

# Yung Ro, Gotz 2 Be A G

(\*talking\*)

Yeah, we back nigga  
Lil' Flipper, Yung Ro, Chamillionaire  
This how it go, ha-ha  
We still doing this mixtape shit nigga  
Yeah uh, B.G. Duke up in this bitch, look

(Lil' Flip)

I'ma be a G, until the day that I die  
Everyday you see me, nigga I'll be high  
I'm smoking on that hays, use to smoke on that regular  
Now niggaz mad, I'm a hitter the competitors  
On another level, yellow rocks all in my fucking bezel  
Nigga they causing trouble, you wan' tangle with the devil  
I'm rolling with my glocks, I ain't fucking with the cops  
But I'm busting fucking shots, cause they don't give me props  
They know me on the East, they know me on the West  
Even when I'm in my hood, I still gotta wear my vest  
Niggaz they wanna test, cause they album was a mess  
But when I step out I go to the club, they hoes impressed  
They like the way I dress, and they like the shoes I buy  
They know everytime they see Flip, he gon be fly  
Got the Mikey D's jersey, got my name on the back  
Even they caught cases, we got caine in the Lac  
We gon hustle till we broke, we ain't broke because we hustle  
Niggaz claim they in they in the streets, but they know I got that muscle  
But a nigga use to struggle, now a nigga doing good  
I'm like the Diplomats, what's really good hood

(Hook)

Got to be a G, to the day that I die  
Got to be a G, to the day that I die  
All my boys real, to the day that I die  
Got to be a G, to the day that I die  
Got to be a G, to the day that I die  
All my boys real, to the day that I die  
All them boys real, I'm a G  
All them boys real, I'm a G

(Yung Ro)

It feel good to be me, because I shine everyday  
Wake up and then I pray, and thank the Lord for this day  
A new day means hope, another chance to get it  
I got the mind of a G, so I plan to get it  
Plan to split it, divide it where it's 'spose to go  
Stack it up and share with the ones, close to Ro  
That's how it's 'spose to go, well at least I speak for me  
But if you feel me nod your head, cause I also speak for G's  
Real niggaz who want hundred, playas guys and gent's  
And we a dying breed, think it's like five percent  
I's a pimp, on ro-do and mind's a scent  
From a place under water, so my eyes are squinched  
But nevermind that, just pour me up two cups of liquor  
Jump down so you could sip a, skeet taste with Koopa and Flipper  
And your boy Yung Ro, teach you how to fold bread  
To my niggaz on lock, stay smart hold your head  
I'm rolling heads, while rolling red down the block  
Trunk unlock trunk pop, trunk knock cock stop  
Drop bops flop, looking at me while I do my thang  
Switching lanes holding grain, pushing caine hold up mayn  
I'm a G peep my style, how I called it how I feel  
Mack P, Koopa, Flip, Twin all them boys real  
And all them boys feel, yeah the same way as me  
Real recognize real, I swear to you I'm a G

Ha, real recognize real I swear to you I'm a G

(Hook)

(Lil' Flip)

I'm the realest of the real, I'm the trillest of the trill  
Nigga fuck around with me, I'ma have to show the steel  
I'ma have to show my skills, let these bitch niggaz know  
That these snitch niggaz know, Lil' Flip run the show  
You can open up for me, nigga I'm the headliner  
Fuck around with niggaz, who always get vagina  
You tricking your do', we never licking em low  
Nigga you rolling and picking, nigga I'm picking them hoes  
We got bitches on every coast, bitches in every state  
Niggaz talk shit, but they gon up on Ricki Lake  
Broke rapper no deal, no skills stay broke  
Mo'fuckers smoking regular weed, we got that good dro  
I'm a fucking hood nigga, bad nigga good nigga  
AK-47, chopper made of wood nigga  
It's understood nigga, we ride candy nigga  
In every state, all these niggaz wanna ban me nigga  
I got they bitches number, in my phone yeah bitch  
You know I got a fucking story, I'ma tell bitch  
I got a brick to sell, I got a click in jail  
And when they get out, I got them niggaz getting my mail  
Tipping the scales, we above the law  
Like Steven Segal, niggaz fake like Ru Paul  
The way that I ball, the dro that I buy it's the best shit  
I never step out the house, without my vest bitch  
I got my glock on my lap, got my mind on my money  
Got these bitch niggaz broke rappers, trying to fuck with Johnny  
But they can't, get the pink rocks yellow rocks  
Blue rocks, niggaz do shows and fuck with the cops  
But I ain't doing that shit, I got my own team  
Oh you going away, bitch I'm the home team  
I got my own shit, I got my own click  
I know I fucked your gal, yep I got my own bitch  
I'm just a playa like Hef, I'm just jazzy like Jeff  
I got stripes like the ref, these nigga lie but they deaf  
They can't hear what I'm saying, these niggaz think that I'm playing  
Now their bodies decaying, when I'm bucking and spraying  
Me and Will don't play, we got scrill everyday  
We blow kill everyday, biatch

(\*scratching\*)

(Hook)