

Young Buck "Stomp That Snitch"

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(feat. Hi-C & Lil Murda)

[Voice:]

G Unit South

Niggas know whats up

Its about to go down in this bitch

Everybody in this motherfucker

You know what I need you to do?

Walk that bitch

Walk that bitch

Yeah hey yo fuck that

All my niggas

Stomp that bitch

Stomp that snitch

Stomp that snitch

G Unit South

[Verse 1: Young Buck]

I'm sittin' real tall in my '69 drop

The Superman Chevy i'm too clean to stop

Make 'em lean and rock with it

I know i'm the shit

My police bitch take care of the tickets that I get

I used to ride spinners but too many niggas got 'em

This Phantom cost a quarter mill I could do without 'em

I think i'm about to pop a pill get on that Patrone

I made enough today I can leave the block alone

These hos love a nigga so they playin' on my phone

She said I didn't speak when I seen her I did her wrong

I told her I was high the Kush had me in the zone

But call me when you home

And ain't got no clothes on

Mink on the floor, and Chinchilla on the seats

Theres wood on the door and theres room for a freak

See my clique kind of small cause I never did forget

That when a nigga was broke ya'll didn't give me shit

Bitch

[Chorus: Young Buck]

I know i'm the shit you ain't got to tell me

So when i'm in the club ho, tell me what you see

I'm a G

Motherfucker i'm a G
I'm a G
I'm a G
Motherfucker i'm a G
I'm a G
We don't even dance homie all we do is this
Make them bitches hate every chance that we get
I'm a G
Motherfucker i'm a G
I'm a G
I'm a G
Motherfucker i'm a G
I'm a G

[Verse 2: Lil Murda]

See I don't sweat a bitch and I don't love hos
But I got to give mama my number before the club
close
I told her "i'm a thug" she said "I love those"
A razor in her purse, and I got my snub nose
Drink in my cup, heat tucked on my waistline
I wish a motherfucker would try to take mine
How you want to act?
Nigga we could make it crack
We ridin' no seatbelts yeah but we strapped

[Verse 3: Hi-C]

Bitch 94 Ruger is that motherfucker gray?
Yeah, with the rubber grip look how I spray
A wicked ass nigga from Ten-A-Key
The rims say "Whats Up?", pants sayin' "Lick Me"
I swing through the hood give my real niggas love
Diamonds lookin' like Michael Jackson's glitter glove
I'm hungry for this paper so I guess i'm fiendin' grub
Deuce in my boot when I ball up in the club

[Chorus: Young Buck]

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We don't even dance homie all we do is this
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I'm a G

Motherfucker i'm a G
I'm a G

[Young Buck:]
Do it like a G
Nigga do it like me
Do it like a G
Nigga do it like me
Do it like a G
Nigga do it like me
Do it like a G
Nigga do it like me
Yeah
G Unit South in this motherfucker
Hey hold up niggas
And N/A
All you niggas thats still sittin' on them little bitty ass
wheels
Shorter than a midget on his knees
You bullshittin'
Step your game up
And you know what?
You niggas out there,
You know niggas be clean, sittin' on twenty sixes
Hey yo niggas put some money under your arms too
What you workin' with?
G Unit South
Get money!

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