

Young Jeezy, Get Ya Mind Right

(Young Jeezy)

I'm the realest nigga in here you already know
Got trapper of the year four times in a row (what they give you?)
A lifetime supply of baking soda clientele
A rolling bar, two pounds and three scales
Can get bout 50 and a Hummer
The birds fly down south to Georgia for the summer
Money, hoes, cars, clothes
Coke prices up and down like six-fours
Just cuz I'm fly like a helicopter
The fed rallies on my tail call 'em bird watchers
Minus the bullshit life's great
Just got a camera in the peach in my license plate

(Chorus)

What it do? What the business is?
Word on the street Jeezy known to handle his
Bitch getcha mind right let me talk to 'em
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(Young Jeezy)

It's not a trick question yeah I'm strapped bitch
Also ripped nigga miss me wit that rap shit
Rappin ass nigga better do numbers
I ain't gotta rap I'ma do numbers
A big shoot out on the highway
Jeezy hangin out the coupe let me ride sideways
A straight g nigga don't tempt me
I'll linger the whole clip til the shits empty
Big stacks yeah I got that
That's why I copped that cris by the six packs
Got the feds lines ringin let a telephone
Snitches want me locked up like Akon

(Chorus)

(Young Jeezy)

Jeezy a rider, Jeezy a motherfuckin fool
Don't approach him like that you and Jeezy ain't cool
Jeezy a gangsta he rolls wit the real g's
And if he's smokin best believe its real trees
From L.A. Straight cush
Presidential shit call it George bush
Everyday is like a game call it fear factor
Gotta trunk full of bricks like a contractor
Seen niggaz leave here and they ain't comin back
Left 'em slumped on the green in his Cadillac
Jimmy crack horn Jeezy flip O's
I just stick to the script y'all niggaz hoes