

# Youngbloodz "Datz Me"

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(feat. Young Buck)

I'm talkin' dirty, wit' bout 80 thousand in my mouth  
I'm stompin' through this bitch, movin' 'em in, and  
shippin' 'em out  
Breath smell like Hennessey, my clothes smell like  
weed  
ATL & Tennessee, I'm right up the street  
In the club where the thugs be, it be hard to breathe  
Sean Paul said we gon' bust they head before we leave  
I brought so good wit me, and I got my hood wit me  
Cadillac'n all through College Park, I'm talkin bout wood  
grippin'  
Dirty South, they bullshittin', you can't ride on them  
down here  
Niggaz can damn well fit inside their rims round here  
And our hoes drop it down to the ground like they  
supposed to  
Or fuck a nigga whole crew, anytime we roll through  
Young Buck and Youngbloodz, we came here to show  
you  
Just how to start a fight and what that Grey Goose and  
dro'll do  
Snatch me a ho or two, niggaz know howe we do it  
Ain't nothin' change, you know the game, it's G-Unit!

[Chorus One: Young Buck]

Totin' guns, rollin' blunts, Gettin' crunk - That's Me  
Switchin' lanes, grippin' grains, Got them thangs -  
That's Me  
Swervin Lac's, Servin X, Countin' stacks - That's Me  
Cook it up and bring it back, That's a fact - That's Me

[Chorus Two: Sean Paul]

Stay fresh, white tees, sharp crease - That's Me  
In the Chevy grippin' grain, drippin' paint - That's Me  
In the club, 'bout drunk, stay crunk - That's Me  
Represent the A-Town, best believe - That's Me

[Sean Paul]

Now on the realer, I'm a hell of a nigga  
Like when I was down in that 'Cedes Dealer came out a

winner  
I'm a big bank flipper, purple syrup sipper  
Stuntin' ass nigga, cost my thunder for some spinners  
Don't you see the chain and watch, bitch, we chillin' like  
December  
Finna change the weather when I stick it out the window  
And I don't want no sack, mayn, don't give me that ever  
And if the price the lo'-lo', then gon' give me two mo'  
Give me two-lo, when I ride out with two hoes  
One dark skin, one light skin, wit two though  
Let the top down and let them hoes hair blow  
Fired up some dro, this like ridin on two fo's wit' two  
hoes

[Chorus Two]

[Chorus Three: J-Bo]

Stay slizzard on Patron, Herringbone - That's Me  
In the club tippin' strippers, sippin' Goose - That's Me  
Ridin' clean, blowin' good on that dro - That's Me  
Dirty South, Straight Country, 105 - That's Me

[J-Bo]

See I can tell by the way they look me in the eye  
That he's a ho, and she's a bitch, and often many try  
But like a soldier, I'mma rid til' I fuckin' die  
Swerve on the buster, run up and put one in the sky  
And if you ain't comprehendin' what I'm sayin' to ya  
It's 105, Youngbloodz, and I ain't playin' wit'hca  
Now watch me break 'em down, back 'em up, and ship  
'em out  
Even steady, comin', breakin bread, what I'm talkin'  
bout  
Cause what you didn't know, is how I get so many hoes  
How I keep it pimpin' never, sippin' cause I'm all pro  
And yeah, I see you like the way we do it big  
Pull up in the old schools, blowin, hoppin' out the whip

[Chorus Three]

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two]

[Sean Paul Ab-libbing throughout the remainder of the  
song]

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