

# Nothing

## Young Jeezy

Man them young niggas killing bout nothing  
Show up at the spot with the choppers like nothin  
Full fifty shots, clear the block like nothin  
If you made it from the bottom to the top like nothing  
You don't owe a nigga nothing  
Nothing, nothing, nothing...  
You don't owe a nigga nothing  
Nothing, nothing, nothing...  
You don't owe a nigga  
Put your cups in the air, I'd like to make a toast  
In case it goes down, yeah you know I got my toast  
And when you really from the streets that's when they hate you most  
And when you really got it then that's when they hate you close  
Knew him back in the day when we was gettin money  
Now every time I see the nigga he be actin funny  
Don't you niggas see it? I'm a little pressed for time  
Wanna talk about the past, told 'em press rewind  
And I ain't feelin what you sayin ho, you out of place  
I have you feeling what I'm sprayin' yeah it's on my waist  
I'm trying to chill, smoke a couple with my lady friend  
So they can meet me at the telly in the latest Benz  
Nigga you see me getting mine, you better get yours  
Are you the one doing the serving or you gettin served?  
Or you the one doing the jackin, or you gettin jacked  
Or you the one that's goin hard or you fallin' back  
And I don't believe in falling back, bitch I'm goin hard  
They wanna see me fucked up, man I swear to God  
They praying that I fail, I'm praying that I rise  
I guess the hating didn't work so now they tellin lies  
Oh he ain't did this, and he ain't did that  
Boy keep it real wit ya self, you know he lived that  
You ain't real, you don't give em what they asking for  
Such a real nigga, what the fuck you askin' fo'  
And you don't even know a nigga, what you hating for?  
And I ain't going nowhere so what you waiting for?  
Beat the street, this rap shit cake and ice cream  
Fuck the selling words, bitch I sold ice cream  
From the bottom to the top, that's a nice dream  
How you make it out young? I had a nice scheme

And I don't owe a nigga shit, better get it right  
Just know a nigga stayed down each and every night  
Hands on, yeah I broke down my own things  
Hands on, yeah I counted up my own chains  
Fifties over here, twenties over there  
You know the rest, nigga, fives and singles everywhere

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