

Scars

"Stomp"

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* on the album version, T.I.'s verse was removed

[Young Buck talking]

Uh-ooooh

Young Buck, T.I., Ludacris, DIRTY SOUTH, YEEEAH

[Chorus]

I hear em talking but he bout to get that ass stomped
Watch I get the club crunk I'mma make em stomp
We ain't playin wanna front get that ass stomped
Do it like them dirty south boys do and stomp
Now where you from who the boss I'mma break em off
Where you from who the boss let me break em off
Where you from who the boss I'mma break em off
Where you from who the boss let me break em off

[Young Buck]

I'm cadillac'n through the hood sittin on 24's
TV's playin, rims spinnin - blowin plenty dro
Don't have to mention when you pimpin you get plenty
hoes
It's all on you if you gon trick or you gon get ya dough
I know I got these haters mad - I can love that
When you got love for the streets they give you love
back
Look in my eyes you can tell I ain't never scared
Poppin them thangs I'm rockin my chain anywhere
If you gon represent ya hood what you waitin on?
Security better back up when they play this song
And we bout 50 strong, please don't make us do you
wrong
My clique is guerillas - they got they G-Unit's on
All of that mean muggin really don't mean nuthin
Come on and take it outside let me see somethin
Wh-wh-wh-what now don't get b-b-b-bucked down
Stop all that hatin or this club gon get ya shut down

Now where you from who the boss I'mma break em off
Where you from who the boss let me break em off

[Chorus]

[T.I.]

Ay 100 carats on my chest I'm so true to this
Task force got my vest I got a new one bitch
Feds hate and talk shit but I'm too legit
A million dollars at a time - till I'm super rich
Pimp squad, g-unit - fuck who you get
Ask ya nieces and ya nephews who tha shit
Real niggas see the difference 'tween you and this
Me getting beat down that's +ludacris+
My name run from the streets of Spain in my cad
deville
Nigga all you gettin' is Rodney Dangerfield
Know respect I'mma vet you could bet that
Caught some cases but that's just a minor setback
And if I have to do some time I be right back
Wit some bi's and some tri's and a six-pack
We hit the do' watch all the pussy niggas get back
They know we could do it like tha row but you ain't wit
that
You know who make the track bump like the king of
crunk
These choppers hit you bitches, wish you got ya ass
stomped

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

YEEEAHH

Muthafucker I'm a monster in this game - similar to the
loch ness
My rhymes are nappy rooted, some verses gotta
process
The truth in this booth, ain't no doubts when I'm rappin
If I say it I've either done it or it's bout to happen
When I pull up in the Louis truck on 26's people dumb
out
If life's a crap game I'm Rollin 7's on the come out
These rappers think I'm ig'nant, love sayin my name
Cause maintainin my fish tank and they house cost the
same
Ask me I say I made it and it sho wadn't luck
But cause hustlers relate to me and some are younger
than buck
You see I'm married to my music but we got a pre-nup
So if that bitch don't act right I'm still gettin my cut
My deals never get screwed - my contracts practice
abstinence
A master in this program - hazing these
undergraduates
So pimpin be easy, quit catchin feelings

Cause you worth a couple hundred grand and I'm worth
millions
Nobody thinkin bout you, plus your beef ain't legit
SO PLEASE STAY OFF THE T.I.P. OF MY DICK

[Chorus]

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