

Let's Get It / Sky's the Limit

Young Jeezy

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Tryna get Boston George and Diego money
And stack it all up like Lego money
Played with them blocks, call it Tetris
Real talk a hundred carats in my necklace Look up in the sky and tell me what you see, the clouds
Naw, nigga, not me
I see opportunity, I'm a opportunist
Nigga, you heard what I said, I'm a opportunist Off the hard white and the cream
All these free agents, you better build your team
I come and take the game like John Madden
'Cause I played in the game like John Madden The world is yours and everything in it
It's out there, get on your grind and get it, ay
Hands in the air
(Sky's the limit, nigga)
Hands in the air The world is yours and every bitch in it
It's out there, get on your grind and get it, ay
Hands in the air
(Sky's the limit, nigga)
Hands in the air Anything you put ya mind to, put ya grind to
Forgetful ass nigga, must I remind you?
Men do what they want, boys do what they can
And it ain't no secret, I'm a grown ass man Put my hands on the Bible and I solemnly swear
Leave them all with more shoes than I could possibly wear
Niggaz still hatin', but they can kiss my ass
Still get a hard-on when I count that cash I give 'em the squares, you give me the bags
I give 'em the squares, you give me the cash
And that's what the fuck I call a even exchange
And if there's anythin' extra you can keep the change The world is yours and everything in it
It's out there, get on your grind and get it, ay
Hands in the air
(Sky's the limit, nigga)
Hands in the air The world is yours and every bitch in it
It's out there, get on your grind and get it, ay

Hands in the air
(Sky's the limit, nigga)
Hands in the airGrind sun down till it comes up again
Stay down till we come back up again
It's all in the game, the ups, the downs
It's all in the game, the O, the poundsThe shit was all good just a week ago
Whole click was eating good just a week ago
It's all good, nigga, give us a month
Thinkin' of a master plan while I smoke this bluntWith the huse to the back, now everybody got coupes
Put the word in the street that supply the troops
I just call 'em like I see 'em
Serve these niggaz, third person dog, I ain't tryin' to see 'emThe world is yours and everything in it
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Hands in the air

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