Stomp

Young Buck Feat. Ludacris & T.

Uh, oh, young buck
Dirty south, yo
I hear him talkin' but he 'bout to get that ass stomp
Watch how I get the club crunk, I'ma make 'em stomp
We ain't playin' wanna front, get that ass stomp
Do it like them dirty south boys do and stomp
Now, where you from? Who the boss? I'ma break him off
Where you from? Who the boss? Lemme break him off
Now, where you from? Who the boss? I'ma break him off
Where you from? Who the boss? Lemme break him off
I'm Cadillac n through the hood sittin' on 24's
T.V's playin' rim's spinnin', 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 guerrilla's they got they G-Unit's on
All of that mean muggin' really don't mean nothin'
C'mon n' take it outside, let me see somethin'
W-w-what now? Don't get B-B-Buck'd down
Stop all this hatin' or this club gon' get s-s-shut down
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Where you from? Who the boss? Lemme break him off
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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 somethin'
Low rider out front, I'm tryin' to get into somethin'
Step on banks, shoot one more time then I'ma start bustin'
Rows gold in my grill, I got a dirty mouth
And a bitch with a fat ass from the dirty, dirty south
I wasn't tryin' to get the cover of the Double XL
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 Yayo, he on House Arrest
And on behalf of 50 Cent, this is G-Unit West
Now stomp, G-G-G-Unit, now stomp, G-G-G-Unit
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Mothafucka, I'm a monster in this game similar to the Lochness
My rhymes is nappy rooted, some verses gotta process
The truth in this booth, ain't no doubt 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 life's a crap game, I'm rollin' 7's on the come out
These rapper's think I'm ignent, love sayin' my name
'Cause maintainin' my fish tank an' they house cost the same
Ask me I'll say I made it an' it sure wasn't luck
'Cause 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 dick
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