

Surface

"Let Me In"

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* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Intro - 50 Cent]

Yeah, It's 50 Cent, Young Buck
G-G-G-G-G-Unit!

[Bridge - 50 Cent]

We get the club jumpin from beginnin to the end
Go shorty, we back up in this bitch again
We party, harder than you can imagine
You can run wit losers, or run wit winners that win

[Verse 1 - Young Buck]

I feel attention when I walk in the club
G-Unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug
Gimme a henny on the rocks, and a bottle of bub
I don't need security, this for .4 Nickel enough
I came to ball wit y'all, buy up the bar and all
So bitches call ya hoes, and niggaz call ya dogs
If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight
She might never come home again nigga, aight
Teeth, neck, wrists all lights my lifes like
Ridin in Cashville and runnin all stop lights
Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin
My momma just had a dream of seein me in prison
My daddy's a dope feind, and I don't really miss him
Ain't seen him in 10 years and a nigga still livin
The same old two step we move to a rhythm
50 holla get 'em Buck, you know I'm gonna get 'em,
raaaaa!

[Chorus - Young Buck]

I know you gon' let me shine and get mine
I know you gon' let me in wit this nine
I know you gon' let me smoke on my weed
I know you gon' let me drink wit no I.D
I know you gon' let me shine and get mine
I know you gon' let me in wit this nine
I know you gon' let me smoke on my weed
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[Verse 2 - Young Buck]

I know I'm sinnin but I'm winnin at the same time
Take a couple shots from a nigga tryin to take mine
I'm back on the block, wit a chopper and a Tech nine
Niggaz shootin cops in the hood runnin stop signs
G-UNIT, The Game! Bitches doin what the thugs do
G's, D's, Vice Lords, Crips and the Bloods too
Move let me come through
Ain't a pair of handcuffs, can hold me
I'm ridin in the old school listenin to some oldies
My goals keep shinin, them hoes keep cryin
The handle of my .45 outlined in diamonds
Just left Cashville, bout to fly to Miami
Hopin Yayo watchin Eminem, preform at the Grammys
The reason niggaz like Eric Benet, prolly can't stand
me
Cause I know money will make Halle Berry come out
them panties, bitch!
Y'all niggaz in trouble they shoulda neva let me in-in

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Young Buck]

Bet ya I can make them bounce back
Teach 'em how to stunt, teach em' how to counts stacks
(yeah)
Now where ya hood at, Buck If you want to
We fifty deep up in here whatchu gon' do
Who want beef, I ain't come for no name callin
Don't be mad cause we is and you ain't ballin
Gettin money is my motto for you broke folks
Can't spend ya whole life payin on ya car notes
It's alright if you still on the block boy
See I'ma cold young thug, not a hot boy
You know I do this for the streets, and my peeps thas
behind bars
As soon as they come home, I'll go and buy them all
cars, Young Buck!

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

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