

Young Jaye

"Thug Motivation 101"

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Ay, ay, you gotta believe, you gotta believe,
Ay, ay, you gotta believe, you gotta believe
"let's get it"

I used to hit the kitchen lights "lights" cockroaches
everywhere
Hit the kitchen lights "lights", now it's marble floors
everywhere "ha-ha"
Call the carpenter, the roof on the coups gone "jeah"
Give a fuck what he sold i'm the truth holms "that's
right"
Kitchen fumed up, niggas jamming 2pac "jeah"
Get my Benni Hanna's on workin' 2 pots "damn"
Baby need shoes partner need bail money
Blood hound for the bread I just smell money
You niggas just write I recollect "recollect"
Hands on Jeezy really counted them checks "yea"
I'm Donald Trump in a white tee and white ones "yeah"
The conversation is money nigga, you want some? "ay"

[Chorus]

Ay, ay, ay you gotta believe, Ay, you gotta believe. Ay,
You ain't never seen them pies
I'm talkin' so much white, it'll hurt your eyes
I really lived it man, counting so much paper, it'll hurt
your hands
"let's get it"

I'm what the streets made me, a product of my
environment "jeah"
Took what the streets gave me, a product of my
environment "ay"
Now it's 28 inches on a brand new hummer "humma"
Telling you right now it's gone be a cold summa "yeah"
Blew the brains out the Chevy call it suicide "Side"
It's a way of life that's how us young niggas ride "that's
right"
Trap or die gave 'em hope
They waiting on the sequel "jeah"
It's clear to see the boy Jeezy do it for the people "Ay"

[Chorus]

Ay, ay, ay you gotta believe, Ay, you gotta believe. Ay,
You ain't never seen them pies
I'm talkin' so much whit it'll hurt your eyes
I really lived it man counting so much paper it'll hurt
your hands

I'm the author of the book, yea a genius wrote it "jeah"
There's a message in my words you gotta decode it
"ay"
I seen it all every gram every bird "what"
I spit the truth every noun every verb "that's right"
I never exaggerated one line one dime "dime"
Never lied to the people not one time "neva"
A hard head make a soft ass "ay" and hard white it get
you str8 cash "ha-ha"

[Chorus]

Ay, ay, ay you gotta believe, Ay, you gotta believe. Ay,
You ain't never seen them pies
I'm talkin' so much whit it'll hurt your eyes
I really lived it man counting so much paper it'll hurt
your hands

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