

Somethings Got Me On It

Young Buck

[Intro]

I don't know
maybe it's cause there's a bunch of fake ass niggas out here
fake ass rappers
Ain't too many real niggas left
Just trying to figure it out
Something's got me on it out here
Let goDon't know if it's the murders, the robberies, the beef, the trap
The hood, the straps, don't know
But something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it
Something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on itDon't know if it's the pills, the weed, the coke, the lean
The way I'm yellow taping off the scene
But something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it
Something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it
Ok, Ok, I'm back, I'm serving, I'm leaning, I'm swerving
I'm strapped, for certain
These young niggas is hurtin'
On bond, I'm lurkin', I'm killin', I'm murkin'
I'm shootin', I'm workin', I'm only one person
No tags, blue rags, you mad and I'm glad
Got a chrome .44 mag
Put niggas in body bags
A-1 Yola, no soda, No oil base just over
I'm a soldier, I told ya, Put Cashville on my shoulders
Nigga fuck me? Fuck you, Fuck him and fuck her too!
Fuck that I want something new, Top down, no sunroof
Hundred pounds I run through, I'm running around like my son do
Never say how she done you, I kick a bitch out, kung fu
Told ya'll, I'm a come through, No religion, just truth
Thirty chickens, front you, Better not give me no ones dude
Still pimping, know I'm one, All the mirrors on our arms
Country nigga, live in a barn
Growing kush on ya'll farmDon't know if the plug, the powder, the money, the power
The way that half of these rap niggas cowards
But something's got me on it

I'm on it, I'm on it
Something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it Don't know if it's the jail, the pen, the Rose, the Hen
The way that I'm back on my buck shit again
But something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it
Something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it
I'm cooking, I'm watching, I'm looking, I'm shopping
I'm tired of all the people asking me when am i dropping
I'm rolling, I'm rocking, I'm moving, not stopping
I'm loading up my chopper out here bout to get it poppin'
You flexin', I'm stressin', and I still ain't learned my lesson
I'm counting up all my blessings, And I'm putting them all in investments
These hoes ain't shit, but they on my dick
I just started, you quit, I'm real, you a bitch
I'm hell, no scale, I got eight balls for sale
And I hate ya'll to tell, I pray ya'll get killed
I'm an outlaw, without ya'll, Mayweather, south paw
Ring a bell, sound off, I smell pussy, hound dog
Court cases, probation, one god, one nation
Nerves bad, no patience, selling dope is my occupation
Fuck a rapper, fuck a label, I'm in the trap with no cable
And I want your seat if you ain't gonna bring nothing to the table Don't know if the the Lord, the devil, the
bricks, the pebbles
The way these niggas cant get on my level
But something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it
Something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it
I just don't know!
I'm on it, I'm on it, I'm on it! Don't know if it's the love, the hate, the pieces, the weight
The way they say the real but they fake
But something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it
Something's got me on it
I'm on it, I'm on it [Outro]
Ok, Ok, Ok, real talk.
You know there's more black people in the penitentiary than anythang
We kill about this money
Ain't one black president on that shit
I'm just being real, you should be real too
Cashville records nigga
This rap shit is mine
Bitch niggas your time is up, It's Buck

Holla when you see me nigga

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