

# Black Gloves

## Young Buck

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Walk through a nigga block, 2 glocks, 2 tecks, 2 2 3's  
Give a nigga what he really want, when bitch niggas don't want beef  
Bitch niggas don't know me, wait till a nigga get in range  
Hate when a nigga wanna run his mouth, and live his life in pain We ain't even used to this, talk and where the  
gun shots at?  
Loose lips sank ships, ya'll niggas didn't even pop back  
Oh Lord, I swore, if any muthafucka holla my name  
I'm raw, spelled backwards, that's what I'm gon' bring Banks, what a nigga think?, we ain't got guns  
No troops, everything bulletproof, sniper's layin' down on the roof  
Stash box in the Coupe nigga, I'm tellin' you the truth nigga  
Raise them 'lil bitty boys, all they do is come shoot niggas Black gloves, black mask, black shirt, black pants  
Blue steel, blue vest, he dead, you next Put a couple holes in a hoe, let a nigga know he 'bout to go  
Put the pump right to his throat, bet he won't talk no more Black gloves, black mask, black shirt, black pants  
Blue steel, blue vest, he dead, you next  
Black gloves, black mask, black shirt, black pants  
Blue steel, blue vest, he dead, you next I'm comin', through the front door, mask on, let's ride  
Everybody on the muthafuckin' floor, soon as a nigga get inside  
My hood, my click, your wife, my bitch  
Show a nigga that you really love him, set him up to hit a good lick Cops comin', I'm not runnin, if I do die,  
don't cry  
I haven't planned on stayin' long anyway, I ain't gon' lie  
Wonder why I still got bricks, wonder why I still got clips  
'Coz ain't a damn thing changed, ever since Young Buck done got rich Are ya ready for the outcome? Why you  
walkin' 'round without a gun?  
Shit real, till a nigga get killed, then you wanna run and get one  
Fuck that! I'm callin' out names, Ja Rule, y'all lose  
I don't even care how it started, fuck me? Fuck you Wait till Yayo get home, we gon' really get these niggas  
gone  
But for now nigga, hold on, I'm a show you how to break a bone  
Cashville, Tennekee nigga, we thug you knew it  
New York, we here, for life, G-Unit Black gloves, black mask, black shirt, black pants  
Blue steel, blue vest, he dead, you next

Black gloves, black mask, black shirt, black pants  
Blue steel, blue vest, he dead, you next Yeah, Young Buck nigga, Cashville, Tennessee nigga  
From your hood to my hood muthafucka  
New York city nigga, real shit nigga  
It's all good nigga, it's all hood nigga

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