If its on-first draw that's a nigga wit luck,  
All niggas playin games start endin em up,  
'cause your block young buck will start bendin em up,  
As soon as your adrenaline pump,  
Make way dear lord 'cause I'm sendin em up[Chorus x2]  
Its all about money,  
Gettin major paid,  
Stack your cheese in all different ways,  
Tote your strap and keep your khakis creased,  
Yeah nigga, you a thug like me?[Verse 2 - D-tay]  
They call me D-tays up  
Get em up put the aks on,  
Let em know we don't play sir,  
Anybody in the way gets sprayed brah,  
Anybody in the way gets sprayed brah,  
Wanna play rough?  
Y'all cats wanna play tough  
Tay wanna spray stuff, erase stuff  
Niggas wanna start shit with they gun then run,  
Tay don't wanna chase ya,  
Bullets wait ta, replace ya,

Hit em with the shells of the 45,  
Make em all duck, with the four-five buck,  
Put em all up,  
Got 2 so we got you but we don't give a fuck,  
Seals comin gunnin out the cut,  
Spittin at you cats,  
Spittin 50 rounds like I'm spittin on a track,  
Y'all niggas know that you can't hold that,  
Ima spit the gat till the gat click-clat,  
Then chit chat,  
Niggas gun learn that you beef with this here this heat gone burn,  
Ima show ya cats how to bus y'all guns,  
Hit a nigga up and leave his ass left numb,  
Don't play with me,  
You know I spray the heat,  
The A.K. gun niggas down fatefully,  
You think expectfully, just wait and see,  
Young buck and D-tay nigga ready to g,  
If it pays to be, the boss in the cause,  
My gun so big gotta limp when I walk,  
Don't talk the talk 'cause T.I.P. we comin,  
First go about money[Chorus x2][Verse 3 - Young Buck]  
Its all bout thuggin,  
Gettin paid and shit,  
You either slang the dope or hit major licks,  
That's why all my niggas be sevin bricks,  
Y'all gunna see what we workin with,  
Not me baby doll,  
I ain't hurtin for shit,  
G.S. 400 with a leather kit,  
Oh you don't wanna holla?  
Well whatever bitch,  
Don't say shit when the bezzle flip,  
See a nigga tote straps for the hell of it,  
I ain't givin a fuck about jealous shit,  
And I don't smoke weed for the smell of it,  
Just before I kill, I inhale the shit,  
You can't trail me bitch I be in 50 states,  
Paranoid, with about 50 cakes,  
Once a nigga find out its all heart no shake,  
That's when I infest the place,  
I'm thugged out,  
Up in the drug house,  
Got it all-from the beer to a quarter ounce,  
We da real ass niggas, all work no slouch,

Can I get that there? all that count,  
All they amount,  
But when it go down and a nigga make all ya say all that out,  
What you gunna do nigga what you about,  
Either ride or die, when I'm raised in the south,  
Love the block, when a nigga wake up,  
I wash my face and then hug my glock,  
Brush my teeth and scream south side,  
Smoke a blunt and put on my socks,  
But it still don't stop, from dusk to dawn,  
A nigga been out here on his own-livin day to day,  
See I'm only 17 but a nigga out here just gains farm

Songwriters

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