

Let Me In (feat. 50 Cent)

Young Buck

Yeah, Its 50 cent, Young Buck

G-g-g-g-G-UNIT!

We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end

Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again

We party, harder than you can imagine

You can run wit losers, or run wit winners and win I feel attention when I walk in the club

G-unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug

Gimme a henny on the rocks, and a bottle of bub

I don't need security, this Gorilla enough

I came to ball wit ya'll, pop the bar and all

So bitches call ya hoes, n niggaz call ya dogs

If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight

She might neva come home again nigga, aight!

Teeth, neck, wrists all lights my lifes like

Ridin' in Ca\$hville runnin all stop lights

Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin

My momma jus hadda dream of seein me in prison

My daddys a dope fein, n i don't really miss him

ain't seen him in 10 years n a nigga still livin

Tha same ol' 2 step we move to a rhythm

50 holla get em' Buck, you know I'm gunna get em'

Raaaaa![Chorus: x2]

I know you gonna let me shine n get mine

I know you gonna let me in wit this nine

I know you gonna let me smoke on my weed

I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D.I know I'm sinnin but I'm winnin at tha same time

Took a couple shots from a nigga tryin ta take mine

I'm back on tha block, wit a choppa n a tech nine

Niggaz shootin cops n the hood runnin stop signs

G-UNIT, The Game! Bitches doin wat tha thugs do

G's, D's, Vice, Lords, Crips n the Blooz too

Move lemme come through

It ain't a pair of handcuffs, can hold me

I'm ridin' in the ol' school listenin to some oldies

My goals keep shinin, Them hoes keep cryin

The handle of my 45 outlined in diamonds

Just left Ca\$hville, bout to fly to Miami

Hopin Yayo watchin Eminem, perform at the Grammys

Niggaz like Eric Benet, prolly can't stand me, 'cause

I know money will make Halle Berry come out them panties
Bitch!Ya'll niggaz in trouble they shoulda neva let me in (in)[Chorus: x2]Bet ya I can make them bounce back
Teach em' how to stunt, teach em' how to count stacks (yeah)
Now where ya hood at? Buck
If you want to, we 50 deep up in here watchu gonna do
Who want beef, I ain't come for no name callin
don't be mad 'cause we is n you ain't ballin'
Gettin' money is my motto for you broke folks
Can't spend ya whole life payin on ya car notes
It's alright if you still on the block boy
See ima cold young thug, not a hot boy
You know I do this for the streets, n my peeps thas behind bars
As soon as they come home, I'll go n buy them all cars
Young Buck![Chorus: x2]We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end
Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again
We party, harder than you can imagine
You can run wit losers, or run wit winners and win
Ah!

Songwriters

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