

Nothing

Young Jeezy

Man them young niggas killing bout nothing
Show up at the spot with the choppers like nothin'
Full fifty shots, clear the block like nothin'
If you made it from the bottom to the top like nothing
You don't owe a nigga nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
You don't owe a nigga nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing
You don't owe a nigga Put your cups in the air, I'd like to make a toast
In case it goes down, yeah you know I got my toast
And when you really from the streets that's when they hate you most
And when you really got it then that's when they hate you close
Knew him back in the day when we was gettin money
Now every time I see the nigga he be actin funny
Don't you niggas see it? I'm a little pressed for time
Wanna talk about the past, told 'em press rewind
And I ain't feelin what you sayin ho, you out of place
I have you feeling what I'm sprayin' yeah it's on my waist
I'm trying to chill, smoke a couple with my lady friend
So they can meet me at the telly in the latest Benz Man them young niggas killing bout nothing
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You don't owe a nigga Nigga you see me getting mine, you better get yours
Are you the one doing the serving or you gettin served?
Or you the one doing the jackin, or you gettin jacked
Or you the one that's goin hard or you fallin' back
And I don't believe in falling back, bitch I'm goin hard
They wanna see me fucked up, man I swear to God
They praying that I fail, I'm praying that I rise
I guess the hating didn't work so now they tellin lies

Oh he ain't did this, and he ain't did that
Boy keep it real wit ya self, you know he lived that
You ain't real, you don't give em what they asking for
Such a real nigga, what the fuck you askin' fo'Man them young niggas killing bout nothing
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You don't owe a nigga And you don't even know a nigga, what you hating for?
And I ain't going nowhere so what you waiting for?
Beat the street, this rap shit cake and ice cream
Fuck the selling words, bitch I sold ice cream
From the bottom to the top, that's a nice dream
How you make it out young? I had a nice scheme
And I don't owe a nigga shit, better get it right
Just know a nigga stayed down each and every night
Hands on, yeah I broke down my own things
Hands on, yeah I counted up my own chains
Fifties over here, twenties over there
You know the rest, nigga, fives and singles everywhere Man them young niggas killing bout nothing
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You don't owe a nigga

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