

## The Young Veins

### "Damn Ft. Lil Jon"

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[Intro]

OK, OK, OK

This Sean Paul, Lil John, J-Bo, Youngbloodz

You already know how we do it homeboy

It's A-Town (105 Road for dem )

It's A-Town (east side for dem ), Attic Crew you already know

Lil John, Eastside Boyz and yo boy Sean Paul let me tell ya like dis here boy

[Sean Paul]

They callin' me to come back to the streets, Sean P.

a.k.a Sharp Crease

Said it was necessary, these sucka out here very scary

They come from the hole they livin' in the month of February

OK then put a sissy on display then

Kick in ya door and have my folk dem bring dem K's in

I'm still Attic A-double T-I-C

It ain't a hoe out there fo real who don't know 'bout me

Bitch I'm fo sho wit it don't make me pop that trunk to the 'Lac

Bitch I will go get it and I ain't selfish I will let you and your hoe feel it

Won't catch me sippin' on no Cris and got a cold billy

It's Youngbloodz A-Town malt liquor sippin', comin'

straight from the gutter

Toe-tag a, leave 'em under a cover

Lil John he drop the beat that make ya bounce like rubber

Sean Paul he tote the heat to make ya mug then slug ya yeah

[Chorus: Lil' Jon]

If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck

If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck

If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck

If you don't give a damn, we don't give a fuck

Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit

Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit

Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit

Don't start no shit, it won't be no shit

[J-Bo]

I post up get to it, drink hand in hand  
They call me Mr. Herringbone cuz that's my right hand  
man

Old school straight foolish like no other indeed  
With Lil John it's Youngbloodz they crunk as can be  
Attic Crew 105 that's if you lookin to rumble  
Cock back bust aim now I done got yo number  
In the club you gone feel it when it drop this summer  
Like rain we gone pour and hit you hard like thunder  
Cuz in the Dirty we dem boys that drank you under the  
table

Where dem pimp hoes in fly suits and gators  
In my Chevy so super I'm the one to call  
Just dial 1-800-430 slash ALCOHOL  
And dawg I'm not the one that you really just wanna  
clown  
I'm cool in my way, but shit still I shut 'em down  
And piss on them haters J-Bo he cuts a fool  
In the cut 'bout slizzard somewhere that's how we do

[Chorus]

[Sean Paul]

Out of town hard heads get swiss cheesed up  
And you gon' need more than stitches to patch that  
leak up  
Chump like me up my mouth TB'd up  
With the plush leather guts steady grippin' the butt  
Oh you fo sho with it, then pull yo pistol  
Show a you ain't hoe with it  
And I ain't selfish I will let you and your folk feel it  
Talkin' big boy  
Me muggin' like a my hand on my

[J-Bo]

Cuz at a grip we keep it jumpin' like it ain't nuttin' new  
We started off with Shake Em Off so look potna oh  
guess who  
It's them boys from the bottom who took you down 85  
And hit you with that U-Way so don't be surprised  
We buckin' blowin' chillin' and sippin' on something  
good  
I'm peepin' out the scenery and wishin' a would  
In case it just might pop I'm 'bout ready to lock and  
load  
To take you thru the South to show you how we throw  
dem bows

[Chorus]

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