

DJ Drama

"4 What"

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[Intro: Young Jeezy]

DJ Drama what it do my G?

It's the world nigga

We running the summer

I swear the night is starting to feel just like the night
before

You know I'm on 80 all acting a fool-io

We putting sparkles on them bottles make them move
the ho

[Verse 1: Young Jeezy]

Step up in this bitch, you know I got my weapon

This ain't a gym class, why is everybody sweating

Yeah I send them hoes some bottles,

Them bitches looking thirsty

My checks are for the rim

I'm in this bitch I'm looking birdy

You know the coupe is bloody murder

The coupe is bloody murder

Yeah that motherfucker black

Let's all pour color purple

34 squares so that 1200 a circle

Do them numbers in his head

Swear that nigga smart as Urkel

Mirror, mirror, should I kill them

Gourmet to the Tims

400 for this four door, and it ain't got no rims

Tell my waitress keep them bottles coming

I'm drinking like a fish

When those sparklers pass your table

All you bitches make a wish

[Hook: Young Jeezy]

How much liquor it gonna take to get it cracking in this
bitch

Look I came to get it in now why you acting this bitch

Turn down for what? Turn down for what?

Just let me know give me the word I get it cracking in
this ho

And I'm about to show out

You know it's packed up in this ho

Turn down for what? Turn down for what?

[Verse 2: Yo Gotti]

Motion picture shit, nigga I pull up in slo-mo
450 thou, I blew that on a two door
Shit I git a new, IÂ'll send you to Pluto
Got a street nigga, but you knew that from the get-go
IÂ'm turnt up to the max, and IÂ'm just stunting on
these niggas
IÂ'm real as they say, so IÂ'm holding court on these
niggas
Wife beaters and jeans, and a pair of Jordans on these
niggas
Head cocked to the back, and I smash the sport on
these niggas
You get money then show it, if you ainÂ't then stop
lying
If you looking for a nigga, bitch I ainÂ't hard to find
Only nigga in the city, million dollars a car
How you kick it with the goon, you meant to be with the
star

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Juicy J]

Turn down for what
Made a few mill off two flows
Big dog, Cujo
Your man here, you mad now
In the booty club, IÂ'm the cash cow
We turning up, we broke the knob up
IÂ'm on Xanax, trying not to nod off
Finna bust your bitch like a sawed off
Making NBA money, IÂ'm a ball hog
Big blunts and nigga still facing
Bank account look like The Matrix
Niggas be acting still hating
IÂ'm rich and I stay super faded
Pouring up that Bombay, let that reefer burn
GettingÂ... by your bitch, my nigga wait your turn
Groupie bitches on my balls
Got them dancing with the stars
Once a million dollar nigga
Half a million dollar cars
Have to love them ratchet bitches
They get 2 Live with the Crew
Make them pop that pussy open
Man I feel like Uncle Luke

[Hook]

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