

Seen It All

Young Jeezy

I said you already know nigga, young gotta flow
Before rap, Young really got dough
Before rap, Young really seen snow
In the kitchen 'bout to make some magic
Then blow it all in magic, Pull up to my partner in traffic
Gave it to him, it was all in plastic
All I know, I ain't tryna go to jail
Heard that shit closest thing to hell
When it's stepped on make it hard to sell
When you been where I been, make it hard to fail
'Cause I'm the realest nigga in this
Y'all know it first nigga hitting magic in that 6-45
Love to say Jizzle nigga, stay in new shit
Where everybody black back 'cause that nigga can't drive
Doors open up I emerge with ten chains
Even back then they was calling me ten chains
Ask me what I spent, I tell 'em it's no thing
If I had to add it up, it'da cost like ten things
We used to take a little show money just to throw money
If it's on the floor nigga, it's the floor money
If you brought it out to blow, and you got it from the blow
Then that's why the fuck they call that shit blow money
Still the realest nigga in this, y'all know it
Carrying one hundreds 'til the day I came through
Nigga hit me up saying "going out of town"
So I threw him fifty thou, told him "bring me back two"
Not only got my fingers crossed, I prayed
Called this little piece up, got laid
Then he walked in, threw them both on the table said
"Fuck that shit, young nigga get paid"
Then I whipped the Benzo on Lorenzo
Stay down nigga you don't talk like ten toes
Hoes see me in this big pretty mothafucka
Bet I leave the parking lot with about ten hoes

I done seen it all
Yay stack seven feet tall
Swear it look white like a wall
What you know about thumbing through them hunnits, twenties and them fifties
Spending tens and the fives at the mall?
I done seen it all

20/20 Pyrex vision
Catch a contact standing next to my kitchen
Hear the 20s, 50s, hundreds, the money machine clickin'
And my Rollie ain't tickin', I ball
I done seen it all

Uncle died on the spot
Pop killed the family with heroine shots
Gave my life to the block
Figured I get shot least I die on top
I came alive in the drop
Big body all white shit looked like a yacht
I got a five grand a pop
I had a plug in Saint Thomas on a trillion watts
Flew him back to the states park 92 bricks in front of 5 60 state

Now the Nets don't throw from where I used to throw bricks
So it's only right I'm still tossing 'round Knicks, uh
Probably want your auntie a couple bags
I probably front your uncle a couple halves
Was in the S-Class you was just in class
You know I was finna blow like a meth lab
Expanded the operation out in Maryland
Me & Emory Jones in the caravan
Took the show on the road out in VA
Dropped a couple off with Rolla in the PA (Real Rolla!)
Plug got shot started slowing up
Took a trip down there to see how he was holding up
The wars on now he got shot again
This time he was gone for good then we got it in
Emory got knocked we was down 10
The whole team hot, walls closin' in
Nigga's can't tell me shit about this dope game
'Bout this cocaine, man I done seen it all

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