

Look At Me Now

Young Buck

You know, growin' up in the hood
You go through all kind of thangs, ya heard?
Some of it's good, some of it's bad
But the thangs you go through in life, make you who you are
Look at me now And from the day I was born I've been hustlin' strong
I've been strugglin' since a child, now them days is gone
And niggaz said I wouldn't do it now I'm provin' 'em wrong
And now they got their hands out like I owe them some
I ain't got time for the bickerin' and carryin' on
It ain't too much in the hood I don't know
How many times do I have to say that I'm grown
That I'ma Young Buck and still enough to know when you niggaz is hoes I still remember them nights under the
street light
Fiends don't give a damn, they want who got the cheap price
I'm tryin' to keep right, get it in dough
You see people is dyin' fast and the money is slow
We used to hang in front of the sto', flag down cars
To be a movie star, go get a glass jar
Once you cook it and cut it homey go stand out in public
See the work sell itself if you got enough of it Plenty thugs been shot but see it's all in the game
Even I took a couple of 'em, but still I remain
I ain't different from that same lil' project figure
I done went with no lights and no water nigga
And I'm still hood, that mean I still could
Get on the block, and get mine like you should
How can I be good, when rappers wanna be Suge?
Surroundin' myself with family, so I can sleep good And from the day I was born I've been hustlin' strong
I've been strugglin' since a child, now them days is gone
And niggaz said I wouldn't do it now I'm provin' 'em wrong
And now they got their hands out like I owe them some
I ain't got time for the bickerin' and carryin' on
It ain't too much in the hood I don't know
How many times do I have to say that I'm grown
That I'ma Young Buck and still enough to know when you niggaz is hoes I would light me a cancer stick,
thinkin' how can I get
My mamma out the bricks and my whole clique legit
Lil' Jimmy and the feds, it's just me and some Teds
We cuttin' heads, doin' whatever to buy a loaf of bread
The high speed chases, I really loved it

To blow 50 G's and don't thank nothin' of it
We showed love but wasn't no love showed back
Whoa Kemosabe, what part of the game is that? It's a fact and my war wounds on me can prove it
But look how you made me go and show you I can do it
I solemnly swear to hold it down for my homeboys
Locked up and don't know if they ever comin' home boy
Time keeps tickin', another baby's born
That's gon' go through the same stuff that I went through and more
You wonder why I hustle, my life's on the line
My baby gotta have milk when she crying, c'mon now And from the day I was born I've been hustlin' strong
I've been strugglin' since a child, now them days is gone
And niggaz said I wouldn't do it now I'm provin' 'em wrong
And now they got their hands out like I owe them some
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How many times do I have to say that I'm grown
That I'ma Young Buck and still enough to know when you niggaz is hoes Now everybody got they hand out
Crackhead Willie spent his millions 'til they ranned out
Shorty don't wanna holla now because her man out
But just last week, I couldn't get it out her damn mouth
Nowhere to go, look like I'm stuck in these bricks
Seem like the good die young, the bad get rich quick, enough of this
Let me take it to a whole 'nother level
Like stoppin' the po-lice from rollin' through the ghetto Ain't nuttin' gettin' better but the bills gotta be paid
And money come up short then them tecs gotta get sprayed
E'rybody got a grave, we just waitin' to go to it
No matter what we do y'all we're still gon' go through it
Some say that I'm heartless, and don't give a damn
But they will never understand, until they get a gram
And this is who I am, not who I wanna be
Open up yo' eyes and see, what these streets done-done to me And from the day I was born I've been hustlin'
strong
I've been strugglin' since a child, now them days is gone
And niggaz said I wouldn't do it now I'm provin' 'em wrong
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