

# Young G's (feat. The Notorious B.I.G. & Jay-Z)

## Puff Daddy & The Family

Uhh, check it out, uhh  
[singing] I steps in where the Mo's and the hoes at bay-bee!  
Fuck all that pretty shit  
Takin it back to the gutter for you motherfuckers  
Niggaz know the deal  
Niggaz know who the Don is  
Live from Bedford-Stuyvesant, the livest one  
Peep game, uhh, what, what  
Out of this world like Mars, when I spit these bars  
Come fuck with these stars up in luxury cars  
We built them radars to stay free from the cops  
Crucial choices to make, like A-C or the drop  
Are we gonna stop? Shit man never my squad go broke  
Your squad arti-choke  
Watch your circle vanish like cigar smoke  
Ain't no joke, when your ones don't show  
Nigga I know, might say 'Been There Done That' like Dre  
Through hard work I earn the vault  
Promise God to never look back or I turn to salt  
Got nice watches nice cars nice bitches and rings  
Guess it's safe to say a nigga like me got nice things  
Can't relate to motherfuckers, who ain't go no cake  
When you all fucked up, and can't get no break  
When your fake ass friends, don't help you out when you need it  
Be on some real bullshit, politely tell you to beat it  
Fuck that, get your own nigga, don't ask me for shit  
That's what I did, now they all askin for hits  
Nigga it's on for the simple fact I let it be known  
We still fly but seperately cause now I, charter my own  
Propellers, Goodfellas, leave all them playa haters jealous  
Billboard charts should tell us, they can't touch us  
Why niggaz bring the ruckus?  
Because release day is bigger than Mandela's, motherfuckers  
Just some ghetto boys  
Living in these ghetto streets -- these ghetto streets  
And everyday they gotta fight to stay alive  
It's just reality Yeah, make you a deal, check  
These here's the dog years and motherfuckers don't shed  
I try to bring you life but motherfuckers want dead  
So I travel with the babble, with the chrome, with the lead  
Cause when it's on, then it's on, the shots flowin through your head  
I been rich I been poor I saved and blown bread  
Some say I been here before because of the way I zone

Some said, Jigga zone is like the fallin of Rome  
Reoccurring, that he thinks like that cause he's observing  
Won't be known until I'm gone and niggaz study my bones  
Mentally been many places, but I'm Brooklyn's own  
In the physical, onee seems, like a lost body  
In fact my thoughts don't differ much from that of God body  
But it's the odd shottie, that got cats, likening me  
to the mob John Gotti, rap dudes bitin me cause  
I got it locked like the late Bob Marley  
Pardon me y'all, the great Bob Marley  
Solemnly we mourn, all the rappers that's gone  
Niggaz that got killed in the field and all the babies born  
Know they ain't fully prepared for this New World Order  
So I keep it ghetto like sunflower seeds and quarter waters  
You walk em through it, you know, talk em through it  
Know these beads is more than music whenever I talk to it  
Destined for greatness and y'all knew this, when I doubled the pie  
Had a shorty and a girdle comin out of B-W-I (in school)  
I hated algebra but I loved to multiply  
And I told my nigga Big I'd be multi before I die  
It's gonna happen whether rappin or clappin have it your way  
Cause if that's my dough you're trappin, I'm clappin your way  
Damn it feel good to see people up on it  
Flipped two keys in two weeks and didn't flaunt it  
My brain is haunted, with mean dreams  
GS's with BB's on it, supreme schemes, to get Richer  
than Richie, quickly, niggaz wanna hit me  
If they get me, dress my body in linen by Armani, check it  
My lyrical carjack, make your brains splat  
High caliber gats is all I fuck with, now peep the rough shit  
in my circumfrence, mad bitches, with mad lucci  
Bulletproof vestes under they coochie  
Spittin my uzi, don't lose me, my trigga niggaz represent  
Drivin dirty in J-30's gettin bent  
And to my hit hoes, my murder mommies  
I be smokin trees in Belize when they find me  
While you still killin niggaz with punany, like heiny  
and Cyrus up in Cypress fuck you raw you on the floor with the virus  
While I just, slang coke, smoke pounds to choke  
Got lawyers watchin lawyers so I won't go broke, now check it  
Them country niggaz call me Frank White  
I'm squirtin off in my loft of course I know my shit's tight  
Sunrise open my eyes no surprise  
Got my shorty flyin in with keys taped to her thighs  
With all the utensils, who hang my china thing  
She half black half oriental eighty-six she got me rental  
The situation ain't accidental.  
What? From a, from a young G's perspective. [repeat 2X]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>