

Beez Like

Young Jeezy

Time for the fallen soldiers
Can't have a war without casualties, you know?
For everybody goin' through the struggle, you know
Real shit everyday, everyday shit is real
(Every hood, every ghetto, every block, every trench)
I know how you feel, yeah, look

I been out here grindin' so long
But still I had to find my way on my own
I could tell you what it beez like
I could tell you what it beez like
I'm a true hustler, all that I know
So I can make it anywhere that I go
I could tell you what it beez like
I could tell you what it beez like-like, beez like

Straight from the hood, got a get money fetish
Pocket full of green, nigga, like a head of lettuce
Put the work in a bag, make a yayo sandwich
Then we go and spread it through the hood like Manwich
One thing about it, we gon' get this bread
When you knew shit was real? When they found a rat dead
Right around the corner where us young niggas hustled at
Right by the stop sign, that's where they was bussin' at
When you come here with nothin', gotta learn how to provide
Carlo had a Benz 'fore he was old enough to drive
Losin' 10, 20 every night, gamblin' ain't nothin'
And ya nigga got killed takin' up for his cousins
When you knew shit was real? Drop outfit in the feds
Still 8 years and a nigga shot him dead
On the humbug, left him slumped in his car
Everybody got a day, don't matter who you are

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Stove water, heat cold water
Knew I'd touch a bird when I got my first quarter
Sell water to a well, nigga
Cold nights, cold hearts, tough love, that's what it be like in jail, nigga
Mama crying at my visit cause she care for me
Daughter just had her period, ain't there for her
Know how to have a girl you know just gon' hold ya back
But the pussy so good you keep goin' back
Hurt when ya main man turned rat
Make the whole la familia turn hot like that
Any city, any block, any boulevard
I survive, no lie, I'm a ghetto boy
I could tell ya bout the dos and don'ts
I make it anywhere I go, so lose I won't
I can tell ya bout the hard time when ya really need it

Been grindin' so long, still had to call Jeezy

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Straight from the bottom, tryna make it to the top
What the gov'ment don't give you, gotta get it from the block
Feel like a bad boy cause this shit don't stop
Street so dirty, need a muhfuckin' mop, uh oh!
Lil homie, stay focused, handle ya business
Don't talk to them niggas around you, might be a witness
Don't tell the dishwasher what you did with' ya dishes
Don't tell these snitchin' niggas what you did with' ya riches
Niggas is hopin' they see Christmas
But, if we just happen to don't, we hope you miss us
Santa raised all seven them kids, didn't miss a meal
She work them fingers right to the bone, didn't miss a bill
Niggas 649, let's make a deal
See, one thing bout countin' this money, it make ya feel
See, I used to get 'em right from the source, got 'em direct
The same nigga that had a connect, he in the set

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