

# Over Here

## Young Jeezy

We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'  
See ya boys looking but y'all lame ain't tipping  
Hold up, a, yeah it's some wrong wit it  
If your money gon' nigga be the fuck on wit it And don't worry 'bout what the fuck we smokin' over here  
Don't worry 'bout what the fuck we drankin' over here  
Don't worry 'bout who the fuck was standing over here  
Don't worry 'bout how the fuck we dancing over here I'm in a new SS and the tag still on it  
And the pussy niggaz hating 'cause all the hoes on it  
She ask me why I looked so mean  
I said, "The Benz just boosted up to my self-esteem" Nigga I'm the shit and if I ain't y'all let me think what I  
think  
Matter of fact tell the waitress let me drink when I drink  
Nigga think I ain't, no need to brag  
Man these hoes love Jeezy, they just like my swag  
The way I do my thang  
I'm just a young ghetto nigga wit a big ass chain We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'  
See ya boys looking but y'all [Incomprehensible] ain't tipping  
Hold up, a, yeah it's some wrong wit it  
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Don't worry 'bout what the fuck we drankin' over here  
Don't worry 'bout who the fuck was standing over here  
Don't worry 'bout how the fuck we dancing over here Now if you feeling like a pimp dog gon' brush ya  
shoulders off  
You trapping lil' daddy gon' get them boulders off  
And I'ma teach you how to stunt  
As soon as my niggaz roll up these blunts She said, "She like my domineer"  
Between me and you I think she's digging my Beemer  
Love the way a lil' nigga spit so slick  
Plus she heard I gotta big dick that's it Yeah, put it on me girl  
Matter of fact tell ya friends put it on me girl  
Gangsta shit we got dro in the air  
Bottles of Crist', Grey Goose everywhere We getting money over here, what it do pimpin'  
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Don't worry 'bout what the fuck we drankin' over here  
Don't worry 'bout who the fuck was standing over here  
Don't worry 'bout how the fuck we dancing over here I gotta a stable full of hoes and a trap full of dealers  
A house full of bloods and a click full of killers

I'm heavy on the streets with a rep long as old Nash  
I hit a hater wit a heat from a cold gatWe posted up on a black like a street light  
Watching the money move making sure I eat right  
Dollar for dollar and dime for dime  
We out here hustle for hustle, nigga grind for grindWe got them nines in them halves  
Even them old things grinding on them hash  
Folding for doe mane and we all in the dope game, buying and selling  
You haters buying and telling, but what is my niggaz yellingWe getting money over here, what it do pimpin'  
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Don't worry 'bout who the fuck was standing over here  
Don't worry 'bout how the fuck we dancing over here

Songwriters

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