

Young Buck, Let Me In

(feat. 50 Cent)

[50 cent]

Yeah, Its 50 cent, Young Buck
G-g-g-g-g-G-UNIT!
We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end
Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again
We party, harder than you can imagine
You can run wit losers, or run wit winners and win

[Verse 1]

[Young Buck]

I feel attention when I walk in the club
G-unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug
Gimme a henny on the rocks, and a bottle of bub
I dont need security, this old nickel enough
I came to ball wit ya'll, pop the bar and all
So bitches call ya hoes, n niggaz call ya dogs
If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight
She might neva come home again nigga, aight!
Teeth, neck, wrists all lights my lifes like
Ridin' in Ca\$hville runnin all stop lights
Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin
My momma jus hadda dream of seein me in prison
My daddys a dope fein, n i dont really miss him
Aint seen him in 10 years n a nigga still livin
Tha same ol' 2 step we move to a rhythm
50 holla get em' Buck, you know im gunna get em'
Raaaaa!

[Chorus x2]

I know you gonna let me shine n get mine
I know you gonna let me in wit this nine
I know you gonna let me smoke on my weed
I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D

[verse 2]

[Young Buck]

I know i'm sinnin but i'm winnin at tha same time
Take a couple shots from a nigga tryin ta take mine
I'm back on tha block, wit a choppa n a tech nine
Niggaz shootin cops n the hood runnin stop signs
G-UNIT, The Game! Bitches doin wat tha thugs do
G.D.'s, Vice Lords, Crips n the Bloodz too
Move lemme come through
Ain't a pair of handcuffs, can hold me
I'm ridin' in the ol' school listenin to some oldies
My goals keep shinin, them hoes keep cryin
The handle of my 45 outlined in diamonds
Just left Ca\$hville, 'bout to fly to Miami
Hopin Yayo watchin Eminem, preform at the Grammys
The reason niggaz like Eric Benet, prolly can't stand me
I know money will make Halle Berry come outa them panties
Bitch!

[Hook]

Ya'll niggaz in trouble they shoulda neva let me in (in)

[Chorus x2]

[verse 3]

Bet ya I can make them bounce back
Teach em' how to stunt, teach em' how to counts stacks (yeah)
Now where ya hood at? Buck

If you want to, we 50 deep up in here watchu gonna do
Who want beif, I aint come for no name callin
Dont be mad cuz we is n you aint ballin'
Gettin' money is my motto for you broke folks
Can't spend ya whole life payin on ya car notes
It's alright if you still on the block boy
See ima cold young thug, not a hot boy
You know I do this for the streets, n my peeps thas behind bars
As soon as they come home, I'll go n buy them all cars
Young Buck!

[chorus x2]

[50 cent]
We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end
Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again
We party, harder than you can imagine
You can run wit losers, or run wit winners that win
AHH!