

# Stomp

Young Buck

Uh-oooh  
Young Buck  
Dirty south, yeah

I hear him talkin' but he bout to get that ass stomp  
Watch I get the club crunk, I'mma make him stomp  
We ain't playin', wanna front? Get that ass stomp  
Do it like them dirty south boys do and stomp  
Now where you from? Who the boss? I'mma break him off  
Where you from? Who the boss? Let me break him off  
Now where you from? Who the boss? I'mma break him off  
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I'm Cadillac'in through the hood, sittin' on 24s  
TVs playin', rims spinnin', blowin' plenty dro  
Don't have to mention, when you pimpin' you get plenty hos  
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  
Poppin' them thangs, I'm rockin' my chain anywhere  
If you gon' represent your hood what you waitin' on?  
Security better back up when they play this song  
And we 'bout fifty strong, please don't make us do you wrong  
My click of guerillas, they got they G-Units on  
All of that mean muggin' really don't mean nothin'  
Come on take it outside, let me see somethin'  
Wha-wha-wha-what now? Don't get bu-bu-bucked down  
Stop all this hatin' or this club gon' get shu-shut down  
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G-G-G-Unit, comin' straight outta Compton,  
Lace up my G-6's and I'm A-Town stompin'  
Got ten-thousand cash in my pocket, let the pump in  
Cause Luda and Young Buck always gettin' me into somethin'  
Low rider out front, I'm trying to get into somethin'  
Step on Banks, shoot one more time and I'mma start bustin'  
Rows gold in my grill, I got a dirty mouth  
And a bitch with a fat ass from the dirty-dirty south  
I wasn't tryin' to get the cover of the Double XL  
Just tryin' to fuck Mya, cause Dre said sex sells  
Don't be mad at the rocks in my fuckin' 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 autographin' 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-G-Unit  
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Motherfucker,

I'm a monster in this game, similar to the Loch Ness  
My rhymes are nappy rooted, some verses got a process The truth in this boot  
h, ain't no doubts when I'm rappin'  
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 lifes a crack game I'm rolling sevens on the come out  
These rappers think I'm ignorant, love saying my name  
Cause maintainin' my fish tank and they house cost the same  
Ask me, I'd 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 prenup  
So if that bitch don't act right I'm still gettin' my cut  
My deals never get screwed, my contracts practice abstinence  
I'm masterin' this program, hazin' these undergraduates  
So pimpin' "Be Easy", quit catchin' feelings  
Cause you worth a couple hundred-grand and I'm worth millions  
Nobodys thinkin' bout you plus your beef ain't legit  
So please stay off the "T.I.P." of my dick

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