

## And Then What

Young Jeezy

First I'm going to stack my flow  
Then I'm going to stack some more  
Close shop then I do my count  
Hide the rest of the yams at my auntie house  
Get fresh and jump in one of them cars  
Hit the club and get one of them broads  
It's a wrap we on the way to the house  
By 3:45 I'll be kicking her out

Patty cake patty cake microwave  
These suckas make a square, god damn I'm paid  
I'm so cool but I'm so hot and I'm so fly and you is so not  
Show me what your working with, just like that  
Turn around, bend over, bring it back  
Snowman and Mannie Fresh bring it back  
So Mannie Fresh and Snowman, it's a rap

Wrap it up in the club, ya I'm so crazy  
These other rappers actors like Patrick Swayze  
I try to tell them but these niggas aint hear me  
Mossberg pump, i'm riding shotgun literally  
Live from the projects, you know what it is  
Hey Snowman can I get an adlib  
Get the club crunk, cant take that from me  
A drop ya, still got a lil jon money

First I'm going to stack my flow  
Then I'm going to stack some more  
Close shop then I do my count  
Hide the rest of the yams at my auntie house  
Get fresh and jump in one of them cars  
Hit the club and get one of them broads  
It's a wrap on the way to the house  
By 3:45 I'll be kicking her out

I see you lookin, what you looking at  
Catch Snowman in the kitchen with his cooking ass  
I'm so clean but I'm so grimey  
So dirty but yet I'm so shiney  
My nigga, Kiki B told me me finish my meal  
Def jam 7 figures we can finish the deal  
Some say I lucked up I call it perfect timing  
Nigga, I can't lose the whole city's behind me

First I'm going to stack my flow  
Then I'm going to stack some more  
Close shop then I do my count  
Hide the rest of the yams at my auntie house  
Get fresh and jump in one of them cars  
Hit the club and get one of them broads  
It's a wrap on the way to the house  
By 3:45 I'll be kicking her out

I got million dollar dreams and federal nightmares  
We pop chris my niggas and still drink beer  
What did you expect man I came from nothing  
Real street niggas wouldnt change for nothing

Got my nigga out the hood, it's such a wonderful feeling  
Three car garage with the twelve foot ceilings  
It ought to be a crime just to feel this good  
I swear it ought to be a crime just to be in this hood

First I'm going to stack my flow  
Then I'm going to stack some more  
Close shop then I do my count  
Hide the rest of the yams at my auntie house  
Get fresh and jump in one of them cars  
Hit the club and get one of them broads  
It's a wrap on the way to the house  
My 345 I be king of the house