

Young Gunz, Damn!

"Damn!"(feat. Lil' Jon)

(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 hoes)

It's A-Town (east side for dem hoes), 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 niggaz out here very scary

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

OK then put a sissy nigga 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 motherfucker, 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

(Hook: 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 niggaz 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

(Hook)

(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 nigga you ain't hoe with it

And I ain't selfish I will let you and your folk feel it

Talkin' big boy shit

Me muggin' like a motherfucker my hand on my dick

(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 nigga 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