

# Mr. 17.5

## Young Jeezy

Let's do it New shoes on the range rover, good one man  
Mother\*\*\* acting like I ain't supposed to shine  
I ain't the one, definitely not the two  
One in the chamber when we're aiming at you The young Bob Barker, the price is right  
If you C.O.D. then you could get them tonight  
Put the fish scale on the scale  
If Roy went postal, all he do is check mail Low key, under the radar, triple black 'Vet, I call it the stealth  
No currency machine, I could count it myself  
Almost done, another quarter million in ones  
Thunder storm in the body tap, look what I've done  
Chump change, I make it rain for fun wussup Snow man, getcha hands up high, it's ya' boy, Mr. 17.5  
I take it back to the block, back to the kitchen, back to the pots  
Snow man, getcha hands up high, it's ya' boy, Mr. 17.5  
I take it back to the block, back to the kitchen, back to the pots I get them bars out of the back of my mind  
I reminisce like Mary J  
Even in the drought, the boy kept that yay  
A hundred percent served, snowman's word You can play my thug and my clientele, why  
I'm addicted to that new car smell  
White cookies in a plastic bag  
New shoes on the coupe with the paper tag Whole life flash right before your eyes  
See the state troopers and get butterflies  
Got a thing for them Heckler and Koches  
A minute 14 and Rolex watches Somewhere in the back of my secret deranged brain  
I get a rush when I tote that 'cane  
Get money, \*\*\* \*\*\* them haters  
All we fear is the discovery and Inditement papers, wussup Snow man, getcha hands up high, it's ya' boy, Mr.  
17.5  
I take it back to the block, back to the kitchen, back to the pots  
Snow man, getcha hands up high, it's ya' boy, Mr. 17.5  
I take it back to the block, back to the kitchen, back to the pots I'm a grown \*\*\* man, I stand on my own two  
200,000 cash, I'm buying my own team  
Right to your front door, operation so sweet  
I like little dude who keeps his money so neat But I still bury a \*\*\*  
Put The Mask on, Jim Carey a \*\*\*  
Swede ends in the Chevy, got me feelin' awkward  
Careful with the sweets, don't burn my seats You could live your whole life and not come close  
Guess that's why these rap \*\*\* take notes  
Recite my adlibs, borrow my quotes  
Make me I hop a \*\*\*, serve them with the toast

Next, they be dressing like me

But back in '93, they wasn't stressing like me, wussup Snow man, getcha hands up high, it's ya' boy, Mr. 17.5

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