

# Young Gunz, Groovy Man

(Verse (Chris))

She My Down Ass Chick  
Love me plus she like to come down my strip  
Get paralyzed wipe down my Shit  
I love you boo, you, my bug-a-boo  
Type bug ya boo  
All day all night then I merk on tha 1st chirp

(Chorus:)

Yeah, yeah  
If you want it (yeah, yeah)  
Baby you can get it  
Still doin shows an afta party's  
And afta tha party, And afta tha party  
Its back to tha party at our crib

Yeah, yeah  
If you want it (yeah, yeah)  
Baby you can get it (yeah, yeah)  
Still doin shows and afta party's  
And afta tha party  
its back to tha party At our crib

(Verse: (Chris))

Niggas stingy we part it were I live  
Niggas offended like beg ya parting that's my chick  
(Is that you chick?)  
Excuse me this aint our first time here  
Don't approach me like dat, get roasted like dat  
Damm shorty playin with ya emotions like dat  
You a grown man she got you open like dat  
Yu put something around her finger, now  
She got you rapped around her finger its official  
Well that's you, that's what you get for trickin  
Keep giving her doe she takin care of Chris and  
I'll play my position up give her da dick  
Con her to come and soon as im donr  
Tell her im skipping  
She like and if you what you want you acting  
Different and I'm like.

(Chorus:)

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah

Still doing shows and afta party's  
And afta da party its back to tha Party at our crib  
If you want it (yeah, yeah)  
Baby you can get it (yeah, yeah)  
Still doin shows and afta party's and afta the party  
It's back to party at our crib

(Verse: (Neef))

If you want it you can get it  
You could come but you cant live here  
If I hit it I want Chris to hit it to  
I know you wit it bitches  
Mad cause I parted and danced wit ya girlfriends  
Smoked a bit, mainly drunk off crys  
And I wasn't even feelin that bitch  
She acting al pissy same time sadidey  
A little bit silly, I can't even get a quickie  
Neva dat got a are codes for every city

Couple young freaks, couple old heads  
That dig me, thinking they gone hold me,  
Knowing they don't control me  
Youngin been f\*\*kin old heads aint shit you showed me  
Got a walk like George and I talk like Goldie  
Nope you can't hold me from hittin up ya homies  
I do enough rappin at work, listen to oldies

(Chorus:)  
Yeah, yeah  
If you want it (yeah, yeah)  
Baby you can get it  
Still doin shows an afta party's  
And afta tha party, And afta tha party  
Its back to tha party at our crib

Yeah, yeah  
If you want it (yeah, yeah)  
Baby you can get it (yeah, yeah)  
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(repeat till fade)