

# Take It How U Want It

Young Gunz

Rocafella's the army kid  
Your digits ain't rising fam, it's like you're lactose and tolerant  
We got fridges for the Taliban load attire man  
Betta keep ya set up million dolla man soon to be we next up  
Get wet up, I been fresh since a little one bitch I school  
The others travel from the little gun force one's  
See my rocket's set, speak my name and I cock it wet  
How can I forget see the game she the same  
I tried to get back in grats hey  
Man them bitches bought the gift and the curse and heard  
The verse off the track hey, bitches please same C won't gas me  
Your boy's classyy for those who don't know Chris  
He like hypnotics mixed with Henney he's ferocious  
Toasters right beside and clip extending ya suppose to  
Open fire on any nigga that approach us  
Fucking roaches most of my niggas from the pro-jects  
40-o-ez fuck a moette, mo' money mo' sex, no more stress  
And for the cut I take it out on my ememies, taking out all my enemies  
Any coward a friend to me, if he bring the pain, we bringing flowers  
And memories and that's real, press my hand and see if my  
Cards reveal, had to see some of the hardest squeal, ya'll guard ya grill  
Got a whole lot of loving, got a whole lot of soul  
Round a whole lot of thuggin' but baby that's how I roll  
Round a whole lot of niggas, round a whole lot of hoes  
Make a whole lot of digits becuz I'm sick with the flows  
Mamis leaving they niggas, yeah, leave wit a nigga, yeah  
They like oh that's that young nigga that Sigel be with, yeah  
I think he ready ohh girl I gotta roll it up, they be like bitch  
You can get it long as you old enough  
Block killin' me, yeah nigga, I can tell you why these thugs ride  
Tell you why these thugs die and to the day of my demise  
I'm blowing, I'm blowing my la-la-la-la-la-la, till' I come in off this high  
Till these polies appahend me, till these pricks still to me I'm doing me  
I'm running crazy through the city with the two and letting my thing  
Quake on these noonies for even think that they can do me dirty  
I'm nine cluching on the west side of Philly exchanging my war  
Story with all of my little homies playing the MOB  
Who just refuse to get a job so they back  
And forth in and out of these correctional facilities  
I'm getting phone calls from him every week, laughing  
Talking 'bout how the whole block feeling me  
And how when he coming home he ride for me  
See that used to be me so I feel him I got love  
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You can get it long as you old enough  
Yo same o' same o' they want me to work more  
Just a year ago they ain't give fuck 'bout, bot  
As far as the bank you can't get a penny up out yours  
So don't tell me shit about family, we starvin'  
You helped me stay in this group, I beg your pardon  
I started this before Chris nigga don't forget

Make he come off the hip on what you saying out cha lips  
Swelling on the past there's no telling if I'm blast  
Put it back in bags still selling to the mass  
You move fast might crash, so I move at my own pace  
Ain't no love loss 'cause I got my own taste  
You don't put no working hands off my plate  
To me that shit is snake, them referreds tell me sleep safe  
But wait, you niggas cake we don't need no fifths  
My niggas wiring up the shit  
While we tieing up the strip  
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They like oh that's that young nigga that sigel be with, yeah  
I think he ready ohh girl I gotta roll it up, they be like bitch  
You can get it long as you old enough  
Exclusive nigga take it how you want it man  
Take it from the gunners ememies won't dispute us  
They liking heat like in bermuta, I mack a broad out in cuba  
Touch ya boss then recruit cha  
Neva lost ain't a loser, been all around the world wit my nigga  
Jigga ya'll chicken scoopers plenty of times  
She ain't getting a penny of mine  
I turn your buns into the cinnamon kind wit one shot  
That one block still a envy of mine, like I ain't come from the same  
I can't run from the pain nigga, and I ain't run from a thing home  
They act a fool when they get hot, I turn the sun into rain though  
Something the game lost another one to the game  
From when bodies drop nuttin ashame  
Just a big payback boy ya  
Handguns'll bring the big K's back  
And spray back about a hundred and change  
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I think he ready ohh girl I gotta roll it up, they be like bitch  
You can get it long as you old enough  
You dudes ain't 'bout nothing but you front and you're lame  
Since I was young and if I want it I claim and I got that  
Niggas start blobbin' off names where my block at  
So I got a spot in the game off my profit  
And I lock that ya'll cant do it no betta so why not get  
Soon to be legends Roc-A-Fella's the label property's  
The crew that I'm reppin', two in possession like  
Who wanna test us huh?  
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