

# Dickie Fits (Chopped & Screwed)

## Young Buck

See nigga we thugged out for a reason

Niggaz ain't thuggin, because, they like the look nigga

Or they like to be on these streets nigga

Nigga we thuggin cause we gotta eat out'chea where I'm from

Ca\$hville, gangsters nigga[Verse One]

I had to step back and regroup myself, overlook employees

And see how much juice was left cause niggaz came for me

Revolvers to fullies increasin my ki' movings

Soakin game from Baby watchin old mob movies

Two all gold clips, go with this platinum uzi

To keep you bitches losin 'round Christmas time when the jackers choosin

Niggaz refusin feel that heat first, shit gets deeper

See when we beef we make yo' street hurt, check yo' beeper

The job is done when you get 911's

Receivin calls talkin 'bout son your lil' brother all alone

My attitude can quickly change potnah

Heads get bust open like Priest when he poppin bottles

No role models to look up to when you ghetto raised

Leavin no clues, stack revenues in different ways

Trade that deuce 57 and get yourself two K's

Then let a nigga know how much mo' you made in two days["Infrared on all straps" sample repeats][Verse Two]

How can a nigga blame another nigga for the way he would plan

His operation led to destination under sand

Some niggaz playin with me are scared to stand behind their steel

Shake up and break up what was organized for years

Shed tears, when white folks hand a nigga a L

Ball up and fuck all up a nigga mail

Beeper reportin low, when you put in a Duracell

Put it in your mind, cause that's the first sign they on the trail

Where I dwell, there's plenty money shit be hard to tell

Who doin the yap yappin so they tappin up the cells

When you lived on the hill, was never late payin yo' bills

Now you back to the projects, shit out here gettin real

Somebody lackin they skills and they street smart

Ain't no sunshine playboy, they life dark

It takes one star, one car, one nigga who made it far

One thug, one grudge and it's life behind bars["Infrared on all straps" sample repeats][Verse Three]

I stand all man nigga, though a child in age

I got my own brain, my own ways to go and get paid

Niggaz want you in the shade but when you come out and shine  
Then here it is you owe 'em somethin, but what about mine?

I never signed a dotted line, therefore just let me be  
T.I.P. took me under and we headed to the highest peak  
I might as well just speak, for the soldiers with Buck

Load your artillery, prepare to put your guns up  
You think it'll get to this, Bowre told me it would  
Said it's all good no more, puttin on your black hood  
Still the same frustration that stay beatin my chest

If it ain't one of these bitches then these niggaz won't test  
A meal ticket nuttin less, that's what I'm shootin for  
And in my quest for chips, there's some shit you can't ignore  
So I load up the 4, if you want it then let it be

All these fake niggaz tryin to be just like me["Infrared on all straps" sample repeats]

Songwriters

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