

# Young Gunz

## Million Stylez

Uh...umm-umm

Yeah

Breath on this one right here...ri-right here

Breath on it Verse 1: [Choclair]

Now you can either try to join us or run from us,  
but don't dispute it

Choclair gon' leave your brain scarred

The situation's hard

These niggas who be hating and dissing,  
but now I'm paid, now they looking for jobs  
I don't give a fuck of what you saw back in 9-5

All things that I say, despite your long eyes  
Were all wise, leave you in awe like God rise

All words that I say, All get! All kinds!

And break all spines, and why wouldn't

Cause when these peoples ask who diss, I be like "I did it"

So many niggas be dissing us niggas

But when these niggas confront 'em,  
up in their face that they be afraid to admit it

I slap 'em in the face and make, every rhyme spitted

You heard this kid, roll with me, glide with me

Take my hand, come slide with me

Do you think you roll with Chocs and Bleek

(What the fuck y'all thinking)

So don't be bringing your shit round here

My advice to you is get your ass back

Before it get slapped, turned out, and pushed back

Choclair put the T-dot-O up on the map, bi-otch Chorus:

[M. Bleek]- Do you ever wanna see a nigga ball at the top

Wanna see a nigga fall, get it on with the cops

I ain't changed, I still keep raw on the block

Nigga hate me, I ain't never gon' stop

[Choclair]- They don't ever wanna see a nigga ball at the top

Wanna see a nigga fall, get it on with the cops

I ain't changed, I still keep raw on the block

Nigga hate me, I ain't never gon' stop

Verse 2: [Memphis Bleek]

Yo, you see the Memph man laid up, paid up

Instead you wanna see a nigga sprayed up

Only use the waste up  
And I still bust off nuts, with a numb dick straight up  
Fuck y'all nigga wanna do, Huh duke  
I know thug niggas creep with a gun duke  
Me too, except, I got one in the hand for the jump off  
Niggas still ain't learned the ledge, nigga jump off  
It's real here, playa, you know what the deal here  
Niggas in wheelchairs won't sit still here  
Battery pack cats, get their cavity cracked black  
In fact, I still ain't stop pointing the mack  
At y'all niggas who hate me, don't mistake me  
Nigga, the money ain't create Bleek  
When I sold trays, in hallways, and had braids  
Rob niggas, stomp niggas, for my P-Js  
Chorus: Verse 3: [Chocclair]  
Standing 6-foot-1, dark skin, smooth brother  
Knee deep, up in your women, circle,  
be my brothers underground in the gutters  
Submerged under the nonsense  
Those happy child's fronting with that coke-and-smile walk  
Really big dick style, could stick your girl, make her smile  
Listen in, niggas say they gonna fuck me up now  
Need to understand paranormal land expands  
People catching cock stand, when I touch mic stands  
Even woolen hand strands, best believe I got lyrics up the sleeve  
Little brother from the Bridgemont-C  
People looking for a gig, your star's fading  
I say step to the side when young guns blazing  
Chorus: [Repeat 2 times]

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