

## Young Jeezy "Showtime"

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Aye (haha)  
Aye (young)

Pass me my mic, yeah  
Soundman get me right  
I hope you bitches ready cuz it's goin down tonight  
Tell 'em it's show time,  
Tell 'em it's show time,  
Tell 'em it's show time,  
Tell 'em it's show time.

I got it packed front to back ooh wee  
Look at all these real niggas and they came to see me  
Tell 'em it's show time,  
Tell 'em it's show time,  
Tell 'em it's show time,  
Tell 'em it's show time.

I heard the hood up in here  
Well let me hear ya  
I see the jack boys lookin  
Don't make me kill ya  
I walk that, talk that  
Been there, bought that  
Dropped this, whipped that  
Sold this, know that  
Feds take pictures, so what kodaks  
That don't stop shit,  
More work, more stacks  
More cars, more clothes  
Good weed, more hoes  
More choppas, more cash  
In da maze, okay  
No way jose', young price to high  
No front, cash out  
That's right, we buy  
More clubs, more fun  
More bottles, more guns  
I rob no one  
Please sit and have fun

Pass me my mic, (yeah)

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Yeah the bitches hard, but I'm so much harder  
They ask me how I made it, I was so much smarter  
Gotta focus on your strengths, motherfuck your  
weaknesses  
Yall know I stay hot, so why they know all my  
weaknesses  
They say, oh he's so G,  
Killed that slowly  
My swag, my flow  
Swagga jackers yall know  
Beleive them you're dumb  
There's only one young  
Since there's only one young  
The fuck these bitches come from  
I know, They know I go so hard  
I know, they know I'm really so hard  
Full house, packed show  
Bad bitches, front row  
Trap stars in the back,  
87's full of stacks

Pass me my mic, (yeah)  
Soundman get me right  
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Tell 'em it's show time,  
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