

Crime Pays

Young Buck

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Young Buck]

State to state, slippin slate nigga

This for the block nigga

E'ry nigga out there who God damnit maintainin

off slangin 'caine and all dem, thangs

And y'knowwhatI'mtalkinbout I feel that (I feel that)

See I done been in that situation where niggaz flip birds

Y'all know the gangsta, lil' young nigga

Who thugged out all night on the curb, came up from a GRAMAnd bitch I got 'em warrin for 10-5, the new
nigga in town

I'm the king of this drug ring, just waitin to be crowned

You havin money by the ton, I got thousands by the pound

And the urge to splurge for all you niggaz want an ounce

Ain't no problem with the product, long as you got the amount

And every bit of my fetti, cause every bit of it count

I'ma roll in the low, rain snow hot or cold

Finish my narcotics and put my bitches on the road

First nigga try and jack, watch murder go kill them hoes

All white, no crack, how I get it, how it go

17 years old, I'm rappin 10 at a time

To me, front shit ain't punk shit, long as I get mine

And we can get down to shine, no more sellin them dimes

Put 20's on our rides, fuck hoes with thick thighs

Then maybe you can see, how it is to be rich

You ain't heard about a nigga? I be servin them bricks[Chorus]

Nightfall to sunshine, 24 hour shifts

If crime didn't pay, I'd be still on the strip [repeat 2 lines 3X]

Nightfall to sunshine, 24 hour shifts

Look - if crime didn't pay, I'd be still on the strip[Young Buck]

I've survived off this cocaine game, and it's a strain to my brain

to front a nigga a thang, 'bout mine he won't complain

Conversation rule the nation, y'all niggaz know the sayin

Prayin I don't catch ya wit'cha watch I'll take ya out the picture
Money run the country, similar to Adolf Hitler
Always been to drugs but see it's different kind of dealers
You pay what you weigh, or should I say, get my scrilla
Not tomorrow but today, okay, it's on the real'a
I ain't tryin to be a killer just a nigga 'bout his cheddar
And I ain't got it, you can't cancel the bill collector
Coulda been did your rump, put your family in the middle
But I chose to be a man and keep it on that level
Your potnahs done told you about this young runnin rebel
And the load he carries behind if I can't get mine
So robbin niggaz blind is the way I'ma play the game
Gotta respect my mind and if you don't you still payin[Chorus][Young Buck]
I'm a 100% for the Presidents
I never been hesitant, to leave 'em layin with no evidence
Gotta make the best of this, stack my cheese
Then come back and get the rest of it, transportin ki's
In the Benz with the leather kit, ride with me
When you hear that Desert Eagle click it's world war 3
This ain't how it 'posed to be, but ain't no fuckin role model
Besides people down in hell still want ice water
Now how you livin nigga? When hard times come
can you stand prison nigga, or you gon' run yo' tongue?
What's that on yo' arm? You feel like it make a man?
Well let me get that and yo' charm, but turn around and count to 10
Can't turn soldier in one day, the thug gotta just be within
your blood or yo' family, the streets gon' tell how good you been
But see I'm a young nigga {edited} in his face
Since 12 I had a triple beam servin them cakes[Chorus]

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