

Stomp (feat. T.I. and Ludacris)

Young Buck

(Shotgun Cocks)

Young Buck:

Uh Ohhhhh, Young Buck

Dirty South, YeahhhI Hear Him Talkin', But He 'Bout To Get That Ass Stomp

Watch, I Get The Club Crunk, I'm'a Make 'Em Stomp

We Ain't Playin' want to Front, You Can Get That Ass Stomp

Do It Like Them Dirty South Boys, Do, And Stomp

Now Where You From? Who The Boss? I'm'a Break Him Off

Where You From? Who The Boss? Lemme Break Him Off

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Where You From? Who The Boss? Lemme Break Him OffI'm Caddillac'n Through The Hood, Sittin' On 24's

T.V's Playin, Rim's Spinin, Blowin' Plenty Dro

Don't Have To Mention, When You Pimpin, You Get Plenty Hoes

It's All On You, If You Gon' Trick, Or You Gon' Get Yo' Dough

I Know I Got These Haters Mad, I Can Love That

When You Got Love For The Streets, They Give Ya' Love Back

Look In My Eyes, You Can Tell I Ain't Never Scared

Poppin' Them Thangs, I'm Rockin My Chain Anywhere

If You Gon' Represent Your Hood, What You Waitin On?

Security Better Back Up, When They Play This Song

And We 'Bout 50 Strong, Please Don't Make Us Do You Wrong

My Click Of Gorilla's, They Got They G-Unit's On

All Of That Mean Muggin' Really Don't Mean Nothing

c'mon Take It Outside, Lemme See Sumthin

Wha-Wha-Wha-What Now?

Don't Get Bu-Bu-Bu-Buck'd Down

Stop All That Hatin' Or This Club Gon' Get Shu-Shut Down

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Where You From? Who The Boss? Lemme Break Him OffI Hear Him Talkin', But He 'Bout To Get That Ass
Stomp

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Now Where You From? Who The Boss? I'm'a Break Him Off

Where You From? Who The Boss? Lemme Break Him OffThe Game:

G G G G-Unit, comin straight outta Compton, lace up my G-6's , and i'm A-Town Stompin, got ten thousand cash in my pocket, let the pump in, 'cause Luda and Young Buck always gettin me into something, low rider out

front, I'm trying to get into something, step on Bank's shoe one more time, and i'mma start bustin, rose gold in my grill, i got a dirty mouth, and a bitch wit a fat ass, from the dirty dirty south, I wasn't tryin to get the cover of the double X-L, just tryin to fuck Mya, 'cause Dre said sex sells, don't be mad at the rocks in my fuckin chain, don't be mad 'cause your bitch chose Buck and Game, you see the logo tatted on my neck, the same one i'm autographin' on the chest, put your bottles in the air for Ya-yo, he on house arrest, and on behalf of 50 Cent, this

is G-Unit West,

now, stomp, G G G G-Unit,

now, stomp, G G G G-Unit

Young Buck:

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Where You From? Who The Boss? Lemme Break Him OffLudacris:

Muthafucka, I'm A Monster In This Game, Similar To The Lachness

My Rhymes Is Nappy Rooted, Sum Verses Gotta Process

The Truth In This Booth, Ain't No Doubts When I'm Rappin'

If I Say It, I've Either Done It, Or It's 'Bout To Happen

When I Pull Up In The Louis Truck On 26's, People Dumb Out

If Lifes A Crap Game, I'm Rollin' 7's On The Come Out

These Rapper's Think I'm Ig-nent, Love Sayin' My Name

'cause Maintainin My Fish Tank, And They House, Cost The Same

Ask Me, I'd Say I Made It, And It Sure Wasn't Luck

Becuz Hustler's Relate To Me, And Some Are Younger Than Buck

You See I'm Married To My Music, But We Got A Prenupt

So If That Bitch Don't Act Right, I'm Still Gettin My Cut

My Deals Never Get Screwed, My Contracts Practice Abstinence

I'm Masterin This Program, Hazin' These Undergraduates

So, Pimpin' Be Easy, Quit Catchin' Feelings

'cause You Worth A Couple Hundred Grand, And I'm Worth Millions

Nobodys Thinkin' About You, Plus Your Beef Ain't Legit

So Please Stay Off The T.I.P. Of My DickYoung Buck:

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Songwriters

Bridges, Christopher Brian / Houston, Jordan / Taylor, Jayceon Terrell / Beauregard, Paul / Brown, David

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