

P. Diddy **"Young G's"**

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Uhh, check it out, uhh
(I steps in where the Mo's and the hoes at baby)
Fuck all that pretty shit
Takin' it back to the gutter for you motherfuckers
(Niggaz know the deal)
Niggaz know who the Don is
(Live from Bedford-Stuyvesant, the livest one)
Peep game, uhh, what, what

Out of this world like Mars, when I spit these bars
Come fuck with these stars up in luxury cars
We built them radars to stay free from the cops
Crucial choices to make like A-C or the drop

Are we gonna stop? Shit man, never my squad go
broke
Your squad arti-choke, watch your circle vanish like
cigar smoke
Ain't no joke, when your ones don't show
Nigga I know, might say "Been there done that" like
Dre

Through hard work I earn the vault
Promise God to never look back or I turn to salt
Had nice watches, nice cars, nice bitches and rings
Guess it's safe to say a nigga like me got nice things

Can't relate to motherfuckers, who ain't go no cake
When you all fucked up and can't get no break
When your fake ass friends, don't help you out when
you need it
Be on some real bullshit, politely tell you to beat it

Fuck that, get your own nigga, don't ask me for shit
That's what I did, now they all askin' for hits
Nigga, it's on for the simple fact I let it be known
We still fly but separately 'cause now I charter my own

Propellers, good fellas leave all them playa haters
jealous
Billboard charts should tell us, they can't touch us
Why niggaz bring the ruckus?

Because release day is bigger than Mandala's,
motherfuckers

Just some ghetto boys
Livin' in these ghetto streets, these ghetto streets
And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive
It's just reality, yeah

Yeah, make you a deal, check
These here's the dog years and motherfuckers don't
shed
I try to bring you life but motherfuckers want dead
So I travel with the babble, with the chrome, with the
lead
'Cause when it's on then it's on, the shots flowin'
through your head

I been rich, I been poor, I saved and blown bread
Some say I been here before because of the way I zone
Some said, Jigga zone is like the fallin' of Rome
Reoccurring, that he thinks like that 'cause he's
observing

Won't be known until I'm gone and niggaz study my
bones
Mentally been many places, but I'm Brooklyn's own
In the physical, one seems, like a lost body
In fact my thoughts don't differ much from that of God
body

But it's the odd shottie that got cats, likening me
To the mob John Gotti rap dudes bitin' me 'cause
I got it locked like the late Bob Marley
Pardon me y'all, the great Bob Marley

Solemnly we mourn, all the rappers that's gone
Niggaz that got killed in the field and all the babies
born
Know they ain't fully prepared for this new world order
So I keep it ghetto like sunflower seeds and quarter
waters

You walk 'em through it, you know, talk 'em through it
Know these beads is more than music whenever I talk
to it
Destined for greatness and y'all knew this when I
doubled the pie
Had a shorty and a girl who'd comin' out of BWI

I hated algebra but I loved to multiply
And I told my nigga Big I'd be multi before I die

It's gonna happen whether rappin' or clappin' have it
your way
'Cause if that's my dough you're trappin', I'm clappin'
your way

Just some ghetto boys
Livin' in these ghetto streets
And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive
(Stay alive)
It's just reality, yeah
(Oh, reality)

Damn it feel good to see people up on it
Flipped two keys in two weeks and didn't flaunt it
My brain is haunted with mean dreams
GS's with BB's on it, supreme schemes to get richer
Than Richie, quickly, niggaz wanna hit me
If they get me, dress my body in linen by Armani, check
it

My lyrical carjack, make your brains splat
High caliber gats is all I fuck with, now peep the rough
shit
In my circumference, mad bitches with mad lucci
Bulletproof vests under they coochie
Spittin' my Uzi, don't lose me

My trigga niggaz represent, drivin' dirty in J-30's gettin'
bent
And to my hit hoes, my murder mommies
I be smokin' trees in Belize when they find me
While you still killin' niggaz with punany, like heiny

And Cyrus up in Cypress fuck you raw you on the floor
with the virus
While I just, slang coke, smoke pounds to choke
Got lawyers watchin' lawyers so I won't go broke, now
check it

Them country niggaz call me Frank White
I'm squirtin' off in my loft of course I know my shit's
tight
Sunrise open my eyes no surprise
Got my shorty flyin' in with keys taped to her thighs

With all the utensils, who hang my China thing
She half black half oriental 86 she got me rental
The situation ain't accidental
What? From a, from a young G's perspective

Just some ghetto boys

Livin' in these ghetto streets
And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive
(To fight)
It's just reality
(It's just reality)

Just some ghetto boys
Livin' in these ghetto streets
And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive
(To stay alive)
It's just reality

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