

# Young Buck, Stomp

(feat. The Game & Ludacris)

[Young Buck:]

Uh Ohhhhh, Young Buck,  
Dirty South, Yeahhh

[Chorus:]

I Hear Him Talkin', But He 'Bout To Get That Ass Stomp  
Watch, I Get The Club Crunk, Im'a Make 'Em Stomp  
We Ain't Playin' Wanna Front, You Can Get That Ass Stomp  
Do It Like Them Dirty South Boys, Do, And Stomp  
Now Where You From? Who The Boss? Im'a Break Him Off  
Where You From? Who The Boss? Lemme Break Him Off  
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[Young Buck:]

I'm Caddillac'n Through The Hood, Sittin' On 24's  
T.V's Playin, Rim's Spinin, Blowin' Plenty Dro  
Don't Have To Mention, When You Pimpin, You Get Plenty Hoes  
It's All On You, If You Gon' Trick, Or You Gon' Get Yo' Dough  
I Know I Got These Haters Mad, I Can Love That  
When You Got Love For The Streets, They Give Ya' Love Back  
Look In My Eyes, You Can Tell I Ain't Never Scared  
Poppin' Them Thangs, I'm Rockin My Chain Anywhere  
If You Gon' Represent Your Hood, What You Waitin On?  
Security Better Back Up, When They Play This Song  
And We 'Bout 50 Strong, Please Don't Make Us Do You Wrong  
My Click Of Gorilla's, They Got They G-Unit's On  
All Of That Mean Muggin' Really Don't Mean Nothing  
C'mon Take It Outside, Lemme See Sumthin  
Wha-Wha-Wha-What Now?  
Don't Get Bu-Bu-Bu-Buck'd Down  
Stop All This Hatin' Or This Club Gon' Get Shu-Shut Down  
Now Where You From? Who The Boss? Im'a Break Him Off  
Where You From? Who The Boss? Lemme Break Him Off

[Chorus]

[The Game:]

G-G-G-unit! Coming Straight Outta Compton,  
Lace Up My G-6's, And I'm A-Town Stomping  
Got Ten Thousand Cash In My Pocket, Let The Pump In,  
Cuz Luda And Young Buck Always Getting Me Into Somethin'  
Low Rider Out Front, I'm Trying To Get Into Somethin'  
Step On Banks Shoe One More Time And Im'a Start Busting  
Rolls Gold In My Grill, I Gotta Dirty Mouth  
And A Bitch With A Fat Ass From The Dirty, Dirty South  
I Wasn't Trying To Get The Cover Of The Double XL  
Just Trying To Fuck Mia, Cuz Dre. Said Sex Sells  
Don't Be Mad At The Rocks In My Fucking Chain  
Don't Be Mad Cuz Your Bitch Chose Buck And Game  
You See The Logo Tatted On My Necklace  
Same One I'm Autographing On The Chest  
Put Your Bottles In The Air For Yayo, He On House Arrest  
And On Behalf Of 50 Cent This Is G-Unit West.  
Now, Stomp! G-G-G-G-Unit!  
Now, Stomp! G-G-G-G-Unit!

[Chorus]

[Ludacris:]

Muthafucka, I'm A Monster In This Game, Similar To The Lachness  
My Rhymes Is Nappy Rooted, Sum Verces Gotta Process

The Truth In This Booth, Ain't No Doubt When I'm Rappin'  
If I Say It, I've Either Done It, Or It's 'Bout To Happen  
When I Pull Up In The Louis Truck On 26's, People Dumb Out  
If Life's A Crap Game, I'm Rollin' 7's On The Come Out  
These Rapper's Think I'm Ig-nent, Love Sayin' My Name  
Cuz Maintainin My Fish Tank, And They House, Cost The Same  
Ask Me, I'd Say I Made It, And It Sure Wasn't Luck  
Cuz Hustler's Relate To Me, And Some Are Younger Than Buck  
You See I'm Married To My Music, But We Got A Prenupt  
So If That Bitch Don't Act Right, I'm Still Gettin My Cut  
My Deals Never Get Screwed, My Contracts Practice Abstinence  
I'm Masterin This Program, Hazin' These Undergraduates  
So, Pimpin' Be Easy, Quit Catchin' Feelings  
Cuz You Worth A Couple Hundred Grand, And I'm Worth Millions  
Nobodys Thinkin' About You, Plus Your Beats Ain't Legit  
So Please Stay Off The T.I.P. Of My Dick

[Young Buck:]

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