

Young Buck Feat. 50 Cent "Let Me In"

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Yeah it's 50 cent, Young Buck G-G-G-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 old nickel enough

I came to ball wit ya'll pop the bar and all
So bitches call ya hoes n niggas 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 we're 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 fan n I dont really miss him
Ain't seen him in 10 years n a nigga still livin'
Tha same old 2 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 n 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

I know you gonna let me shine n get mine
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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' to take mine
I'm back on tha block wit a choppa n a tech nine
Niggas shootin' cops n the hood runnin' stop signs

G-unit the game bitches doin' wat the thugs do

G's, D's, Vice, Lords, Crips n the Blooz too
Move lemme 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 perform at the Grammy's

Thr reason niggas like Eric Benet
Proolly can't stand me
'Coz I know money'll make Halle Berry
Come out a them panties bitch

Ya'll niggas in trouble
They shoulda never 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 50 deep up in here watchu
gonna do?
Who want beef? I ain't come for no name callin'
Don't be mad 'coz we is n 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 n my peeps
That's behind bars
As soon as they come home
I'll go n buy them all cars, Young Buck

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