

Don't Get Caught

Young Jeezy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Shit man, fuck
Drivers license and registration please
Hey whats up, sir, ah, look ah
Sir, could you please step out the car Oh, not a problem, officer, its all good
Im just, you know Im sayin
Come here to drop my lil boy off
At my, baby momma house On the way here, you know
Here go my license right here, okay Trunk full of yoda, heated situation
Flashlight in ma eyes, he want ma registration, what?
Should I stay, should I run?
Got hard, got soft, got pills, got guns for real My drivers license is revoked
Just got done burnin so I know he smell the smoke, damn
But never let em see you see sweat
Cause if he search your trunk, he might find the tec Or a bag full of O's, wrapped in duct tape
Nigga, between some dirty ass clothes
But I talk to him the right way,
He told me, slow it down and have a nice day You can do your thing, shawty, its okay to floss
But its still one rule, player dont get caught
Cause everythin' you gain, dog and everythin' you lost
But its still one rule, pimpin dont get caught For every hoe you hit, dog and every hoe you toss
Cause its still one rule, player dont get caught
And you can ride clean, shorty you aint gotta walk
But its still one rule, player dont get caught Some niggas rob, what, some niggas slang, for real
Some niggas stack, naw some niggas bang, chill
But I congratulate not playa hate
You in the streets pimpin, make ya move, get ya cake Fuck what you heard through the grapevine
Get outta line, nigga, Ima straighten mine
And I dont believe in wastin time
Well, catch them hoes later, stay on ya grind, thats right Gotta a low tolerance for ignorance, ignorance
You thinkin pleasure Im thinkin business
The streets didnt raise no fool
When you live by the code, nigga its only one rule You can do your thing, shawty, its okay to floss

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But its still one rule, player dont get caughtGot the phone call, had a funny feelin, feelin
Told him everythin' was cool and I was chillin, chillin
We use to chill out and smoke blunts
And I aint seen him in a while maybe a couple monthsSaid he wanna holler, he seemed anxious
First thing on ma mind, is go and get the strainers
Make his folks pay a ransom bout him
On that bullshit make a good example out himThis nigga high, he on fire, fire
I hope his ass aint wearin no wire
Naw dog, you bullshittin
Said his partner set him up, tha nigga snitchinYou can do your thing, shawty, its okay to floss
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