

Youngbloodz f/ Young Buck

"Dat'z Me"

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[Young Buck]

ATL, shawty! (G-Unit!)

Young Buck, Youngbloodz

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 Lex, 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]

