

Young Jeezy "Over Here"

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We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'
See ya boys looking but y'all lame ain't tipping
Hold up, a, yeah it's some wrong wit it
If your money gon' nigga be the fuck on wit it

And don't worry 'bout what the fuck we smokin' over
here
Don't worry 'bout what the fuck we drankin' over here
Don't worry 'bout who the fuck was standing over here
Don't worry 'bout how the fuck we dancing over here

I'm in a new SS and the tag still on it
And the pussy niggaz hating 'cause all the hoes on it
She ask me why I looked so mean
I said, "The Benz just boosted up to my self-esteem"

Nigga I'm the shit and if I ain't y'all let me think what I
think
Matter of fact tell the waitress let me drink when I drink
Nigga think I ain't, no need to brag
Man these hoes love Jeezy, they just like my swag
The way I do my thang
I'm just a young ghetto nigga wit a big ass chain

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Now if you feeling like a pimp dog gon' brush ya
shoulders off
You trapping lil' daddy gon' get them boulders off
And I'ma teach you how to stunt
As soon as my niggaz roll up these blunts

She said, "She like my domineer"
Between me and you I think she's digging my Beemer
Love the way a lil' nigga spit so slick
Plus she heard I gotta big dick that's it

Yeah, put it on me girl
Matter of fact tell ya friends put it on me girl
Gangsta shit we got dro in the air
Bottles of Crist', Grey Goose everywhere

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I gotta a stable full of hoes and a trap full of dealers
A house full of bloods and a click full of killers
I'm heavy on the streets with a rep long as old Nash
I hit a hater wit a heat from a cold gat

We posted up on a black like a street light
Watching the money move making sure I eat right
Dollar for dollar and dime for dime
We out here hustle for hustle, nigga grind for grind

We got them nines in them halves
Even them old things grinding on them hash
Folding for doe mane and we all in the dope game,
buying and selling
You haters buying and telling, but what is my niggaz
yelling

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