Caught In The Wind

Aonaran

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 occassion 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]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/