

# I'm a G

Yung Joc

Is that right?  
Block  
Hustlenomic\$  
BNT ho!  
A G is what a G does bay, my momma told me that  
BNT ho!  
Dro, Bun-B, Yung Joc... let's go

I'm the seventh letter of the alphabet (I'm a G)  
And in my pocket there ain't ever nothing less  
And if your bitch fuck me she fucked the rest  
'cause I'm a A B C D E F G

You can catch me in the A  
Check my DNA  
What can I say? I'm a G 100% all the way  
The block on lock, jet like the chain gang  
The hustlenomic\$ piece back and forth when the chain swang  
I'm blowin' granddaddy just so I can maintain  
I'm a G and I'll tell you bitch the same thing  
Middle finger to you pussies, nigga no shame  
'77 Chevelle, same color cocaine  
And I a true balla and G playing in the deck  
Out with the young nigga, get money and respect  
You in that name droppin' get you and yo mans wet  
Nigga I'm a G now who the fuck you think you playing with?

Aiyyo, pull up on the scene  
Bitch I'm cleaner than chlorine  
Blockstar comin' I'm proud of sellin' Codeine  
Shootin' nigga yeah I'm from north streets no bean  
Work for some of my cousins down in Florida and they ain't boring

All I want is some more cream, my wrist on jack frost  
Tellin' me when they see me, my wrist on jack frost  
I ain't gotta say how much the mother fuckin bet cost  
30" Ashantis on the Escalade 'lac cost  
Bitch I'm from the projects you can't miss me with that rep talk  
Catch me up on 6th road tearin' up the asphalt  
Took a lot of cash and walked  
Jury, scarred me  
Eights on the the donk make it hard to steering wheel  
Swingin' on them niggas, swear I gotta feel some fury  
Trapping at the hotel, you can catch me at the jewelry  
A general and surely man I seem pearly  
I got this shit locked, tell mom don't worry

You see me hop out of a '08 somethin' on 24's  
Rockin' in newest the newest earrings, next seasons clothes  
I guess that's the reason ho's stop drop tuck and roll  
Like an inferno they turn over and suck a pole  
I'm so fuckin' cold I give a polar bear frost bite  
You see my jewelry, you know what it cost right?  
You see my jewelry, it's bigger than your arm so  
No tryin' foolery and you won't see the palm blow  
Me the bomb ho, Yung Joc got the work, I need some hydro smoke and dro got t  
he purp

Let me hear them on the church and orchestra rendez vous  
We meet some boppas, bottles, and don't forget the bumping too  
Yeah, you know who's keeping it thriller  
Just name any thug, gangsta, soul-ja, or guerilla  
I'll snatch him up by his shoulders and strip off his strips  
'cause when you trill you don't trip off the height, that ain't my type

[Chorus x3]