

# 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