

## Young Jeezy "Bury Me A G"

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Four shots to the chest, my niggas get at me  
They don' fucked around and fucked up my new white  
tee  
I'm just livin' my life, why they mad at me  
Woke up this morning, I ain't see this coming

Should I even bust back, you ain't see me running  
I hope heaven got a VIP line  
Got some partners in hell that'll sneak me in the back  
door  
You know I hate waitin' in line

Paramedics on the way, but they wastin' they time  
Everybody standin' over a nigga, screamin' shit  
Damn, y'all give a nigga a second to think  
Which one of you niggas shot me, it was one of you  
bastards  
Bet a nigga can't throw a hundred grand in my casket

Pour out a little liquor, bury me in some Evisu jeans  
A USDA top and a throw away glock  
Bury me a G, nothin' more nothin' less  
When I get where I'm goin', I just gotta be fresh

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We expect the worst, but hope for the best  
But you know how it is, Amen God bless  
I can't leave now niggas owe me money  
My nigga on the west side owe me 'bout a dub

And my partner with a few, shit he owe a nigga too  
I should'a hugged my son, should'a kissed my mother  
Spent some time with her, show her I love her  
Every night she was prayin' for me, I was in the streets

Active little nigga, should I stay in some beef  
Gucci go through some real shit and he really need me  
And what about the streets, shit they need me too

I'm on some got Def Jam, shit they owe a nigga too

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We interrupted our program to bring you this breaking  
news story

I'm Kelly Washington reporting for WKKT Channel 7  
Witnesses say that around 1:45 this morning  
Shots were fired out of an Atlanta nightclub

Rapper Young Jeezy was involved in this shooting  
But at this time it is unclear whether he was a suspect  
or the victim  
We'll bring you further details as they become  
available  
Back to you  
(Oh, it's hard to believe he's the guy)

I was on my way, I was almost gone  
I was almost there, I was almost home  
It was some Kanye shit tryna touch the sky  
Jesus walks, God testify

I'm a legend like John we're ordinary people  
You only get one life, there's no sequel  
So you can't take nothing for granted  
And don't take granted for nothing

So I gotta thank God for waking me up this morning  
And giving me this air to breath  
Please Lord forgive me for every gram I sold  
Every glock I popped, every rock that I shot

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