

## Young G's

Diddy

Uhh, check it out, uhh  
(I steps in where the Mo's and the hoes at baby)  
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

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  
Had 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 separately 'cause now I charter my own

Propellers, good fellas 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 Mandala's, motherfuckers

Just some ghetto boys  
Livin' in these ghetto streets, these ghetto streets  
And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive  
It's just reality, yeah

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, one 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 girl who'd comin' out of BWI

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

Just some ghetto boys  
Livin' in these ghetto streets  
And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive  
(Stay alive)  
It's just reality, yeah  
(Oh, reality)

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 circumference, mad bitches with mad lucci  
Bulletproof vests 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 86 she got me rental  
The situation ain't accidental  
What? From a, from a young G's perspective

Just some ghetto boys

Livin' in these ghetto streets  
And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive  
    (To fight)  
It's just reality  
    (It's just reality)

Just some ghetto boys  
Livin' in these ghetto streets  
And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive  
    (To stay alive)  
It's just reality