

# Delusional

Young Jeezy

Ralph Sims, having been duly sworn was examined and testified as follows

"Why are you in custody right now?"

"I'm charged with a conspiracy case."

"What kind of conspiracy?"

"Cocaine."

"All these people in Government's Exhibit 10-C. Do you belong to the same group?"

"Yes."

"BMF?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember to where someone told you to hand bricks to someone?"

"Yes."

"Jeezy."

"Jeezy?"

"Yes."

"We've heard some in this trial about a possible musician named Young Jeezy."  
"

Yeah

"Are you referring to the same person?"

"Yes."

J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League

We all knew the code

How you just gon' let the submarine just implode?

I was trap or dyin', gettin' money on the road

Bagged money, Magic City throwin' money on the pole

And even back then I was mindin' my business

Fast-forward now I'm still mindin' my business

I'ma 'pologize in advance right motherfuckin' now

For all this cap shit y'all gotta witness

Niggas talkin' 'bout that I turned my back

Y'all ain't give me no choice, shit, I ain't look back

Any nigga with some common sense would've done the same thing

Yeah, that's on Big Bank, Big Facts

What I'm supposed to do? Sit in jail 'bout a nigga?

What I'm supposed to do? Sit in hell 'bout a nigga?

Niggas can't tell me they wouldn't have did the same damn thing

Ain't no way in hell, my nigga

Man, these niggas is delusional

It is what it is, it's the way it's gotta be

It went how it went but y'all hatin' on me

Mindin' my business, why they hatin' on me?

But the world gon' see

Man, these niggas is delusional

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Niggas actin' like I ain't hit my own capers

Niggas actin' like I ain't had my own paper

Niggas actin' like I hit Stokers, 1-12, Vision with 'em, turned 'round, asked for a loan later

Welcome home, Bear, shout out to lil' man

Westside Blu, yeah, I had my own team  
Sleepin' in my California king in my penthouse behind Phipps Plaza, yeah, I  
had my own dreams  
Put my blood and my tears in them motherfuckin' words  
Popeyes west with the motherfuckin' birds  
Then you got the nerve to try to call me a rapper  
That's just like the Oscars tryna call me a "actor"

What, you wanted me to go to jail, my nigga?  
So we can go half on a cell, my nigga?  
Can't tell me they wouldn't have did the same damn thing  
Ain't no way in hell, my nigga

Man, these niggas is delusional  
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