

# Young Gunz, Roc U

(Young Chris talking)

Where that pian sat at (uh)

Young Gannas (chea) What up niggas;

Niggas got till January to get they shit together;

You hear that niggas January (chea)

Chad West

(Verse One: Young Chris)

Yo; Ayo Momma workin hard Big brother on the run

lil sista cuttin up man shit just outta luck

baby girl born brighten up my

life alot block still poppin old lady still drawn hataz

still plottin (plottin) tryna take my life away

it'n matter nigt or day C reactin right away;

bring it on when the temerature rise;

my intention to ride ain't no intent but he die;

niggas speed like us 40 clip on my hip shorty

go get ya clique ready to squeeze like what;

Yeah its commin out of Chris' mouth;

I'll have you niggas-Bitchin' gettin' stitches

then get ditches pourin liquour out;

thats what Chris about Tryna figure out

the beat down on the outside or bleed

in till you piss it out; Block all them chickens out;

Fuck all them niggas route;

Ciani here plus my momma need a bigger house

(Chorus)

This just the town we live in; North Phil my nigga,

South Philly with mittens,

look how chilly the rist is; poppin wheelys with bitches; Poppin wheelys at snitches

You got three ways to die;

Fire Roof or the River;

you gone bleed if you try man they shootin suspicious;

and got oozies and shit forty-fours and infus;

Plans to get ya, leave a nigga they ain't remember,

long as he ain't remember then watch his

mouth for temper

(Verse Two: Beanie Siegel)

Bitch niggas actin' tough but you know

what thats about prayin that I hit em up;

hopin niggas settle out,

But why flirt with death;

it ain't worth the check Get ya coffin nailed shut,

placed in the dirt to rest;

Picture linen' up tears again

Momma in tears again,

I guess death is the number one fear of men;

But I ain't scared, I can tell its commin',

I can feel it in the air; I can smell it commin,

fully prepared to meet the fuckin' man

in the trench coat,

I ain't hiding, but tryna duck him long as I can though;

They say i'm flirting with the devil talkin

blast with me cursin out the reet between the gate, until I see the light,

shootin everything in sight, worn every other day bodies every other night (thats right)

Death is the only thing for sure in life (thats right)

Young Gunz get em real nice

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Neef Buck)

Yo; kill me with a get a gun,  
betta know where i'm from load them up with dumb guns leave a nigga one lung;  
maskin tape hoodies and gloves  
mookies and dubs yeah nigga I'll put it dead in yo mug; Other fuckas beneath me,  
mutha-fuckas is sneaky worryin about where  
Neef be get you wacked out easy,  
Yeah this family greasy, Believe me,  
how the fuck they ain't peep me;  
Tables turned now the  
family need me, Yeah i'm on my shit;  
ain't shit you can teach me;  
I'm young but not dumb, you ain't from where i'm from,  
you don't feel how I feel, you ain't real how i'm real,  
I aint signed to that deal; on the real you should chill,  
and let me do me dawg, lets sit for once in life  
so we can stop playin c-saw until then  
I make it rain niggas feel my pain,  
until i'm out the game i'm far from a lame

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Young Chris)

Lord of the streets, I do it so my daughter can eat,  
moms workin three on her own bringin four in a week,  
now tell me how i'm gone budget that lil sister graduted elementary big brother life in the judges lap  
Even my momma pack stuck in this war zone,  
I been a bad boy puffin before combs;  
for sure homey strap like bamboo,  
theres nothin we can't do, its tucked in my  
pants to, but this shit scramble,  
shit I em sellin but niggas tattle tellin when they rushed in that van dude so I had to smartin up,  
you know chalk em up,  
bye bye mutha-fuckin drive by we walkin up  
put your little lawkers up and your lil snub  
nigga you a lil thug give em lil snugs till he cough it up;  
them niggas soft as butt even ya bosses suck,  
i'm about to charge it up nigga stop ya arguin

(Chorus)