

Young Jeezy, By The Way

[Spoken:]

YEAH

Just call Me young

My money grown doe

Ha ha let's go...

Ha ha ha YOUNG you already know what time it is

Let's go

[Chorus:]

Said I'm young by the way

The one by the way

I ain't trippin' I just do this Sh*t for fun by the way

The truth by the way

The proof by the way

Mr. run up on me know I'm gonna shoot by the way

I said it's on by the way

I'm in the zone by the way

You can call me Mr. get em gone by the way

I did it by the way

I was with it by the way I told it like I did it cause I lived it by the way

[Verse 1:]

What ya say YOUNG

The boy might go nut's puttin' holes in nigga's just like donuts

My cream be crispy these nigga's can't get me they must be

The wrong size cause these nigga's can't fit me

Neva let em play me neva let em bullsh*t me

If they eva bullsh*t me send the coroners to get me

And when the coroner come get's me I'm a take you pu**ies with me

I ain't trustin' 12 shoots you know I keep them choppers with me

And I don't trust you dum dah cluds you know I keep them Shotta's with me

Can't let the goons get bored gotta keep them nigga's busy

And I ain't trustin' no body so I took my money with me

Cause last time they got me Get me get me?

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Stay on it by the way

I want it by the way

Take it to ya mama's mama house where everybody stay

Where everybody sleep leave everybody sleep

Have a baby by who?

That's everybody's freak

Baby like a drycleaners done seen everybodys sheets

Take em stright to the hood let everybody eat

I went down they went down

Now everybody cheap or should I say cheaper maybe even lower

Ya'll nigga's gettin' missed if ya'll talk any slower

Then ya flow a be screwed now that a be rude

I demand my respect plus I gotta sack

Had the westside crackin' ask about in the map

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I turned a brick into a clotheing line a boost commerical

And they still talkin' young so who's commercial

Young like Noah I move them birds by the two

Daddy need to smoke the coupe need a pair of shoes

I keep my A.I. on still won't cross over

I Gotta Half a box box left I think I need more soda

Hustlein' since I was ten still ain't met SoSa

I just got this thing in it's too big for a holsta

They say I'm bipola so indicisive

So mutha fu*kin' what I know some bit*ches who like it

The real nigga's recite it The real bit*hes they love it

It's just the way that I thug it it's what they want I'm like fu*k it

[Chorus]