The Blues

Young Buck

[The Game]I give niggas the blues
Like an L.A. County jumpsuit
Hop inside the Phantom like the nigga Donald Trump do
And just cruise control until I lose control
These rubberband tires sittin' on 2's and 4's
I pick and choose my foes
And with abusive flows I set traps, so no rat can climb through his hole
Touch my chedder bring out Beretta's
Try'na floss be a boss
We do six hundred or better
Chopping up raw lettuce
My bitch got a coke fetish
Still a fan 'cause she runnin' through lines like Jerome Bettis
Iced out Coogi sweater, Air Ones, Louis, checker belt
Got me swimmin' through these bitches like Mike Phelps
Drop top Phantom so the world know I'm hazin'
Catch contact high while I listen to Miles Davis
Lay my head back and just cruise
Tommy turn down the muthafuckin' bass and give niggas the blues
Yeah I give niggas the blues
Drumma Boy adjust the bass and give niggas the blues
I give niggas the blues
I give niggas the blues

[Young Buck]Been through it
The picture you see now I drew it
Service myself change the oil and transmission fluid
Mel Gibson on these hoes on these 24?s
I'm still the truth in this game full of Pinnocchio's
Filed bankrupt, like what you gon' take next from me?
Then I bought a 'Vette for me, call it IRS money
It's money, power, respect
Lil' buddy you wrong
Respect, power, and money
Now what the fuck is you on?
This a "Dessert Storm" I get my Clue on
Standin' in a room full of Bloods with my blue on
Revolver on my waist but the barrel on it too long
Can't even fuckin' move, I ain't used to havin' no suit on

I'm doin' what I do, y'all done think I moved on
With or without a crew
My bills is still due on the first like you
Pull up in anything bitch I'm B.B. King
And I break the rules
I will give niggas the blues
I give niggas the blues
Take Drumma Boy beat and give niggas the blues
Yeah

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