

Young Gunz, Take It How You Want It

(Whipser) Rocafella's the army kid.

(Verse 1)

(Chris)

Your digits ain't rising fam
its like you're lactose and tolerant.
We got fridges for the taliban load attire man,
betta keep ya set up,
million dolla man soon to be we next up,
get wet up I been fresh since a little one bitch
I school the others travel from the little gun force ones.
See my rocket's set?,
speak my name and I cock it wet.
How can I forget see the
game she the same I tried to get back in grats HEY.
Man them bitches bought the gift and the
curse and heard the verse off the track HEY.
Bitches please same C wont gas ME.
Your boy's classy for those who don't know Chris.
He like Hypnotics mixed with Henney he's ferocious
toasters right beside and clip extending ya suppose to open fire on any nigga that approach us
fucking roaches most of my niggas from the pro-jects
40-o-ez fuck a Moette.
Mo' money mo' sex no more stress.
And for the cut I take it out on my ememies,
taking out all my enemies,
any coward a friend to me,
if he bring the pain, we bringing flowers a
nd memories and that's real
press my hand and see if my cards reveal.
Had to see some of the hardest squeal.
Ya'll guard ya
grill.

(Chorus)

(Chris (Neef)

(Got a) Whole lot of loving. (Got a) Whole lot of soul. (Round a) Whole lot of
thuggin' but baby that's how I roll. (Round a) Whole lot of niggas. (Round a) Whole lot of
hoes. (Make a) Whole lot of digits becuz I'm sick with the flows. (Mamis) leaving they niggas
(yeah). Leave wit a nigga (yeah). They like oh that's that young nigga that Sigel be with
(yeah). I think he ready ohh girl I gotta roll it up. They be like bitch you can get it long as
you old enough.

(Verse 2)

(Sparks)

Block ? Yeah nigga.
I can tell you why these thugs ride tell you why
these thugs die.
And to the day of my demise I'm blowing,
I'm blowing my la-la-la-la-la-la, till' I come in off
this high. Till these polies appahend me?
Till these pricks still to me I'm doing me.
I'm running crazy thru the city with the two
and letting my thing quake on these noonies
for even think that they can do me dirty.
I'm nine cluching on the west side of Philly
exchanging my war story with all of my little homies
playing the MOB.
Who just refuse to get a job so they back
and forth in and out of these correctional facilities.
I'm getting phone calls from me?
every week laughing talking bout
how the whole block feeling me.
And how when he coming home he ride

for me. See that used to be me
so I feel him I got love. Got a...

(Chorus)

(Chris (Neef))

(Got a) Whole lot of loving. (Got a) Whole lot of soul. (Round a) Whole lot of thuggin' but baby that's how I roll. (Round a) Whole lot of niggas. (Round a) Whole lot of hoes. (Make a) Whole lot of digits becuz I'm sick with the flows. (Mamis) leaving they niggas (yeah). Leave wit a nigga (yeah). They like oh that's that young nigga that Sigel be with (yeah). I think he ready ohh girl I gotta roll it up. They be like bitch you can get it long as you old enough.

(Verse 3)

(Neef)

Yo same o' same o' they want me to work
more just a year ago they ain't give fuck bout boy.
As far as the bank you can't get a penny up out yours so don't tell me shit about family we starvin'.
You helped me stay in this group,
I beg your pardon I started this before Chris
nigga don't forget make he come off the hip on
what you saying out cha lips.
Swelling on the past there's no telling if I'm blast.
Put it back in bags still selling to the mass.
You move fast might crash,
so I move at my own pace,
ain't no love loss cause I got my own taste.
You don't put no working hands on my plate,
to me that shit is snake.
Them referreds?
tell me sleep safe.
But wait shhhhhhhh.
You niggas cake we don't need no fifths
my niggas wiring up the shit
while we tieing up the strip. Got a...

(Chorus)

(Chris (Neef))

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(Verse 4)

(Chris)

Exclusive nigga take it how you want it
man take it from the gunners ememies won't
dispute us (nope).
They liking heat like in Bermuta,
I mack a broad out in Cuba.
Touch ya boss
then recruit cha.
Neva lost ain't a loser, been all around the world wit my nigga Jigga ya'll
chicken scoopers plenty of times,
she ain't getting a penny of mine,
I turn your buns into the
cinnamon kind wit one shot,
that one block still a envy of mine,
like I ain't come from the
same, I can't run from the pain nigga,
I ain't run from a thing home they act a fool
when they get hot.
I turn the sun into rain though

something the game lost another one to the game.
So when bodies drop nuttin' ashame.
Just a big payback boy ya handguns'll bring the big K's back.
And spray back about a hundred and change.

(Chorus)

(Chris (Neef)

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(Verse 5)

(Chris (background)

You dudes ain't bout nuttin' (yeah)

but you front and you're lame (yeah).

Since I was young and if I want it I claim and I got that. Niggas start blobbin' off names where my block at.

So I got a spot in the game off my profit.

And I lock that ya'll cant do it no betta so why not get.

Soon to be legends Roc-A-Fella's the label,

Property's the crew that I'm reppin',

two in possession like who wanna test us..HUH?

You dudes ain't bout nothing but you front and you're lame. Since I was young and if I want it I claim and I got that. Niggas start blobbin' off names where my block at.

So I got a spot in the game off my profit (snitches).

And I lock that ya'll cant do it no betta so why not get.

Soon to be legends Roc-A-Fella's the label,

Property's the crew that I'm reppin',

two in

possession like who wanna test us..HUH?

NUCCA WHAT? WA?