

Young Buck "Let Me In Ft. 50 Cent"

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Yeah, it's 50 Cent, Young Buck, G-G-G-Unit
We get the club jumpin' from beginnin' to the end
Go shorty, we back up in this bitch again
We party, harder than you can imagine
You can run wit' losers or run wit' winners that win

I feel attention when I walk in the club
G-Unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug
Gimme a henny on the rocks, and a bottle of bub
I don't need security, this for 4 Nickel enough

I came to ball wit' y'all, buy up the bar and all
So bitches call ya hoes, and niggaz call ya dogs
If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight
She might never come home again nigga, aight

Teeth, neck, wrists all lights my life's like
Ridin' in Cashville and runnin' all stop lights
Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin'
My momma just had a dream of seein' me in prison

My daddy's a dope find and I don't really miss him
Ain't seen him in 10 years and a nigga still livin'
The same old two step we move to a rhythm
50 holla get 'em Buck, you know I'm gonna get 'em

I know you gonna let me shine and get mine
I know you gonna let me in wit' this nine
I know you gonna let me smoke on my weed
I know you gonna let me drink wit' no I.D

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I know I'm sinnin' but I'm winnin' at the same time
Take a couple shots from a nigga tryin' to take mine
I'm back on the block, wit' a chopper and a Tech nine
Niggaz shootin' cops in the hood runnin' stop signs

G-UNIT, the game, bitches doin' what the thugs do

G's, D's, Vice Lords, Crips and the Bloods too
Move let me come through
Ain't a pair of handcuffs, can hold me

I'm ridin' in the old school, listenin' to some oldies
My goals keep shinin', them hoes keep cryin'
The handle of my 45 outlined in diamonds
Just left Cashville, bout to fly to Miami

Hopin' Yayo watchin' Eminem, preform at the Grammys
The reason niggaz like Eric Benet, prolly can't stand
me
'Cause I know money will make Halle Berry
Come out them panties, bitch

Y'all niggaz in trouble
They shoulda neva let me in, in

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Bet ya I can make them bounce back
Teach 'em how to stunt, teach em' how to counts stacks
Now where ya hood at, Buck If you want to
We fifty deep up in here whatchu gonna do

Who want beef, I ain't come for no name callin'
Don't be mad 'cause we is and you ain't ballin'
Gettin' money is my motto for you broke folks
Can't spend ya whole life payin' on ya car notes

It's alright if you still on the block boy
See I'ma cold young thug, not a hot boy
You know I do this for the streets
And my peeps thas behind bars as soon as they come
home
I'll go and buy them all cars, Young Buck

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