

Youngbloodz, Datz Me

(feat. Young Buck)

I'm talkin' dirty, wit' bout 80 thousand in my mouth
I'm stompin' through this bitch, movin' 'em in, and shippin' 'em out
Breath smell like Hennessey, my clothes smell like weed
ATL & Tennessee, I'm right up the street
In the club where the thugs be, it be hard to breathe
Sean Paul said we gon' bust they head before we leave
I brought so good wit me, and I got my hood wit me
Cadillac'n all through College Park, I'm talkin bout wood grippin'
Dirty South, they bullshittin', you can't ride on them down here
Niggaz can damn well fit inside their rims round here
And our hoes drop it down to the ground like they supposed to
Or fuck a nigga whole crew, anytime we roll through
Young Buck and Youngbloodz, we came here to show you
Just how to start a fight and what that Grey Goose and dro'll do
Snatch me a ho or two, niggaz know howe we do it
Ain't nothin' change, you know the game, it's G-Unit!

[Chorus One: Young Buck]

Totin' guns, rollin' blunts, Gettin' crunk - That's Me
Switchin' lanes, grippin' grains, Got them thangs - That's Me
Swervin Lac's, Servin X, Countin' stacks - That's Me
Cook it up and bring it back, That's a fact - That's Me

[Chorus Two: Sean Paul]

Stay fresh, white tees, sharp crease - That's Me
In the Chevy grippin' grain, drippin' paint - That's Me
In the club, 'bout drunk, stay crunk - That's Me
Represent the A-Town, best believe - That's Me

[Sean Paul]

Now on the realer, I'm a hell of a nigga
Like when I was down in that 'Cedes Dealer came out a winner
I'm a big bank flipper, purple syrup sipper
Stuntin' ass nigga, cost my thunder for some spinners
Don't you see the chain and watch, bitch, we chillin' like December
Finna change the weather when I stick it out the window
And I don't want no sack, mayn, don't give me that ever
And if the price the lo'-lo', then gon' give me two mo'
Give me two-lo, when I ride out with two hoes
One dark skin, one light skin, wit two though
Let the top down and let them hoes hair blow
Fired up some dro, this like ridin on two fo's wit' two hoes

[Chorus Two]

[Chorus Three: J-Bo]

Stay slizzard on Patron, Herringbone - That's Me
In the club tippin' strippers, sippin' Goose - That's Me
Ridin' clean, blowin' good on that dro - That's Me
Dirty South, Straight Country, 105 - That's Me

[J-Bo]

See I can tell by the way they look me in the eye
That he's a ho, and she's a bitch, and often many try
But like a soldier, I'mma rid til' I fuckin' die
Swerve on the buster, run up and put one in the sky
And if you ain't comprehendin' what I'm sayin' to ya
It's 105, Youngbloodz, and I ain't playin' wit'hca
Now watch me break 'em down, back 'em up, and ship 'em out
Even steady, comin', breakin bread, what I'm talkin' bout
Cause what you didn't know, is how I get so many hoes
How I keep it pimpin' never, sippin' cause I'm all pro

And yeah, I see you like the way we do it big
Pull up in the old schools, blowin, hoppin' out the whip

[Chorus Three]

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two]

[Sean Paul Ab-libbing throughout the remainder of the song]