

Young Gunz, Roc U (With Beanie Sigel)

(Young Chris talking)

Where that pian sat at (uh)

Young Gannas (chea) What up niggas;

Niggas got till January to get they shit together;

You hear that niggas January (chea)

Chad West

(Verse One: Young Chris)

Yo; Ayo Momma workin hard Big brother on the run lil sista cuttin up man shit just outta luck baby
life alot block still poppin old lady still drawn hataz still plottin (plottin) tryna take my life away it'n ma
day C reactin right away; bring it on when the temerature rise; my intention to ride ain't no intent bu
speed like us 40 clip on my hip shorty go get ya clique ready to squeeze like what; Yeah its commin
I'll have you niggas-Bitchin' gettin' stitches then get ditches pourin liqour out; thats what Chris about
the beat down on the outside or bleed in till you piss it out; Block all them chickens out; F**k all the
Ciani here plus my momma need a bigger house

(Chorus)

This just the town we live in; North Phil my nigga, South Philly with mittens, look how chilly the rist
with bitches; Poppin wheelys at snitches

You got three ways to die; Fire Roof or the River; you gone bleed if you try man they shootin suspic
and shit forty-fours and infus; Plans to get ya, leave a nigga they ain't remember, long as he ain't re
mouth for temper

(Verse Two: Beanie Siegel)

Bitch niggas actin' tough but you know what thats about prayin that I hit em up; hopin niggas settle
with death; it ain't worth the check Get ya coffin nailed shut, placed in the dirt to rest; Picture linen'
Momma in tears again, I guess death is the number one fear of men; But I ain't scared, I can tell its
in the air; I can smell it commin, fully prepared to meet the f**kin' man in the trench coat, I ain't hidin
him long as I can though; They say i'm flirting with the devil talkin blast with me cursin out the reet b

until I see the light, shootin everything in sight, worn every other day bodies every other night (thats
only thing for sure in life (thats right) Young Gunz get em real nice

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Neef Buck)

Yo; kill me with a get a gun, betta know where i'm from load them up with dumb guns leave a nigga
hoodies and gloves

mookies and dubs yeah nigga I'll put it dead in yo mug; Other f**kas beneath me, mutha-f**kas is s
Neef be get you wacked out easy, Yeah this family greasy, Believe me, how the f**k they ain't peep
family need me, Yeah i'm on my shit; ain't shit you can teach me; I'm young but not dumb, you ain't
don't feel how I feel, you ain't real how i'm real, I aint signed to that deal; on the real you should chi
me dawg, lets sit for once in life so we can stop playin c-saw until then I make it rain niggas feel my
the game i'm far from a lame

(Chorus)

(Verse Three: Young Chris)

Lord of the streets, I do it so my daughter can eat, moms workin three on her own bringin four in a
i'm gone budget that lil sister graduted elementary big brother life in the judges lap; Even my mom
zone, I been a bad boy puffin before combs; for sure homey strap like bamboo, theres nothin we ca
pants to, but this shit scramble, shit I em sellin but niggas tattle tellin when they rushed in that van
smartin up, you know chalk em up, bye bye mutha-f**kin drive by we walkin up put your little lawke
nigga you a lil thug give em lil snugs till he cough it up; them niggas soft as butt even ya bosses su
charge it up nigga stop ya arguin

(Chorus)