Headphones

Young Buck

But it's OK, cause we go hard, you know, that's why the streets for.I feel the pressure in pain, you may think I'm insane,
feel like a bullet hit your brain, when they mention my name.Oh no no we not the same, this streets shit in my vein, you start catching cases when you start switching your game,
now they dressing the plate, they arrest any day, sent my brother to the pit and learn his lesson again.There's no food in the refrigerator or I feel up the plate,
OK, lets load up our nigga haters and get of the chain, ma ma ma Martin luther king,
Malcolm X I'm next these crackerz either gon kill me or they gon gimme respect.Tired of breaking my neck, standing out on this balcony like this all you gon get,
for I calling the calvary attention, there will be no one after me,
none of these rappers is half of me, give me half of your salary bitch.I'm riding coach class tryna get my ass home,
first class ain't talking about shit, where's my headphones.Don't want to hear it, I can't hear you, I'm sorry where's my headphones [4x]Push your head in the rain, jumpin top in the sun, at the bottom of the barrel,
but I know I'm the one, for that my kingdom they come, yes king david is here,
after knocking down goliath, there is no one I fear.Lord have mercy on me, pa put this cursing on me,
I know it's crazy but I forgive my worse enemy, for him not know who I be, so him not know what he do, and when you stand at his casket know it that could be you, meet ya.Keep our lips concealed the problem we do, truth won't matter is if we get caught we through, something like Adam and Eve just dont eat the fruit, aint no age limit in this weak recruit, come on.Single five line walking through this mind field,
all these soulja's lamp out there life, but my real.
Still in coach class tryna get my ass home,
first class ain't talking about shit,
where's my mother fuckin headphones.Don't want to hear it, I can't hear you, I'm sorry where's my headphones [4x]

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