

## Young Jeezy "I'm Back"

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Sorry fa Cussin

I'm back Mr. Magic City  
Blow on color purp I make it rain on your forehead  
You woulda thought a fan the way I blow that money  
You woulda thought I had a plan the way I throw that  
money

(Jyeah)I'm(Jyeah)I'm(Jyeah) I'm (Jyeah)  
I'm back Mr. Magic City  
Blow on color purp I make it rain on your forehead  
You woulda thought a fan the way I blow that money  
You woulda thought I had a plan the way I throw that  
money  
The Feds outside and they checking his tag  
But still the boy move with a hell of a swag  
It's like the soundtrack to my life  
Everyday I'm under investigation  
But I will not stop so you can stop the hating  
What more can I say it's like my gift and my curse  
To fell or succeed I don't know what's worse (shit)

I don't know what's worse (aaa)  
Agents tryna find a glitch in my matrix  
One slip and I'm back to the basics  
Red or blue pill what would you do?  
When the same niggas you love got hate in their blood  
I know God's watching over me so is the Feds  
When love turns to hate and niggas rather you dead  
Lord have mercy, Jesus Christ  
All that I've done will you protect my life?  
Maybe, maybe not, until then I keep an extra clip for  
that Glock  
You wanna see my bank statement

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