

Unknown

"30 Something"

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You aint got enough stamps in ya passport to fuck with
Young H-O
(Heh-Heh-Heh)
International . . . (uhh)
Show young boys how to do this thing
The maturation of Jay-Z-Z (heh)
Check me out . .

30's the new 20 nigga I'm so HOT STILL (Uhh)
Better broad, better automobile (Uhh)
Bet a yard (Naw) Bet a hundred mil
Then by the songs end I'll probably start another trend
I know everything you wann' do
I did all that by the age of twenty-one
By twenty-two, I had that brand new Ac' coupe
I guess you could say that my legend just begun, I'm
Young enough to know the right car to buy
Yet grown enough not to put rims on it
I got that six-deuce with curtains, so you can't see me
And I didn't even have to put tints on it
I don't got the bright watch, I got the right watch
I don't buy out the bar, I bought the nightspot
I got the right stock, I- got
Stockbrokers that's movin' it like white tops
I know you like fuck! this is child abuse
Call DYFS, I might just be gettin' nicer
You young boys ain't ready for real
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so HOT STILL

[Chorus I]

I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
Baby boy now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the
truck
Baby boy now I'm all grown up
I used to play the block like dat (like dat)
I used to carry knots like dat (like dat)
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy 'cause I'm all grown up

30's the new 20 nigga, I'm on fire still
These young boys is like fire drills (Uhh)
False alarms (Uhh), the next don (Naw)
He ain't got it (Uhh), on to the next one (Young)
Still here (Yeah), still here like Mike
Gotta stop playin' with these children (Chea)
I'm a bully with the bucks (boots)
Don't let the patent leather shoes fool you young'n
I got the fully in the tux
That was my past, now I'm so grown up
I don't got one gun on me
Gotta a sum army to hire a gun army, get ya spun like
laundry
And I'll be somewhere under palm trees, calmly,
listenin' to R&B
When we get the call he's, no longer with us, fire ya
babysitters
You little fucks fall back fa' real
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still

[Chorus II]

I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put chrome on the
truck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to wear my hoodie like dat (like dat)
Pile deep in a hooptie like dat (like dat)
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy 'cause I'm all grown up

(Heh-Heh-Heh)

Y'all roll blunts, I smoke Cubans all day
Y'all youngin's chase, I'm Patron'n it straight
I like South Beach, but I'm in San Tropez
Y'all drink Dom, but not RosÃ© (hey)
Ya chick shop at the mall
My chick burnin' down Bergdorf's
Comin' back with Birkin bags
Ya chick is like, "What type of purse is that?"
I'm from the era where niggaz don't snitch
You from the era where snitchin' is the shit
I'm afraid of the future (why?)
Y'all respect the one who got shot, I respect the shooter
Y'all go to parties to ice grill
I go to parties to party with nice girls
Young boys gotta chill
30's the new 20 nigga, I'm so hot still

[Chorus III]

I used to let my pants sag, not givin' a fuck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
I used to cruise the used car lot, put crome on the truck
Baby boy, now I'm all grown up
Ya, we used to ball like dat (like dat)
Now we own the ball team, holla back (holla back)
Now I got Black cards, good credit and such
Baby boy 'cause I'm all grown up

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