

## Young Buck "Let Me In"

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Yeah, it's 50 cent, young buck  
G-g-G-Unit

We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end  
Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again  
We party, harder than you can imagine  
You can run wit losers or run wit winners and 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 ol' nickel enough

I came to ball wit ya'll, pop 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 neva come home again, nigga aight

Teeth, neck, wrists all lights, my life's like  
Ridin' in Ca\$hville, they runnin' all stop lights  
Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin'  
My Momma jus' hadda dream of seein' me in prison

My Daddy's a dope fein' an' I don't really miss him  
Ain't seen him in 10 years an' a nigga still livin'  
Tha same ol' 2 step, we move to a rhythm  
50 holla get em' buck, you know I'm gunna get em'

I know you gonna let me shine an' 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 tha same time  
Take a couple shots from a nigga tryin' ta take mine  
I'm back on tha block, wit a choppa an' a tech nine  
Niggaz shootin' cops and the hood, runnin' stop signs

G-Unit, the game, bitches doin' wat tha thugs do  
G's, D's, Vice, Lords, Crips an' the Blooz too  
Move lemme come through  
It ain't a pair of handcuffs can hold me

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

Hopin' yayo watchin' Eminem, perform at the Grammys  
The reason niggaz like Eric Benet probably can't stand  
me  
'Casue I know money will make Halle Berry come outa  
them panties  
Bitch

Ya'll niggaz in trouble, they shoulda neva let me in

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Bet ya I can make them bounce back  
Teach em' how to stunt, teach em' how to count stacks  
Now where ya hood at? Buck  
If you want to, we 50 deep up in here watchu gonna do

Who want beif, I ain't come for no name callin'  
Don't be mad 'cuz 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'm a 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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