

Yung Joc f/ Bun B, Young Dro

"I'm A G"

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[Yung Joc]

Is that right? (Block... E-N-T hoe!)

Hustlenomic\$

A G is what a G does nigga

My momma told me that (E-N-T hoe!)

Dro, Bun B, Yung Joc (BLOCK~!)

let's go

[Chorus]

I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)

And in my pocket it ain't ever nuttin less (than a G)

And if your bitch fucked me she fucked the rest (she'll
G)

Cause I'ma (A-B-C-D-E-F-G)

[Yung Joc]

You can catch me in the A, check my DNA

What can I say? I'm a G one hundred percent all the
way

The block on lock, just like the chain gang

The Gustlenomic\$ piece back and forth when the chain
swang

I'm blowin grandaddy just so I can maintain

I'm a G and I'll tell your bitch the same thang

Middle finger to ya pussies, nigga no shame

'77 Chevelle, same color cocaine

In ninety-two Ball and 'G were playin in the deck

Out with the younguns nigga, get money and respect

You and that name droppin get you and your mans wet

Nigga I'm a G, now who the fuck you think you playin
with?

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Young Dro]

This your boy Young Dro right here

You know I'm a G~! Ay look

Pull up on the scene, bitch I'm cleaner than chlorine

Block star comin, I'm proud of sellin codeine

Shoot a nigga ER from off the street, no beam

Work for my cousin down in Florida named Doreen

All I want is some mo' cream, my wrist on Jack Frost
Tell 'em again they see it man my wrist on Jack Frost
I ain't gotta say how much the motherfuckin Vette cost
Thirty inches touchin on the Escalade, 'llac cost
Bitch I'm from the projects you can miss me wit that rap
talk

Catch me up on Section Road, tearin up the asphalt
Took a lot if cash and bought, jewelry, 'scuse me
Eights on the dump make it hard to turn steering
Swingin on them niggaz swear I gotta feel some fury
Trappin at the hotel you can catch me at the jewelry
A general and surely, man I'm sittin pearly
I got this shit locked, tell momma don't worry

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Bun B]

You see me hop out of a oh-eight, somethin on 24's
Rockin the newest earrings, some next seasons clothes
I guess that's the reason hoes stop drop tuck and roll
Like an inferno, they turn over and suck the pole
I'm so fuckin cold I give a polar bear frostbite
You see my jewelry and you know what it cost right?
You see my toolery it's bigger than your arm so
No tomfoolery and you won't see the bomb blow
Need a bomb hoe, Yung Joc got the work
I need some bomb 'dro, "Best Thang Smokin'" got the
purp'
Let me hear them on the church, and orchestrate a
rendezvous
We meet some boppers, bottles, and don't forget the
bombay too
Who, you know who's keepin it trilla
Just name any thug, gangster, soldier, or gorilla
I snatch him up by his shoulders and strip off his
stripes
Cause when you trill you don't trip off the height, that
ain't my type

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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