

Young Guns

"Same Shit, Different Day"

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[Intro: Young Neef]

Gunnaz, you hear that mothafuckin knock nigga

G.I.F.I.

Rocafella records you know

[Verse 1: Young Neef]

Said it's a nice day out

And I'm tryna pick what to drizzive

Could do the wagons or the new six forty fizzives

Said is they seen high

I rather go beam mine

Need the 2-5th's for this I put up my nin-nine

Plus it's more cleaner and the system be knockin

The girls be watchin

So these niggaz be plottin

It happens often

They can't stand a Youngin flossin

Until you off em, have they peoples viewin the coffin

I pulls up, put it in park, make sure my tops up

Fix my Roca, while I'm lacin my S Dots up

'Fore I can take a step

These niggaz is yellin back

I get the roll em, drop my hand and they foldin

Bank stop , trunk full of cash, Young holdin

Ki's so whatever while you Youngins is something
stolen

Black berry Nextel, Sprint phone, Motorollin

Why you think the chickens be rollin

We got 'em goin

[Chorus 2x: Young Neef]

You hear that mothafuckin knock nigga (uhn)

J.L.'s ready to pop nigga (uhn)

Either Roc or State Prop nigga (uhn)

White on whites or S Dot's nigga (uhn)

[Verse 2: Young Chris]

Wakes up early, kiss my daughter, hop outta bizzed

Gang steady callin, I'mma tell 'em I'mma get there

Pick my layout, bunch of boxers, a lot of shit here

The nigga Ty sell me some Dot's , make sure my kicks

there
Just another day in the gutter, go see my brother
Baby mother fussin and cussin, I'm thinkin fuck her
A bunch of other shit on my mind, deep in my grind
Its more than just weed on my mind, read through the
lines
Get 'em and use em
So we confuse 'em how we do's em
Ya homies on my niggaz is tryna make it a two-some
Hit 'em and lose em, niggaz is married to these bitches
I know how we do em, that's why I'm married to my
riches
Nice day out, comin through, clearin the way out
Two new marita's hollerin soon as they skate out
Fit the collar big shit just lettin eight out
Guaranteed to lay a nigga straight out
Try it nigga

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Young Chris]

Love how I do it whenever I do I'm reppin
Keep a weapon I'm suggestin he keep it steppin
P.T. 1-4-5 give me your necklace
As I expected, you necked go think a second
Get In Where You Fit In, CEO of that record
Pumpin me, they bumpin me playas know they respect
it
Ladies love it, the streets ready as they except it
And show you mothafuckas how to flex it uh bet it uh

[Young Neef]

Mothafuckas better run, just got me another one
That high point'll trash you, you better get you another
gun
Fresh out the box with it
Pop fly ya ass'll get mopped with it
I pop outta something that's dark tinted
Round the way all day that's just how I'm rollin
Need no victims, no modems
Just a bunch of them cold ones
Talking shit like I owe em
Till that 6-4 blow em
BOOOOOW
You hear that mothafuckin knock nigga

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