Don't Forget

Young Jeezy

I'ma tell you three bitch-ass hustlers that I don't like
One of 'em is a bitch-ass nigga who just got a job and with his first check he gon' score some dope and quit
Then you see his bitch-ass two weeks later, now he dead broke on his ass
Now you ain't got no job, bitch-ass nigga

One, get some paper (Paper), two, ya get some more (Some more)
Three, it's time to put them burglar bars on the doors (Fo' sho)
Five, watch for 12, nigga, they gon' kick it in (In)
Six is for the 1st, my nigga, what you tryna spend? (Tryna spend)
Seven, don't ever put that pot down, nigga (Nah)
Eight, don't forget 'bout how that Glock sound, nigga (Nah)
Nine, sucker snitches bring your stock down, nigga (Nigga)
Ten, don't forget to let your top down, nigga (Let's go)

Them ninas is sixty-five, you what that nigga spent? (Woo)
We countin' them blessings, nigga, we know that they heaven sent
My future I'm manifestin' is all in this vision board
When you're willin' to risk it all that's when you know that your vision bold (Ha-haa)
All this Spam and Ramen noodles, I swear that shit gettin' old (Old)
All them stamps in the middle, nigga, just like a centerfold (Yeah)
Stepped on like Sigma Phi, that shit'll be hard to sell (Yeah)
Wrapped up like Saint Nick, sometime it be hard to tell (Tell)
Servin' in front of church so I can pray for my sins (Woo)
Sorry to bother, Lord, but I want that black Benz (Yeah)
Pray I can call the pug, cash out a flat ten (Ten)
Plug get to playin', though, I'ma show 'em that MAC-10

Second one is old hustle-to-get-high-ass nigga
Buy a motherfuckin' ounce of weed and tryna sell half of it and smoke the rest
Bitch-ass nigga, you gon' get them old skimpy-ass sacks away from me, bitch-ass nigga

One, get some paper (Paper), two, ya get some more (Some more)
Three, it's time to put them burglar bars on the doors (Fo' sho)
Five, watch for 12, nigga, they gon' kick it in (In)
Six is for the 1st, my nigga, what you tryna spend? (Tryna spend)
Seven, don't ever put that pot down, nigga (Nah)
Eight, don't forget 'bout how that Glock sound, nigga (Nah)
Nine, sucker snitches bring your stock down, nigga (Nigga)
Ten, don't forget to let your top down, nigga (Let's go, yeah)

Blue when they wrapped right, got smoked like a crack pipe (Damn)
If I'm playin' with it, they gave 'em that act-right (Woo)
My cousin was traffickin', he got stopped for a tail light (Damn)
He went in and came out, never said what that cell like (Nah)
'Cause when he was in middle school, start hustlin' and dropped out
Public defender, he caught a case and he copped out
Little light skin what's-his-name, he was gettin' his bread right (Yeah)
Smoked him on Madden Ave, he got killed by the egg fight (Woo)
What about chitty-chat? He be keepin' that bread on him
I be keepin' my distance, though, 'cause I heard the feds on him
An apartment with Ceddy-boy, he taught me to stretch that (Stretch that)
Long live his brother Alph, where the fuck was his vest at?

The third one is an old dope fiend-ass nigga who be bringin' you a lick
And every time they bring you somethin' they ask for somethin'
"Yeah, you know I brought them to you, drop me somethin'"
Yo, get yo' bitch-ass away from me, ho-ass nigga

One, get some paper (Paper), two, ya get some more (Some more)
Three, it's time to put them burglar bars on the doors (Fo' sho)
Five, watch for 12, nigga, they gon' kick it in (In)
Six is for the 1st, my nigga, what you tryna spend? (Tryna spend)
Seven, don't ever put that pot down, nigga (Nah)
Eight, don't forget 'bout how that Glock sound, nigga (Nah)
Nine, sucker snitches bring your stock down, nigga (Nigga)
Ten, don't forget to let your top down, nigga (Let's go, yeah)

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!