I'm A G

Yung Joc

INTRO (Yung Joc)
Is that right?
Block
Hustlenomic$
BNT ho!
A G is what a G does bay, my momma told me dat
BNT ho!
Dro, Bun-B, Yung Joc..let's go
(Chorus)
I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)
And in my pocket it ain't ever nothin less
And if your bitch f**k me she f**ked the rest
Cuz I'm a A B C D E O G
(Verse 1: Yung Joc)
You can catch me in the A
Check my DNA
What can I say? I'm a G 100% all da way
The block on lock, jet like the chain gang
The hustlenomic$ piece back and forth when the chain swang
I'm blowin' grandaddy just so I can maintain
I'm a G and I'll tell ya bitch da same thang
Middle finga to ya pussies, nigga no shame
'77 Chevelle, same color cocaine
And I'm a true balla n G playin in da deck
Out with the young'ns nigga, get money and respect
You in that name droppin' get u and yo mans wet
Nigga I'm a G now who the f**k u think u playin wit?
(Chorus x2)
I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)
And in my pocket it ain't ever nothin less
And if your bitch f**k me she f**ked the rest
Cuz I'm a A B C D E O G
(Verse 2: Young Dro)
Nuttin but a G baby
Its ya boy Young Dro right here
You know Ima G, Ey Look
Pull up on the scene
Bitch I'm cleaner than chlorine
Rock stop comin' Ima probably sell Codene

Shoot a nigga ear off from up the street, no beam

Work for my cousin down in Florida named Doreen
All I want is some more cream, my wrist on jack frost
Tell em again they see it, my wrist on jack frost
I ain't gotta say how much the mothaf**kin bet cost
30" stretchas on the Escalade lac cost
Bitch I'm from the projects you can't miss me wit dat rep talk
Catch me up on Simpson road tearin' up da asphalt
Took alota cash and walked
Jury, scurred me
Eights on da donk make it hard to steering
Swingin' on a nigga, swear I gotta feel some fury
Trappin at da hotel, you can catch me at the jewlery
A general and surely man I seem pearly
I got this shit locked, tell momma don't worry
(Chorus x2)
I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)
And in my pocket there ain't ever nothin less
And if your bitch f**k me she f**ked the rest
Cuz I'm a A B C D E O G
(Verse 3: Bun-B)
You see me hop out of a '08 somethin' on 24's
Rockin' this newest experiment in some next season clothes
I guess that's the reason ho's stop drop tuck and roll
Like an inferno then turn over and suck the pole
I'm so f**kin' cold I give a polar bear frost bite
You see my jewelry, you know what it cost right?
You see my toolery, it's bigger than your arm so
No Tom foolery and you won't see da bomb blow
Need a bomb ho, yung joc got da work,
I need some bomb dro best thang smokin got da purp
Let me hit em on the chirp, and orchestrate a rendezvous
We meet some boppas, bottles, and don't forget the Bombay too
Ooh, you know who's keepin it trilla
Just name any thug, gangsta, soulja, or gorilla
I'll snatch him up by his shouldas and strip off his strips
Cuz when you trill you don't trip off da hype, that ain't my type
(Chorus x3)
I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)
And in my pocket there ain't ever nothin less
And if your bitch f**k me she f**ked the rest
Cuz I'm a A B C D E O G

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/