

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 Strokers, 1-12, Vision with 'em, turned 'round, aks ed for a loan later
Welcome home, Bear, sout 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

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