

# Seen It All (feat. JAY Z)

Jeezy

Cardo got wings! 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  
Valet say "Jizzle nigga, stay in new shit"  
But everybody bach 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  
Even 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, its the floor money  
If you brought it out to blow, when 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  
Kept it one hundred 'til the day I came through  
My nigga hit me up saying "going out of town"  
So I threw him fifty thou, told him "bring me back two"  
Not only had 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, yeah, I'm talking 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 the hundreds  
20s and the 50s, 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 heroin shots (Real shit)  
Gave my life to the block  
Figured I get shot 'least I die on top (Real shit)  
I came alive in the drop  
Big body all white, shit looked like a yacht (Real shit)  
I got 'em five grand a pop  
Had a plug in Saint Thomas on a trillion watts (Trill shit)  
Flew him back to the States  
Park 92 bricks in front of 560 State  
Now the Nets a stone throw from where I used to throw bricks  
So it's only right I'm still tossing 'round Knicks  
Probably brought your auntie a couple bags  
I probably front your uncle a couple halves  
I 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 and 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 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 closing in  
Niggas can't tell me shit about this dope game  
'Bout this cocaine, man I done seen it all Yay stack seven feet tall  
Swear it look white like a wall  
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20s and the 50s, spending tens and the fives at the mall?  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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