

Juelz Santana "Rumble Young Man Rumble"

Visit "[Rumble Young Man Rumble](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Aye, Juelz Santana
Ain't no turning back from here, no
Let's go

I am sicker than sick wid it, don't listen just picture it
How vivid this picture it, how gifted and living this
No gimmicks or images, I spit and deliver it
Like no one that's living shit

Straight from the ground y'all you dig?
Close to where the groundhogs live
Where the police hound y'all kids
Arrest and give out long bids

From where they keep the four squeeze the four
Hustle all day in the streets so long
If the feds ever decide to come
We all going down for the motherfucking reaper law

I was taught be smart stay humble
I was taught be hard don't fumble
I was taught in these concrete jungle
Rumble, young man rumble

I was taught stay hard as they come dude
I was taught any problems confront you
I was taught in these concrete jungle
Rumble, young man rumble

Greater than great I am, yes, haters they hate I am
What playing I play to win, plus still I remain up in
The hood I came up in, but the hood I came up in
Fucked since Bush done came up in, yup

From my date of birth hun' 'til my day in the dirt come
I remain the earth's one, yes the matrix's first son
Toast to the good day to the bad day to the good yay'
to the bad yay'
To the time the shit was mixed up, I had good yay' on a
bad day

I was taught be smart stay humble

I was taught be hard don't fumble
I was taught in these concrete jungle
Rumble, young man rumble

I was taught stay hard as they come dude
I was taught any problems confront you
I was taught in these concrete jungle
Rumble, young man rumble

Best of the best I is and never the less I is
Aye man of respect I is, real dammit yes I is
Kill nigga yes I will, leave bodies by cemeteries
He's forever buried, how by any means necessary

I'm here to promise to keep my vows in order
I'm here to promise to keep my child in order
'Til the day I get locked 'til the day I get shot
Or till the day I just drown in water

Don't feel sorry for me, have a party for me
Bitches, balloons, Bacardi and weed
And let niggaz know that I died
With a heart of a G

I was taught be smart stay humble
I was taught be hard don't fumble
I was taught in these concrete jungle
Rumble, young man rumble

I was taught stay hard as they come dude
I was taught any problems confront you
I was taught in these concrete jungle
Rumble, young man rumble

Visit [Juelz Santana](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.