

Bury Me A G (Produced By J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League)

Young Jeezy

[Gunshots]Four shots to the chest, my niggas get at me
They don' fucked around and fucked up my new white tee
I'm just livin' my life, why they mad at me
Woke up this morning, I ain't see this coming
Should I even bust back, you ain't see me running
I hope heaven got a VIP line
Got some partners in hell that'll sneak me in the back door
You know I hate waitin' in lineParamedics on the way, but they wastin' they time
Everybody standin' over a nigga, screamin'and shit
Damn, ya'll give a nigga a second to think
Which one of you niggas shot me, it was one of you bastards
Let my nigga Kink throw a hundred grand in my casket[Chorus: x 2]
Pour out a little liquor, bury me in some Evisu jeans
A USDA top and a throw-away glock
Bury me a G, nothin more nothin less
When I get where I'm goin, I just gotta be freshExpect the worst, but hope for the best
But you know how it is, amen god bless
I can't leave now niggas owe me money
My nigga on the westside owe me bout a dub
And my partner with a few, shit he owe a nigga tooI should'a hugged my son, should'a kissed my mother
Spent some time with her, show her I love her
Every night she was prayin for me, I was in the streets
Active little nigga, should I stay in some beef
Gucci go through some shit and he really need me
And what about the streets, shit they need me too
I'm on some got Def Jam, shit they owe a nigga too[Chorus: x 2][News report]
We interrupted our program to bring you this breaking news story,
I'm Kelly Washington reporting for WKKT Cannel 7
Witnesses say that around 1.45 this morning shots were fired out of an atlanta nightclub rapper Young
Jeezy was involved in this shooting but at this time it is unclear wether he was a suspect or the victim
We'll bring you further details as they become availableBack to you [Repeat: x 2][Young Jeezy]
I was on my way I was almost gone
I was almost there I was almost home
It was some Kanye shit tryna touch the sky
Jesus walks god testify
I'm a legend like John we're ordinary people
You only get one life there's no sequel
So you can't take nothing for granted
And don't take granted for nothingSo I gotta thank god for waking me up this morning

And giving me this air to breath
Jesus lord forgive me for
Every Gram I sold
Every glock I popped
Every rock that i...[Chorus: x 4]

Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Jackson, Millie / French, Donald / League, JusticePublished by

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