

Young Guns

"Take It How U Want It"

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[Verse 1]

[Chris]

Your digits ain't rising fam it's like you're lactose and tolerant. We got fridges for
The taliban load attire man, betta keep ya set up,
million dolla man soon to be we next up, get
Wet up I been fresh since a little one bitch I school the others travel from the little gun
Force ones. See my rocket's set?, speak my name and I
cock it wet. How can I forget see the
Game she the same I tried to get back in grats HEY.
Man them bitches bought the gift and the
Curse and heard the verse off the track HEY. Bitches
please same C wont gas ME. Your boy's
Classy for those who don't know Chris. He like
Hypnotics mixed with Henney he's ferocious
Toasters right beside and clip extending ya suppose to
open fire on any nigga that approach us
Fucking roaches most of my niggas from the pro-jects
40-o-ez fuck a Moette. Mo' money mo' sex
No more stress. And for the cut I take it out on my
ememies, taking out all my enemies, any
Coward a friend to me, if he bring the pain, we bringing
flowers and memories and that's real
Press my hand and see if my cards reveal. Had to see
some of the hardest squeal. Ya'll guard ya
Grill.

[Chorus]

[Chris (Neef)]

(Got a) Whole lot of loving. (Got a) Whole lot of soul.
(Round a) Whole lot of
Thuggin' but baby that's how I roll. (Round a) Whole lot
of niggas. (Round a) Whole lot of
Hoes. (Make a) Whole lot of digits becuz I'm sick with
the flows. (Mamis) leaving they niggas
(yeah). Leave wit a nigga (yeah). They like oh that's that
young nigga that Sigel be with
(yeah). I think he ready ohh girl I gotta roll it up. They
be like bitch you can get it long as
You old enough.

[Verse 2]

[Sparks]

Whole black feeling me, chyeah nigga. I can tell you
why these thugs ride tell you why these thugs die.
And to the day of my demise I'm blowing, I'm blowing
my la-la-la-la-la, till' I come in off
This high. Till these polies appahend me? Till these
pricks still to me I'm doing me. I'm
Running crazy thru the city with the two and letting my
thing quake on these noonies for even
Think that they can do me dirty. I'm nine cluching on
the west side of Philly exchanging my war
Story with all of my little homies playing the MOB. Who
just refuse to get a job so they back
And forth in and out of these correctional facilities. I'm
getting phone calls from em' every
Week laughing talking bout how the whole block feeling
me. And how when he coming home he ride
For me. See that used to be me so I feel him I got love.
Got a...

[Chorus]

[Chris (Neef)]

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[Verse 3]

[Neef]

Yo same o' same o' they want me to work more just a
year ago they ain't give fuck bout
Boy. As far as the bank you can't get a penny up out
yours so don't tell me shit about family
We starvin'. You helped me stay in this group, I beg
your pardon I started this before Chris
Nigga don't forget make he come off the hip on what
you saying out cha lips. Swelling on the
Past there's no telling if I'm blast. Put it back in bags
still selling to the mass. You move
Fast might crash, so I move at my own pace, ain't no
love loss cause I got my own taste. You
Don't put no working hands on my plate, to me that shit

is snake. Them *infa reds? tell me sleep
Safe. But wait shhhhhhh. You niggas cake we don't
need no fifths my niggas wiring up the shit
While we tying up the strip. Got a...

[Chorus]

[Chris (Neef)]

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[Verse 4]

[Chris]

Exclusive nigga take it how you want it man take it from
the gunners ememies won't
Dispute us (nope). They liking heat like in Bermuta, I
mack a broad out in Cuba. Touch ya boss
Then recruit cha. Neva lost ain't a loser, been all
around the world wit my nigga Jigga ya'll
Chicken scoopers plenty of times, she ain't getting a
penny of mine, I turn your buns into the
Cinnamon kind wit one shot, that one block still a envy
of mine, like I ain't come from the
Same, I can't run from the pain nigga, I ain't run from a
thing home they act a fool when they
Get hot. I turn the sun into rain though something the
game lost another one to the game. So
When bodies drop nuttin ashame. Just a big payback
boy ya handguns'll bring the big K's back.
And spray back about a hundred and change.

[Chorus]

[Chris (Neef)]

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be like bitch you can get it long as

You old enough.

[Verse 5]

[Chris (background)]

You dudes ain't bout nuttin' (yeah) but you front and
you're lame (yeah).
Since I was young and if I want it I claim and I got that.
Niggas start blobbin' off names
Where my block at. So I got a spot in the game off my
profit. And I lock that ya'll can't do it
No betta so why not get. Soon to be legends Roc-A-
Fella's the label, Property's the crew that
I'm reppin', two in possession like who wanna test
us..HUH?

You dudes ain't bout nothing but you front and you're
lame. Since I was young and if I want
It I claim and I got that. Niggas start blobbin' off names
where my block at. So I got a spot
In the game off my profit (snitches). And I lock that ya'll
can't do it no betta so why not get.
Soon to be legends Roc-A-Fella's the label, Property's
the crew that I'm reppin', two in
Possession like who wanna test us..HUH? NUCCA
WHAT? WA?

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