

# 'Bout It (Young Joc, Feat. 3LW)

## Yung Joc

Shh [incomprehensible]  
Yo, why? all know what it is  
Show me you're on top man  
Block Entertainment  
Bad Boy South  
Hey Gwamain!  
What up?  
Inhale for this one boy  
Let's go You think you know me but you have no idea  
Act like you're 'bout it, well let me put this in your ear  
If you really 'bout it [incomprehensible] like you don't care  
If you 'bout it I don't doubt it  
Show me that you're sho? 'nuff 'bout it, 'bout it  
(Try something different here why? all, ey ey) Get your mind on top 'cause the hustle don't stop  
If the girl don't chew then my name ain't Joc  
The money don't flip then the block ain't hot  
If she don't scream your name then your game just shot I got a couple reasons you can call me the boss  
And I drop a couple stacks and watch your head get lost  
The Joc a real catch shorty better believe that  
If you ain't a ride or die bring them car keys back Take your foot off the brake baby go on ride out  
If them sucka wanna hate put 'em in timeout  
I get that cake and you'll soon find out  
If you ever cross me you'll get crossed out I seen it before ain't runnin' no more  
It's gonna catch up with me baby don't stop  
Get to the floor, what you waitin' for?  
'Cause we could ride the beat straight to the top Waitin' too long and now it's my time  
To show 'em all that it's not a game  
'Cause I don't care what I'm looking like  
I just gotta show you that I'm not going nowhere You think you know me but you have no idea  
Act like you're 'bout it, well let me put this in your ear  
If you really 'bout it [incomprehensible] like you don't care  
If you 'bout it I don't doubt it  
Show me that you're sho? 'nuff 'bout it, bout it I'ma get rich or I'ma die tryin'  
I ain't 50 Cent but respect my mind  
Respect my gangsta, respect my shine  
Put your click in chick if you step outta line ain't Kanye but I been through the wire  
Couple more album before I retire  
Most of these rappers ain't nuttin' but liars  
Hollered by the killers when they sang in the choir Straight from the bottom and I'm trying to get higher

Too many strikes, got too many priors  
Messing with us like playing with fire  
Get your wicks split time to meet your messiah I seen it before ain't runnin' no more  
It's gonna catch up with me baby don't stop  
Get to the floor, what you waitin' for?  
'Cause we could ride the beat straight to the top Waitin' too long and now it's my time  
To show 'em all that it's not a game  
'Cause I don't care what I'm looking like  
I just gotta show you that I'm not going nowhere You think you know me but you have no idea  
Act like you're 'bout it, well let me put this in your ear  
If you really 'bout it [incomprehensible] like you don't care  
If you 'bout it I don't doubt it  
Show me that you're sho? 'nuff 'bout it, bout it Now I been walking up this road trying to find which way to go  
Crying upon my face sometimes it seems like I don't know  
Now I got a chance to touch where things beyond my reach  
And the answer's right in front of me  
Yeah yeah yeah, yes it is, yeah You think you know me but you have no idea  
Act like you're 'bout it, well let me put this in your ear  
If you really 'bout it [incomprehensible] like you don't care  
If you 'bout it I don't doubt it  
Show me that you're sho? 'nuff 'bout it, bout it You think you know me but you have no idea  
Act like you're 'bout it, well let me put this in your ear  
If you really 'bout it [incomprehensible] like you don't care  
If you 'bout it I don't doubt it  
Show me that you're sho? 'nuff 'bout it, bout it

Songwriters

Riddick, Makeba Ronnie / Holland, Kelly / Robinson, Jasiel Published by  
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>