

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 witcha 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..

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