

Shit Head

Young Buck

(Intro: Young Buck)

You know whudd it is. G-Uniit, SAA-OUTH!(All Star)

Ha. Ha. Ha. Ha.

Yeah (G'yeah), I'm tha Prince of tha 'Ville.

Ha. All Star.

Lyrics wise, I'm tha best man, y'all already know
So dis time around I'm gon' done down my flow, man
There very few rappas dat use to git it off snow
From my mouf to y'all ears, man these niggas is ho's
Runnin' around to tha bars, sayin' how fake I am
Then ya see me in tha streets and ya shakin' my hand (Whuddup Stunna?)
Then you pull off in ya ride and ya playin' my jam
Nigga make up ya mind, Is you a hata or fan? Damn!
Y'all niggas is actin' way to tough

Don't make me send my niggas through, make you shut df up (Shhh)
I ain't givin' in to all dat he sayd she saydMy niggas (Taking Hits) like Buck & D-Tay

Tell me whatchu know about Star?

Pull out from tha club with ya bitch in the car!
Have they mind blown from tha shit in tha jar
And then pop anutha bottle, 'nutha twisted, nutha gone
Easy git anutha bitch, f**k it - we all rich (F**k It!)
Shiit, if we ain't - chya babymama convinst (Ha ha)
Yeah, if he ain't, how he talk so slick

'Cause on tha low in 04, he really bought those bricks

Tha case is beat, we f**kin' wit' rap
(Pac-Man) runnin' wit' us, so they callin' him bad
He offically grind hard, so how gutta's dat
East-syde heavy hittas don't do nuthin' but Trap
Tha streets respect a nigga, 'cause I grind and ball
They say Star even gittin' love behind tha walls
Take dis mixtape money, go and buy me a coup'
See, I'm remindin' you, of what you trynnah do

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>