

# Welcome Back

## Young Jeezy

Yeah, I told you niggas  
Welcome back, yeah niggas  
Welcome back, I told y'all I was coming back niggas  
Welcome back, I want it down below, homies, let's go  
Welcome back  
Guess who's back and he is shinin' on you niggas  
Welcome back  
Guess who's back and he is stuntin' on you hoes  
Welcome back  
Yeah, I'm back and I'm shinin' on you niggas  
Welcome back  
Yeah, I'm back and I'm stuntin' on these hoes  
Been on my grizzly but now I'm back in the place  
And if you show me the money I'll put this brick in your face  
And if ya ain't got mo money I'll put this strap in your face  
And believing these niggas is like a slap in the face  
Welcome back  
Guess what I don't give a fuck  
None of these niggas real as me, I think I might line 'em up  
Fuck you, man, he ain't shit, what you say? Suck a dick  
'Scuse me if I'm bein' rude, let me check my attitude  
'Scuse me Mr. Attitude, why you got an attitude?  
Can't stand the rapper niggers thinking that it's trap a nigga  
These never ever, never ever, never had a pack niggas  
I'm tellin' you what they do to you  
What's happening? Wut up dude?  
I've been done, you too slow  
I'm too fast, movin' like slim fast  
Keep my Ronald Williams cash in a black Chevy bag  
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Welcome back  
So kind, so kind, thank you very much  
What the fuck is goin' on? Actin' like I lost touch  
I ain't never lost touch, dam' sure ain't lost much  
Mater of fact I still got it, yeah you know I'm still ballin'  
Catch me in my black T but I'm a business man  
Catch me at the kitchen table weighing out my business plan  
Young what your dentist plan, none your fuckin' business man  
What's wrong with your pussy niggas, needin' my opinions, man  
Okay, here we go again  
Street status necessary, start talking blow again  
Got that bureau if the niggas sellin' blow again  
Streets think it's necessary that a nigga blow a man  
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Welcome back  
In my yayo in my kitchen, sky storch every where  
White fat black top, Kung Foo Panda bear  
Call me sense, I got the taiquondo  
My Angelina shit, I want that Brad Pitt dough  
I said it's so funny, same time snow money  
Ain't nuthin' funny, bitch, I'm on my money shit  
A movie star bitch, we can make our own flick  
I just came to beat it down, you play with your own shit  
Yeah, okay, I'm 'bout to wild out  
Call it a V neck, why? Took a nine out now  
750 luck, 750 head  
Bitch, I don't even know what 750 is  
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Welcome back

Yeah, I'm back and I'm stuntin' on these hoes

Been on my grizzy but now I'm back in the place

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And if ya ain't got no money I'll put this strap in your face

And believing these niggas is like a slap in the face

Welcome back

Yeah, I told you niggas, right

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