

Young G's

Young Chris (From The Young Gunz)

Intro: Biggie

Uhh check it out uhh

singing I steps in where the Mo's and the hoes at bay bee!

Fuck all that pretty shit

Takin it back to the gutter for you motherfuckers

Niggaz know the deal

Niggaz know who the Don is

Live from Bedford Stuyvesant the livest one

Peep game uhh what what

Verse One: Puff Daddy

Out of this world like Mars when I spit these bars

Come fuck with these stars up in luxury cars

We built them radars to stay free from the cops

Crucial choices to make, like A-C or the drop

Are we gonna stop? Shit man never my squad go broke

Your squad arti-choke

Watch your circle vanish like cigar smoke

Ain't no joke, when your ones don't show

Nigga I know, might say 'Been There Done That' like Dre

Through hard work I earn the vault

Promise God to never look back or I turn to salt

Got nice watches nice cars nice bitches and rings

Guess it's safe to say a nigga like me got nice things

Can't relate to motherfuckers, who ain't go no cake

When you all fucked up, and can't get no break

When your fake ass friends, don't help you out when you need it

Be on some real bullshit, politely tell you to beat it

Fuck that, get your own nigga, don't ask me for shit

That's what I did, now they all askin for hits

Nigga it's on for the simple fact I let it be known

We still fly but seperately cause now I, charter my own

Propellers, Goodfellas, leave all them playa haters jealous

Billboard charts should tell us, they can't touch us

Why niggaz bring the ruckus?

Because release day is bigger than Mandela's, motherfuckers

Chorus:

Just some ghetto boys

Living in these ghetto streets -- these ghetto streets

And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive

It's just reality

Verse Two: Jay-Z

Yeah, make you a deal, check

These here's the dog years and motherfuckers don't shed
I try to bring you life but motherfuckers want dead
So I travel with the babble, with the chrome, with the lead
Cause when it's on, then it's on, the shots flowin through your head
I been rich I been poor I saved and blown bread
Some say I been here before because of the way I zone
Some said, Jigga zone is like the fallin of Rome
Reoccurring, that he thinks like that cause he's observing
Won't be known until I'm gone and niggaz study my bones

Mentally been many places, but I'm Brooklyn's own
In the physical, onee seems, like a lost body
In fact my thoughts don't differ much from that of God body
But it's the odd shottie, that got cats, likening me
to the mob John Gotti, rap dudes bitin me cause
I got it locked like the late Bob Marley
Pardon me y'all, the great Bob Marley
Solemnly we mourn, all the rappers that's gone
Niggaz that got killed in the field and all the babies born
Know they ain't fully prepared for this New World Order
So I keep it ghetto like sunflower seeds and quarter waters
You walk em through it, you know, talk em through it
Know these beads is more than music whenever I talk to it
Destined for greatness and y'all knew this, when I doubled the pie
Had a shorty and a girdle comin out of B-W-I (in school)
I hated algebra but I loved to multiply
And I told my nigga Big I'd be multi before I die
It's gonna happen whether rappin or clappin have it your way
Cause if that's my dough you're trappin, I'm clappin your way

Chorus

Verse Three: Notorious B.I.G.

Damn it feel good to see people up on it
Flipped two keys in two weeks and didn't flaunt it
My brain is haunted, with mean dreams
GS's with BB's on it, supreme schemes, to get Richer
than Richie, quickly, niggaz wanna hit me
If they get me, dress my body in linen by Armani, check it
My lyrical carjack, make your brains splat
High caliber gats is all I fuck with, now peep the rough shit
in my circumfrence, mad bitches, with mad lucci
Bulletproof vestes under they coochie
Spittin my uzi, don't lose me, my trigga niggaz represent

Drivin dirty in J-30's gettin bent
And to my hit hoes, my murder mommies
I be smokin trees in Belize when they find me
While you still killin niggaz with punany, like heiny
and Cyrus up in Cypress fuck you raw you on the floor with the virus
While I just, slang coke, smoke pounds to choke
Got lawyers watchin lawyers so I won't go broke, now check it
Them country niggaz call me Frank White
I'm squirtin off in my loft of course I know my shit's tight
Sunrise open my eyes no surprise
Got my shorty flyin in with keys taped to her thighs
With all the utensils, who hang my china thing
She half black half oriental eighty-six she got me rental
The situation ain't accidental..
What? From a, from a young G's perspective.. (repeat 2X)
Chorus 2X to fade

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>