

Young Buck Feat. T.I. & Ludacris "Stomp"

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Uh, oh, Young Buck
Dirty South, yeah

I hear him talkin' but he 'bout to get that ass stomp
Watch I get the club crunk, I'mma make him stomp
We ain't playin', wanna front? Get that ass stomp
Do it like them Dirty South boys do and stomp

Now where you from? Who the boss? I'mma break him
off, yeah
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off,
yeah
Now where you from? Who the boss? I'mma break him
off, yeah
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off,
yeah

I'm Cadillac in through the hood, sittin' on 24s
TVs playin', rims spinnin', blowin' plenty dro
Don't have to mention, when you pimpin' you get plenty
hos
It's all on you if you gon' trick or you gon' get your
dough

I know I got these haters mad, I can love that
When you got love for the streets they give you love
back
Look in my eyes, you can tell I ain't never scared
Poppin' them thangs, I'm rockin' my chain anywhere

If you gon' represent your hood what you waitin' on?
Security better back up when they play this song
And we 'bout fifty strong, please don't make us do you
wrong
My clique of guerrillas, they got they G-Units on

All of that mean muggin' really don't mean nothin'
Come on and take it outside, let me see somethin'
W-w-what now? Don't get b-b-bucked down
Stop all this hatin' or this club gon' get s-s-shut down

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G-G-G-Unit, comin' straight outta Compton,

Lace up my G-6's and I'm A-Town stompin'

Got ten-thousand cash in my pocket, let the pump in

'Cause Luda and Young Buck always gettin' me into
somethin'

Low rider out front, I'm trying to get into somethin'

Step on Banks, shoot one more time and I'mma start

bustin'

Rows gold in my grill, I got a dirty mouth

For the a bitch with a fat ass from the Dirty-Dirty South

I wasn't tryin' to get the cover of the Double XL

Just tryin' to fuck Mya 'cause Dre said, sex sells

Don't be mad at the rocks in my fuckin' chain

Don't be mad 'cause your bitch chose Buck and Game

You see the logo tatted on my neck

The same one I'm autographin' on the chest

Put your bottles in the air for Yayo, he on house arrest

And on behalf of 50 Cent, this is G-Unit West

Now, stomp, G-G-G-Unit

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Motherfucker, I'm a monster in this game, similar to the
Loch Ness
My rhymes are nappy rooted, some verses got a
process
The truth in this booth, ain't no doubts when I'm rappin'
If I say it I've either done it or it's 'bout to happen

When I pull up in the Louis truck on 26s people dumb
out
If life's a crack game I'm rolling sevens on the come
out
These rappers think I'm ignorant, love saying my name
'Cause maintainin' my fish tank and they house cost
the same

Ask me, I'd say I made it and it sure wasn't luck
Because hustlers relate to me and some are younger
than Buck
You see I'm married to my music but we got a prenup
So if that bitch don't act right I'm still gettin' my cut

My deals never get screwed, my contracts practice
abstinence
I'm masterin' this program, hazin' these
undergraduates
So pimpin', be easy, quit catchin' feelings
'Cause you worth a couple hundred-grand and I'm
worth millions

Nobody's thinkin' 'bout you plus your beef ain't legit
So please stay off the T I P of my dick

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