

# 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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