

Mobb Deep

"Y.b.e"

Visit "[Y.b.e](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Bars-n-Hooks]

Startin' wit' us, through this take over we lockin' down
the sound
Hip Hop's makeover, we breakin' the rules and
changin' the game
We ain't yo QB regulars, we breakin' to change
We the most Infamous Black Entrepreneurs
We leaders, record sellin' overacheivers, controllin' the
speakers
Movin' the crowds, bringin' our own sound and lockin' it
down
So if you on your own wit' us, flow wit' us , give it all you
got
And you goin' blow wit' us, see you at the top, we on
our way
Cause Bars-n-Hooks is here to stay, we here forever
We entrepreneuin', straight out of the back of the trunk
Dawg theres no losin' , we independent Dunn you talk
it, we do it
You frontin', we Young Black Entrepeneue it..

[Chorus*Prodigy and Female*]

...Get rich, get money, get paper(FUBU)
Get paid, get straight, get laced(Karl Kani)
Get yo ones, Get yo Dunns out the slums(Roca-Fella)
Get yo ones, get yo moms out the hood
Get dollas, get cash, get bucks(Ruff Ryders)
Get wit' it, get big, get bucks(Flava Unite)
Be a lil' git or be a drugs(Kashmir)
Get a job nigga do something
Dr. y'all be a Young Black Entrepener, we them Young
Black Entrepeneuers
Blackheads, we them Young Black Entrepeneuers
We them Young Black Entrepeneuers

[Havoc]

yo, yo...Young Black Entrepener, pop the fo'
Only when needed thats what them soldeirs for
Got my mind on this money, got enough or more
A have me vaskin' in this son, why you scramblin' dawg
Niggas makin' real mistakes, some talk about that real

estate
Pumpim' that real shit, thats what I call weight, what
cha' call on
I call it Half-Weight, Half-Ass, How to starve wit only
Half-a-Cake
Fuck outta here, wit' a mouth to feed, a have me goin'
hard
Like Smokey goin' for' trees, and you can blow these
Blockin' my nigga please, I wake up in the morning wit'
that #1 thing
Get Money, like pussy can't live wit' out it, and if you
don't got it
Probably gonna be wit' out it, Fo' Sho, Young, Black,
Entrepenuer
Pop the fo', only when needed thats wat its for

[Bars-n-Hooks]

yo...hey yo, Its all about the paper, the big mansion we
lampin'
The office buildings for all his buisness
we got cha' like "Damn" look at all this Infamous, Films
and
Promotion, Record and clothin', we on our own in puttin
up our own chips
Thats the whole meanin' of In-De-Pen-Dence, scared
money, don't make money
And the clothes malt, dont' give venom
Real niggas take money, cause we the real
Entrepenuers in this game
We, young, black and doin' our thang, I'm only 19,
playin wit chips
That y'all want, talk about me any way, I'ont care cause
I'm up
I'ma QB see-er, YBE-er, everybody wanna join us, why?
they can't beat us
The ice on us, they blind, they can't see us
We push benzes and own our buisness...

[Chorus*Prodigy and Female*]

...Get rich, get money, get paper(Cash Money)
Get paid, get straight, get laced(No Limit)
Get yo ones, Get yo Dunns out the slums
Get yo ones, get yo moms out the hood(BET)
Get dollas, get cash, get bucks(Faith Magazine)
Get wit' it, get big, get bucks(Don Diva)
Be a lil' git or be a drugs(Granson)
Get a job nigga do something(*echoes something,
something*)

