

Bout That

Young Jeezy

I put them Os in the microwave but ye ain't 'bout that there
Talk a whole brick of white today but ye ain't 'bout that there
Got a that Muller on my wrist today but ye ain't 'bout that there
You made me fuck your bitch today cause ye ain't bout that there
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Star let the hammer go, I ain't talkin' 'bout astrology
For any pussy got it, lil bitch you owe me an apology
Only talkin' bout that trappin' shit, I opened up the door for that
I coulda stopped at 101, tell me who shit comin' close to that
But you know how the saying goes how I cut the tape make a wish
Call your clientele, say I'm 'bout to make your favorite dish
My wrists can't keep my arms close, yeah I'm talkin' Arnold Schwarzenegger
Dropped the mixtapes, changed the game
Whoever thought it'd be a Georgia nigga?
Jumped off the porch but I landed on my feet
It's real in the field, went and bought a set of cleats
See it in the air nigga, yeah the crib like Disneyland
Eight shots since I started, guess I've been a busy man

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Jumped off the porch at eleven, bitch I been bout it
I'm gang gang I been solid, go Bin Laden on anybody
Talkin' all that shit and we gon' have to talk to you in private
What block you in, we gon' spin around it
Leave dead bodies, fuck them zombies
Goddamn, and you ain't bout that life, not the combat life
Take the cops advice and don't stop at lights
Oh God I want it all, night flight, on the wall like flies
And I ball like Mike, you on the side like Spike
Goddamn, red handkerchief
All bout this bangin' shit
We breakin' down cocaine and shit
You better not be explainin' shit
She say she 'bout that freaky shit
She love me if I hand her shit
We movin' slow and thinkin' quick
You ain't about that gangsta shit, goddamn

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Bitch I'm still winnin', yeah it's like I got some trick dice
That pussy so and so I don't hit that bitch twice
You heard about what's-her-name? Ran off on the plug, right
Caught him and they opened up his top like a muglite
Posted in the spot, look like a zebra with these damn stripes
Hopped out the Porsche like fuck The Source
I still ain't get them five mics
Find a nigga better
If you let a nigga know the nigga
Yeah, I hear the shit they talking
It ain't like a nigga slippin'
Nigga I can make it hustlin and I can make it rappin'
On the gram with a pic, now that's a mean caption
Now what you know about that 36
I can make it double, hoe
They hit you when you ballin'
They don't see you when you struggle tho

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