

## 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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