

# Young Jeezy, Get Ya Mind Right&nbsp;

[Young Jeezy]

I'm the realest nigga in here you already know  
Got trapper of the year four times in a row (what they give you?)  
A lifetime supply of baking soda clientele  
A Rolly Watch, two pots and three scales  
Can get bout 50 and a Hummer  
The birds fly down south to Georgia for the summer  
Money, hoes, cars, clothes  
Coke prices up and down like six-fours  
Just cuz I'm fly like a helicopter  
The fed rallies on my tail call 'em bird watchers  
Minus the bullshit life's great  
Just got a camera in the peach in my license plate

[Chorus]

What it do? What the business is?  
Word on the street Jeezy known to handle his  
Bitch getcha mind right let me talk to 'em  
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[Young Jeezy]

It's not a trick question yeah I'm strapped bitch  
Also ripped nigga miss me wit that rap shit  
Rappin ass nigga better do numbers  
I ain't gotta rap I'ma do numbers  
A big shoot out on the highway  
Jeezy hangin out the coupe lettin' it ride sideways  
A straight g nigga don't tempt me  
I'll linger the whole clip til the shits empty  
Big stacks yeah I got that  
That's why I copped that cris by the six packs  
Got the feds lines ringin let a telephone  
Snitches want me locked up like Akon

[Chorus]

[Young Jeezy]

Jeezy a rider, Jeezy a motherfuckin fool  
Don't approach him like that you and Jeezy ain't cool  
Jeezy a gangsta he rolls wit the real g's  
And if he's smokin best believe its real trees  
From L.A. Straight cush  
Presidential shit call it George bush  
Everyday is like a game call it fear factor  
Gotta trunk full of bricks like a contractor  
Seen niggaz leave here and they ain't comin back  
Left 'em slumped on the grain in his Cadillac  
Jimmy crack horn Jeezy flip O's  
I just stick to the script y'all niggaz hoes