

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]