

# Me OK

## Jeezy

First they tell ya "Motherfucker, trap or die", that me OK  
Mister whip or not and get a half a pie, that me OK  
Mister if I'm talkin' you should listen, game is free OK  
Mister got two whole ones and two half ones, yeah that's three OK  
Leave up out of here with two bad ones, yeah, that's me OK  
Mister re-in' up with 'bout two phantoms, yeah, that's me OK  
On that Avion to the head, hey, but me OK  
Never put a bitch before my bread, hey, now me OK I'm a fool on that Avion, snow be on that liquor  
Approach me if you want to, I will smoke ya like a Swisha  
You know my game tizight you know that's all tizzop  
Presidential day day, looking like two blocks  
They ain't know 2Pac when he was on Death Row  
All black glizzock, that 40 says leggo  
All my niggas is 'bout it, all my bitches is with it  
One call that's all, choppers pay him a visit  
Real nigga fo' sho', got a fetish for dough  
34 a unit, nine hundred, an O  
Break 'em down into zips, that's a hell of a flip  
Had 'em now they gone, guess I'm takin' a trip First they tell ya "Motherfucker, trap or die", that me OK  
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Never put a bitch before my bread, hey, now me OK When L.A. Reid was in office made some history up in Def  
Jam  
If Jizzle ain't droppin', nigga, what the fuck is Def Jam?  
I know you heard how your boy bossed up at Atlantic  
Boss shit, might just drop my next album on Atlantic  
I really hope you bitches ready, Vice-prezzy and his Presi  
Got some shit up in my bezzy, So what ya sayin'? My wrist is heavy  
All white, penthouse, yeah, like the one on Belly  
With a brown skin thing swear to God she look like Kelly  
Two door Rolls is how I'm rollin', plus you know a nigga totin'  
Keep that street nigga paper, rubber band it, it ain't foldin'  
First the XXL, read about me in the Forbes  
That's a long way from trappin' in that 4-door Accord  
Wassup First they tell ya "Motherfucker, trap or die", that me OK

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Snow can eyeball a seven, yeah you best believe without  
the scale  
I just want the mansions and the riches, yeah without the jail  
You can call me postman, don't go no where without some mail  
In and out in 20 minutes, you best believe I'm makin' bail  
Put you on designer watches, put you on designer frames  
Had you cashin' out, payin' for, you can't pronounce the name  
Had that Murcielago, it was green like margaritas  
Sold yayo, I sold albums, might as well sell some tequila  
Dropped so many Lambos, thought I was a Lam ambassador  
Dropped so many Rollies, niggas thought I owned the Rollie store  
Snow it's been a while, yeah you know them streets missed you  
I don't eat, sleep, or shit without my mothafuckin' pistol  
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