

Make Em Stomp

The Game

Uh-oh!
Young Buck
T.I.
Ludacris
Dirty South, yeah!

I hear him talking, but he 'bout to get that ass stomped
Watch, I get the club crunk, I'm 'a make 'em stomp
We ain't playing-wanna front? Get that ass stomped
Do it like them Dirty South boys do and stomp
Now, where you from? Who the boss? I'm 'a break him off
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off

I'm Cadillac-ing through the hood, sitting on 24s
TVs playing, rims spinning, blowing plenty dro
Don't have to mention-when you pimpin', you get plenty hoes
It's all on you if you gon' trick or you gon' get your dough
I know I got these haters mad, I can love that
When you got love for the streets, they give you love back
Look in my eyes-you can tell, I ain't never scared (Nah!)
Popping them thangs, I'm rocking my chain anywhere
If you gon' represent your hood, what you waiting on?
Security better back up when they play this song
And we 'bout 50 strong, please, don't make us do you wrong
My clique is guerrillas, they got they G-Units on (G-Unit!)
All of that mean mugging really don't mean nothing
Come on and take it outside let me see something
W-W-W-What now? Don't get b-b-b-bucked down
Stop all that hating, or this club gon' get sh-shut down

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Now, where you from? Who the boss? I'm 'a break him off
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off
Ay, ay, ay, ay, a-ay

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G-G-G-Unit! Coming straight outta Compton
Lace up my G-6s, and I'm A-Town-stomping

Got ten thousand, cash, in my pocket, let the bump in
'Cause Luda and Young Buck always getting me into something
Low-rider out front, I'm tryna get into something
Step on Banks' shoe one more time, and I'm 'a start busting
Rose-gold in my grill, I got a dirty mouth
And a bitch with a fat ass from the Dirty-Dirty South
I wasn't tryna get the cover of the Double-XL
Just trying to fuck Mya, 'cause Dre said sex sells
Don't be mad at the rocks in my fucking chain
Don't be mad 'cause your bitch chose Buck and Game
You see the logo tatted on my neck
The same one I'm autographing on the chest
Put your bottles in the air for Yayo, he on house arrest
And on behalf of 50 Cent, this is G-Unit West

Now, stomp! G-G-G-Unit!
Now, stomp! G-G-G-Unit!

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Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off (Yeah!)

Motherfucker, I'm a monster in this game, similar to the Loch Ness
My rhymes are nappy-rooted, some verses gotta process
The truth in this booth, ain't no doubts when I'm rapping
If I say it, I've either done it or it's 'bout to happen
When I pull up in the Louis truck on 26s, people dumb out
If life's a crap game, I'm rolling sevens on the come-out
These rappers think I'm ign'ant, love saying my name
'Cause maintaining my fish tank and they house cost the same
Ask me? I'll say I made it and it sure wasn't luck
Because hustlers relate to me, and some are younger than Buck
You see, I'm married to my music, but we got a pre-nup
So if that bitch don't act right, I'm still getting my cut
My deals never get screwed; my contracts practice abstinence
A master in this program, hazing these undergraduates
So pimpin', be easy; quit catching feelings
'Cause you worth a couple hundred grand, and I'm worth millions
Nobody's thinking 'bout you; plus, your beef ain't legit
So please, stay off the T-I-P of my di-ah!

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