

Young Niggas (Feat. Jadakiss & Fetty Wap)

Gucci Mane

I keep a MAC-11 on my fucking seat
Can't let them beat me up like Rodney King
I used to have a dream something like doctor King
Bought a Mag 90 with a fucking beam
'Cause these niggas killing for the letter B
These young niggas killing for the letter C
These young niggas killing for the letter P
These young niggas killing for the letter BI got money, pounds and bullets like my nigga Wee
I put my faith in God, I know that he believe in me
R.I.P. my nigga Dunk, I see you in my sleep
Remember when I used to sell like 50 bricks a week
I got some shooters and my shooters don't shoot at the knee
If you get caught without that 3 don't say you caught for me
They gave my nigga 30 years, couldn't even cop a plea
He wanna take it to the street, we can keep it street
I grab a nigga in the street, they found him on the beach
The richest street nigga living, go call Robin Leach
I scrape ace and them sixes with the Georgia Peach
Now reverend Run you better run, I practice what I preach
I knew that I could never teach or be the damn police
I keep a MAC-11 on my fucking seat
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'Cause these niggas killing for the letter B
These young niggas killing for the letter C
These young niggas killing for the letter P
These young niggas killing for the letter BT5DOA, I'm back up on the street
Probably blowing sour cuz ain't nothing sweet
I show you my power if you fuck with me
If you dead in an hour, that's just what it be
For the love of me
Killing for the letters, better get your cheddar
'Cause it's usually just worse, before it gets better
I ain't a body shooter, I'm what you call a "header"
And I hope they remember you, 'cause I'm tryna forget ya
You ain't even gotta flex, I'm still tryna stretch ya
Prayin' ain't gon' help you, just hope I don't catch ya
Stay the fuck out of my way, that's all I suggest ya
They killin' for the letter P, yeah that's that pressure
I keep a MAC-11 on my fucking seat

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These young niggas killing for the letter C
These young niggas killing for the letter P
These young niggas killing for the letter B Young niggas drilling everything they see
Young niggas juuging just to fucking eat
Young niggas dying screaming "rest in peace"
It's a cold, cold world in these fucking streets
It's a lot of young niggas that just love to P
40 with the drum, nigga, I can't wait to squeeze
When you see the Zoo comin', watch these niggas freeze
Young niggas getting money, money all I see
All I do is hear money, money all I free
It's a smooth 50k in these Robin jeans
It's a Zoovi, I'm a Gucci Mane, the fuck you mean?
I'm a young nigga living out my fucking dreams
SQUAD! I keep a MAC-11 on my fucking seat
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I used to have a dream something like doctor King
Bought a Mag 90 with a fucking beam
'Cause these niggas killing for the letter B
These young niggas killing for the letter C
These young niggas killing for the letter P
These young niggas killing for the letter B Yeah
What nigga you know get you 8-9 mixtapes while he locked up, nigga?
And he bout to come home and shut this shit down
It's too late now, nigga, don't strategize, nigga
Don't strategize now, nigga, it's too late, let's go!

Songwriters

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