Let Me in

Young Buck

Yeah, Its 50 cent, Young Buck
G-g-g-g-g-G-UNIT!
We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end
Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again
We party, harder than you can imagine
You can run wit losers, or run wit winners and win

I feel attention when I walk in the club
G-unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug
Gimme a henny on the rocks, and a bottle of bub
I don't need security, this Gorilla enough
I came to ball wit ya'll, pop the bar and all
So bitches call ya hoes, n niggaz call ya dogs
If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight
She might neva come home again nigga, aight!
Teeth, neck, wrists all lights my lifes like
Ridin' in Ca$hville runnin all stop lights
Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin
My momma jus hadda dream of seein me in prison
My daddys a dope fein, n i don't really miss him
ain't seen him in 10 years n a nigga still livin
Tha same ol' 2 step we move to a rhythm
50 holla get em' Buck, you know I'm gunna get em'
Raaaaa!

[Chorus: x2]
I know you gonna let me shine n get mine
I know you gonna let me in wit this nine
I know you gonna let me smoke on my weed
I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D

I know I'm sinnin but I'm winnin at tha same time
Took a couple shots from a nigga tryin ta take mine
I'm back on tha block, wit a choppa n a tech nine
Niggaz shootin cops n the hood runnin stop signs
G-UNIT, The Game! Bitches doin wat tha thugs do
G's, D's, Vice, Lords, Crips n the Blooz too
Move lemme come through
It ain't a pair of handcuffs, can hold me

I'm ridin' in the ol' school listenin to some oldies
My goals keep shinin, Them hoes keep cryin
The handle of my 45 outlined in diamonds
Just left Ca$hville, bout to fly to Miami
Hopin Yayo watchin Eminem, perform at the Grammys
Niggaz like Eric Benet, prolly can't stand me, 'cause
I know money will make Halle Berry come out them panties
Bitch!

Ya'll niggaz in trouble they shoulda neva let me in (in)

[Chorus: x2]

Bet ya I can make them bounce back
Teach em' how to stunt, teach em' how to count stacks (yeah)
Now where ya hood at? Buck
If you want to, we 50 deep up in here watchu gonna do
Who want beef, I ain't come for no name callin
don't be mad 'cause we is n you ain't ballin'
Gettin' money is my motto for you broke folks
Can't spend ya whole life payin on ya car notes
It's alright if you still on the block boy
See ima cold young thug, not a hot boy
You know I do this for the streets, n my peeps thas behind bars
As soon as they come home, I'll go n buy them all cars
Young Buck!

[Chorus: x2]

We get the club jumpin' from beginning to the end
Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again
We party, harder than you can imagine
You can run wit losers, or run wit winners and win
Ah!

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by CAIN, KHARI / BROWN, DAVID DARNELL / JACKSON, CURTIS JAMES
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/