

# Buck Wild

## Village 2 Mafia

Hey I'd like to tell you a little story  
About my man named dee  
Yo, even from when he was little  
He was like kinda on a tough tip  
Doin all that stuff  
But, I'ma tell you the way..  
.. it should really go like..  
.. the way he would say it now check this out

When I was young, he always dreamed of bein rich  
But compared to then, that'd been a big switch  
Drivin big cars, wearin rings and ropes  
But man without a plan all he had was hopes  
So he sat down, and thought, what he wanted to be  
But it seems, no occupation had appeal to dee  
He didn't wanna be a doctor, he don't like school  
It wasn't that he was dumb, he just thought he was too cool  
Cause all the moneymakers and the big-time crooks  
He never ever seen none of them carryin books  
He used to be on the block, do whatever they pleased  
Never had a nine to five, but still clocked g's  
Harold reuben, freewood ave would make a man of them too  
And he thought, yeah that's the life, he wanna do like they do  
So he start to flip and cut class with the big boys  
Take other kids toys, cause he didn't dig noid  
He'd rather run the block and watch the hustlers play  
And he'll say, he wanna be just like that one day  
He used to run in the stores, steal cookies and candy bars  
Watchin the pimps roll by in they fancy cars  
But never did the thought even pass  
At the time, he 'posed to have his behind in class  
So when report cards came, all he received was a f jack  
And he got his neck smacked, for cold gettin left back  
But yet and still, he didn't care  
Cause to him, school's for the birds so he didn't belong there  
When he was only eight he hung out with the pros  
And he went, from stealin candy, to boostin clothes  
He used to dip out the class, go straight to the mall  
And he'll take, anything from anybody at all

His neighbors used to ask his mother "brown what's wrong witch a child?  
He done robbed my damn house again, yo that kid is buck wild.."

Yo, I don't know whassup, but he be buggin word up  
Yo that yo.. I'm just sayin like this  
I don't whassup, but  
I think you will understand a little bit more of the situation  
I'ma say like he would say it, on this second part  
So just check this out aight?  
Just kick it one two three, go head, go head man, go head

He was a crook -- at the age of nine  
Do whatever it took -- he'll rob you blind  
Snatchin pocketbooks, robbin blind ol men  
Way back when.. when he was only ten  
Then when he was in 5th grade, he carried a switchblade  
Tried to stay rich to keep him and his bitch paid  
And if he ever had to travel somewhere far  
Take a bus? pssh - he'd go steal him a car!  
He'd always choose to live his life the wild way  
Tag? ! russian roulette is what he'll play  
His moms and pops told him when he first reached junior high  
The way you live determine just how soon you die  
And he didn't care because to him it was fun  
And he was only thirteen when he got his first gun  
He robbed stores and did stick-ups frequently  
Gave a new name to juvenile delinquency  
And yeah you know that, he, was on the go  
Seven days of the week, he kept his pockets full of dough  
But he was headed for a dead end fast  
Cold riskin his ass for petty cash that didn't last  
Went back and forth to jail six times  
For stolen cars and stick-up and various crimes  
So when he sit in his cell, he reminisce as a child  
It don't pay to do crime today, so don't be buck wild..

Ay that that that's a little bit of a lesson  
For all the kids out there you know now  
Yeah yeah yeah you know what I'm sayin  
And this is comin from  
The grand high exalted mystic ruler  
Ain't no one cooler  
In 7th grade I had a teacher named mr. dulah  
Who used to wear his pants up to his chest  
And I want you to just listen

Cause.. this is no joke, so don't be buck wild..

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by HALL, MARCEL THEO PKA BIZ MARKIE

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>