

# 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  
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 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

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 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  
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 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

Davis, Radric / LUELLEN, JOSHUA / MALPHURS, JUAQUIN  
Published by  
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>