

Walk With Me

Young Buck

[Young Buck]
G-unit! [Stat Quo]
Gmm nigga [Young Buck]
Shady, aftermath in this bitch, oh, young buck, stat quo [Stat Quo]
Ya understand me nigga? [Young Buck]
Aye nigga, they say we the new kings of the south [Stat Quo]
They say that [Young Buck]
Atl to cashville, damn! [Young Buck]
I've been patiently waitin' to blow
But still on the block with the k and the coke
See the mexican's love me, they tell me keep on doin it homes
They never seen a nigga go get it and bring it back home
I don't want out of them zones, I want the whole thing, g-unit!
We done started our own game, we ain't playin' no games
Duck tape 'em and take 'em to the hood
Don't get no blood on my leather and wood
Make it look good for the block
I be putting in my work, handlin' my business
I been on my knees, askin' my homeboys who did this?
So fuck that!, that's why I bust back
Spit my bars, get off tour, then go and cook crack
Look at me now bitch, you don't know how rich
Lloyd Banks, Yayo, 50 cent, game nigga, or I'll get
Solute a soldier when you see me
And I ain't one of those niggas out here stuntin' for t.v.
I gotta keep it gangsta [Chorus: Young Buck]
Now I can show you how to put in work, and move them birds
I do that dirt, now all my real niggas, walk with me (yeah)
Just walk with me (yeah), walk with me (yeah), c'mon walk with me (yeah)
Now I can show you how to put in work, and move them birds
I do that dirt, now all my real niggas, walk with me (yeah)
Just walk with me (yeah), walk with me (yeah), c'mon walk with me (yeah) [Stat Quo]
Yeah, the bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin'
Won't stop till he busts his kneel in, my cats conceilin'
Bad bitches I'm drillin, he's sittin on millions
Fuck what you feelin, violate my space, bare witness the killin'
Stat'll dog, for a dollar 'cause he known to finish
My account resembles spandex, how they stretch
Faggots play like a razor step, when the ak's and teck's show up

They so quick to hoe up, but hold up
When the clamp has appeared they show up
Sayin that snitch song shit, you lil' puss ass bitch
Beg tanya lita how she get ya ass whiped
Why hustle at all, when you hustle backwards
Mo' money I get, mo' niggas be hatin'
I light fire to ya ass, they be callin' ya satan
Gmm my organization, my obligation is to spit that shit
Cause the streets is waitin' , yea[Chorus][Young Buck]
I'm showin' no love to these cowards, I don't give a fuck
Shady/aftermath/g-unit we'll hit you up
Country as I want to be, but gangsta as they come
Loose lips sank ships, snitches die where I'm from
Get ya gun off safety, if ya plan on livin'
Don't make me cock it and pop it, I'll knock your head off with it
Yeah I've said I've did it, 'cause I did, and I'm doin it
Done came too far to let you bitch niggas ruin it[Stat Quo]
Yeah, every word I utter, is simply octane
I keeps it gunnin' and ya boy's the boss man
The main thing, keep the main thing, the main thing
Stack cheese, grip grain, spit hotter than hot wing
Niggas claimin' they hard, we know you square
Try to creep gun's like ties, I keep a spare
Save them games for the arcade, ain't no scare
And we prepared for problems, 'cause we right here (yeah)[Chorus][Young Buck and Stat Quo]
How y'all see's that?
ATL shorty
Understand me, nigga, cashville bitch
G-unit! nigga
Gmm's my motherfucking squad, nigga
Shady, aftermath nigga!
They be cuttin' them mo' fuckin checks now,
I ride big nigga, I got my thang danglin nigga
And I gotta big thing out my balls, ya understand me
Dre and em'll feel ya man, they gotta love niggas

Songwriters

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