## **Bottom Of The Map**

## **Young Jeezy**

It's young jizzle from the bottom of the map Got a 50 round clip on the bottom of the strap

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay

I do it for the trappers with tha tha tha rocks

And them ole G niggas with tha tha blocks

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ayI'm strapped up

I'm iced out, a nigga play, it's lights out

Cost a cool quarter million, that's how you'll find me

Swirvin' through traffic with them ghouls behind meYa betta call ya crew, you gon' need help

Hole car strapped and I ain't talkin' seat belts

Red cross nigga, yeah we draw blood

Hole team got choppers like a bike clubI don't get mad, I just get money

And laugh at these fuck niggas 'cuz they so funny

All a gangsta do is stay fresh

45 with the Gucci Teflons vestIt's young jizzle from the bottom of the map

Got a 50 round clip on the bottom of the strap

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay

I do it for the trappers with that ha rocks

And them ole G niggas with that ha blocks

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ayI'm on fire, the kids outta control

Competition want me to stop, drop and roll

Like I had a flame thrower and some gasoline

Set the city on fire that's on everything I walk around like I got a grip in my pants

Yeah that's about 10 stacks, half a brick in my pants

Fish scale got papi on speed dial

Ya niggas gettin' raped ya still gettin' oil baseMy flow is bananas, the coop is grape

Evisu jeans with the bathing apes

Dessert on the pillow choppers by the night stand

You can roll the dice play with your life manIt's young jizzle from the bottom of the map

Got a 50 round clip on the bottom of the strap

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay

I do it for the trappers with that ha rocks

And them ole G niggas with that ha blocks

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ayAll that tough talk ya just wastin' ya breath

Hit ya ass with them things have ya chasin' ya breath

You got loose lips, ya betta put a collar on 'em

Black chenille frames I spent a cuple dollars on 'emWhole zip of kush just to get my mind right

Aggression rolls, see the ones get my sound right

My money come fast so that's how I spend it

Trunk soundin' like it got a marchin' band in itYou in the minor leagues and I'm a heavy weight Flippin' brick houses, we call it real estate

Five thousand for the pound get ya curb serviced
Sell a lot of grass like I got a lawn serviceIt's young jizzle from the bottom of the map
Got a 50 round clip on the bottom of the strap

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay
I do it for the trappers with tha tha tha rocks
And them ole G niggas with tha tha tha blocks
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay

Lyrics provided by <a href="https://damnlyrics.com/">https://damnlyrics.com/</a>