

Young Jeezy, Mr. 17.5

(AYYYEE, AY, AY, AYYEE....)

(Verse 1: Young Jeezy)

New shoes on the range rover, good one man (vrrooomm)
Motherf**kers acting like I aint' supposed to shine
I aint' the 1, definately not the 2 (nope)
1 in the chamber when we aming at you (Blaou)
The young Bob Barker, the price is right
If you C.O.D. then you could get them tonight
Put the fish scale on the scale
If Roy went postal, all he do is check mail (HA HA)
Low key, under the radar
Tripple black 'Vet, yeah I call it the stealth
No currency machine, I could count it myself
Almost done, another quarter million in ones
Thunder storm in the body-tap, look what I've done
Chump change, I make it rain for fun (wussup)

(Chorus: Young Jeezy)

Snow man, get cha' hands up high
It's ya' boy, Mr. 17-5
I take it back to the block, back to the kitchen, back to the pots
Snow man, get cha' hands up high
It's ya' boy, Mr. 17-5
I take it back to the block, back to the kitchen, back to the pots

(Verse 2: Young Jeezy)

I get them bars out of the back of my mind (that's how)
I reminisce like Mary J
Even in the drought, the boy kept that yay
100 percent served, Snowman's word
You can play my thug and my clientele (why)
I'm addicted to that new car smell
White cookies in a plastic bag
New shoes on the coupe with the paper tag
Whole life flash right before your eyes
See the state troopers and get butterflies
Got a thing for them Heckler and Koches
A minute 14 and Rolex watches

Somewhere in the back of my secret deranged brain
I get a rush when I tote that 'cane
Get money, Nigga f**k them haters
All we fear is the discovery and Inditement papers (wussup)

(Chorus: Young Jeezy)

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(Verse 3: Young Jeezy)

I'm a grown ass man, I stand on my own two
200,000 cash, yeah, I'm buying my own team
Right to your front door, operation so sweet
I like little dude who keeps his money so neat
But I still bury a nigga
Put The Mask on, Jim Carey a nigga (Blaou)
Swede ends in the Chevy, got me feelin akward
Careful with the sweets, dont burn my seats
You could live your whole life and not come close

Guess thats why these rap niggaz take notes
Rectite my adlibs, borrow my quotes
Make me lhop a nigga, serve them with the toast
Next, they be dressing like me
But back in '93, they wasn't stressing like me (wussup)

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(beat fade)