

## Plug On Em

Young Jeezy

Oh, what a feelin' with the stars in the ceiling  
Smokin' Cubans in the lobby 'cause you own the whole building  
All the hate and the envy got these niggas in they feelings  
They wishing you was dead but you just made a killing  
Close my eyes and proceed to manifest  
Dieme bulletproof Louis V vest  
What I studied in the streets so I knowin' it's a test  
Back when I was chicken flipping, twelve bands for a breast

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Nine hunnid for the wings, three bands for the thighs  
Take it out the pot same color as the fries  
Still havin' motion, why y'all acting so surprised?  
Same job, same work, why y'all acting so deprived?  
Get my money, mind my business, I'm just tryna catch a vibe  
Ninth inning, bases loaded, y'all gon' make a nigga slide  
Undisclosed location, I don't really do it live  
Y'all be doin' to much, that ain't how you stay alive

They say I fell what, they can go ahead and stop it  
Just like this hundred grand, yeah, I'm always in pocket  
Used to sell 'em in the wrap but double it when you rock it  
But keep that stick with ya in case them niggas outta pocket  
I sat alone and prayed so many nights  
White seats, white Rolls, I played so many nights  
Hopped out with that new AP, turn off the lights  
Mister own half of my city, my future bright  
Ain't shit changed from blocks to flipping buildings  
Just know I put 'em all in my trust, that's for my children  
Them pussies throwing so many stones, could build a building  
But fuck them niggas, proving 'em wrong is I'm skilled in  
Picture this, ya boy at the stove, look like I'm fishing  
Tryna get an extra nine out them Os, that's what I'm wishing  
The irony of white squares in the attic nowadays  
White face no stones in the Patek, come on

Got a fetish for them rubber bands  
Sanitizer for the dirty money in my hands  
And all my blues got blood on 'em  
And the bottles of the Yak, I got a plug on 'em

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Boss shit, that's what I do, you know I do it best  
Right hand tied, I start whipping with the left  
Life sentence, nigga, know I'm balling to the death

Only thing I never made a mill' on is meth

That Phantom ride better when you beatin' all the odds  
That liquor taste taste better when you beatin' all the frauds  
Got dealt a bad hand but you still play your cards  
That's when you really real when you really live your bars  
And yeah, that's on God and the rest is on me  
You really got it out the mud, that's when you know that shit P  
Don't cost shit to hate, that's how you know that shit free  
Black trucks back to back, that's how you know that shit me

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