

# Caught In The Wind

## Young Buck

Ay they can't handle this one  
This for the block nigga, what?[D-Tay]  
I make one move, hit your block, and your whole spot hot  
Uh-huh, if you're lucky have your whole block cocked  
Now I ain't sayin that's gon' stop all my niggaz that chop  
Cause in they mind, ain't no dyin, niggaz flip to get flopped  
Shootin more than 50 shots and my heart catch not  
When the gunfire a-start it ain't no callin the cops  
Besides, you started beef, I'm just bringin it back  
All my niggaz you hunt around so what you packin a gat?  
Just leave that where it's at, or leave here on your back  
Make one move like you're reachin and I'm leavin you flat  
Warnings I'm givin you, but you never did listen  
So I'm spittin Smith & Wessons 'til they out of ammunition  
I'm clip totin, holdin rollin with my cousin Priest  
I'm back, and ridin in the candy painted 'llac  
We max, and gettin all these hoes for they cheese  
We jack, and gettin all these ballers for they ki's[Chorus: repeat 2X]  
Didn't think that I would make it this far, throwin rocks at the pen  
Left niggaz layin dead and I did it in sin  
And I'd do it again, thugged out 'til the end  
Still we gon' keep ridin 'til we caught in the wind[Rizin Sun]  
Nigga I'm gon' make it if I gotta rob and steal  
Cock back my grill, let 'em know this burner's for real  
When the coast is cleared that's when I plan my escape  
Wanted in 50 states, my first shot is debate  
Don't be late, Buck we got hits to make  
50 is you with me, if they really want me they'd come and get me  
Now I'm a fugitive on the run, killers don't leave home  
Without the gun, blaze one  
They got me nationwide all over the world they tryin to turn me in  
But the pearls, I think ahead on that  
Fuck the pen, I'm tryin to see my money stacks  
If you lookin for me I'm where the ballers at  
Drinkin Cristal gettin smoked out  
Try not to take the bar out, but they done, tapped my house  
I'm goin all out, got me on some major shit  
Dressed in black, when I attack, please believe that[Chorus][Young Buck]  
I need to get my hands on somethin, I suggest you play it low

Get your last words in when the soldier's rag over my nose  
Look the anger done build up, I'm damn near about to blow

Tryin to unhook a time bomb when I'm right at zero

Fuck a stolen vehicle, we gon' pull up in luxury

Bubbilize somethin, survive nigga you're lucky

When shit get ugly, bustin e'rythang that rush me

Swingin this fuckin chopper 'til my arms get musty

This occasion calls for military issue buddy

My fetti took a slight fall now y'all gon' be bloody

Young Buck, a.k.a. Frank Nitti of the city

Ain't fakin none to DT's, you got it then come and get me

But the form I come in, I swear it's hard to hit me

Not a face bein shown, just a chrome tucked in my dickies[Chorus]

#### Songwriters

BROWN, DAVID DARNELL / MCKINNEY, DANTAE TYSON / JONES, AARONPublished by  
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