

Ivor Novello**"Stomp"**

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[Intro - Young Buck]

Uh-oh

Young Buck

Dirty south, yeah

[Chorus - Young Buck]

I hear him talkin' but he bout to get that ass stomp

Watch I get the club crunk, I'mma make him stomp

We ain't playin', wanna front? Get that ass stomp

Do it like them dirty south boys do and stomp

Now where you from? Who the boss? I'mma break him off

Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off

Now where you from? Who the boss? I'mma break him off

Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off

[Young Buck]

I'm Cadillac'in through the hood, sittin' on 24s

TVs playin', rims spinnin', blowin' plenty dro

Don't have to mention, when you pimpin' you get plenty hos

It's all on you if you gon' trick or you gon' get your dough

I know I got these haters mad, I can love that

When you got love for the streets they give you love back

Look in my eyes, you can tell I ain't never scared

Poppin' them thangs, I'm rockin' my chain anywhere

If you gon' represent your hood what you waitin' on?

Security better back up when they play this song

And we 'bout fifty strong, please don't make us do you wrong

My click of guerillas, they got they G-Units on

All of that mean muggin' really don't mean nothin'

Come on take it outside, let me see somethin'

Wha-wha-wha-what now? Don't get bu-bu-bucked down

Stop all this hatin' or this club gon' get shu-shut down

Now where you from? Who the boss? I'mma break him off

Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off

[Chorus]

[The Game]

G-G-G-Unit, comin' straight outta Compton,
Lace up my G-6's and I'm A-Town stompin'
Got ten-thousand cash in my pocket, let the pump in
Cause Luda and Young Buck always gettin' me into
somethin'
Low rider out front, I'm trying to get into somethin'
Step on Banks, shoot one more time and I'mma start
bustin'
Rows gold in my grill, I got a dirty mouth
And a bitch with a fat ass from the dirty-dirty south
I wasn't tryin' to get the cover of the Double XL
Just tryin' to fuck Mya, cause Dre said sex sells
Don't be mad at the rocks in my fuckin' chain
Don't be mad cause your bitch chose Buck and Game
You see the logo tatted on my neck
The same one I'm autographin' on the chest
Put your bottles in the air for Yayo, he on house arrest
And on behalf of 50 Cent, this is G-Unit West
Now, stomp, G-G-G-G-Unit
Now, stomp, G-G-G-G-Unit

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Motherfucker,
I'm a monster in this game, similar to the Loch Ness
My rhymes are nappy rooted, some verses got a
process
The truth in this booth, ain't no doubts when I'm rappin'
If I say it I've either done it, or it's 'bout to happen
When I pull up in the Louis truck on 26s people dumb
out
If lifes a crack game I'm rolling sevens on the come out
These rappers think I'm ignorant, love saying my name
Cause maintainin' my fish tank and they house cost the
same
Ask me, I'd say I made it and it sure wasn't luck
Because hustlers relate to me and some are younger
than Buck
You see I'm married to my music, but we got a prenup
So if that bitch don't act right I'm still gettin' my cut
My deals never get screwed, my contracts practice
abstinence
I'm masterin' this program, hazin' these
undergraduates
So pimpin' "Be Easy", quit catchin' feelings
Cause you worth a couple hundred-grand and I'm

worth millions

Nobodys thinkin' bout you plus your beef ain't legit

So please stay off the "T.I.P." of my dick

[Chorus]

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