

# Let Me In

## Young Buck

Yeah, Its 50 cent, Young Buck  
G-g-g-g-g-G-UNIT!  
We keep the club jumpin' from beginning to the end  
Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again  
We party, harder than you can imagine  
You can run wit losers, or run wit winners and win  
(1-Young Buck) I feel attention when I walk in the club  
G-unit to the socks, bitches all on a thug  
Gimme a henny on the rocks, and a bottle of bub  
I dont need security, Dis Four-Nickel enough  
I came to ball wit ya'll, pop the bar and all  
So bitches call ya hoes, n niggaz call ya dogs (I'm here)  
If you love ya wife keep her at home tonight  
She might neva come home again nigga, aight!  
Teeth, neck, wrists all lights my lifes like  
Ridin' in Ca\$hville and runnin all stop lights?  
Homie is that real, I pray I keep livin  
My momma jus hadda me in prison  
My daddys a dope.  
Aint seen him in 10 years n a nigga still livin  
Tha same ol' 2 step we move to a rhythm  
50 holla get em' Buck, you know im gunna get em'  
Raaaaa!()  
I know you gonna let me shine n get mine  
I know you gonna let me in wit this nine  
I know you gonna let me smoke up my weed  
I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D  
I know you gonna let me shine n get mine  
I know you gonna let me in wit this nine  
I know you gonna let me smoke up my weed  
I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D(2-Young Buck)  
I know im sinnin but im winnin at tha same time  
Took a couple shots from sum niggas tryin ta take mine  
I'm back on tha block, wit a choppa n a tech nine  
Niggaz shootin cops n the hood runnin stop signs  
G-UNIT, The Game! Bitches doin wat tha thugs do  
G's, D's, Vice, Lords, Crips n the Bloodz too  
Move lemme come through  
Aint a pair of handcuffs, can hold me  
I'm ridin' in the ol' school listenin to some oldies  
My goals be shinin, Them hoes be cryin  
They handle of my 45 outlined in diamonds

Just left Ca\$hville, bout to fly to Miami  
Helpin Yayo watchin Eminem perform at the Grammys  
Niggaz like Eric Benet, prolly cant stand me  
I know money will make Halle Berry come outa them panties  
Bitch!(Bridge)  
Ya'll niggaz in trouble they shoulda neva let me in (in)()  
I know you gonna let me shine n get mine  
I know you gonna let me in wit this nine  
I know you gonna let me smoke up my weed  
I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D I know you gonna let me shine n get mine  
I know you gonna let me in wit this nine  
I know you gonna let me smoke up my weed  
I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D(3-Young Buck)  
Bet ya I can make them bounce back  
Teach em' how to stunt, teach em' how to count stacks (yeah)  
Now where ya hood at? Buck If you want to, we 50 deep up in here watchu gonna do  
Who want beef, I aint come for no name callin  
Dont be mad cuz we is n you aint ballin' (get money)  
Gettin' money is my motto for you broke folks  
Can't spend ya whole life payin on ya car note  
It's alright if you still on the block boy  
See imma cold young thug, not a hot boy  
You know I do this for the streets, n my peeps thas behind bars  
As soon as they come home, I'll go n buy them all cars  
Young Buck!()  
I know you gonna let me shine n get mine  
I know you gonna let me in wit this nine  
I know you gonna let me smoke up my weed  
I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D  
I know you gonna let me shine n get mine  
I know you gonna let me in wit this nine  
I know you gonna let me smoke up my weed  
I know you gonna let me drink wit no I.D  
(-50 cent)  
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Go shawty, we back up in this bitch again  
We party, harder than you can imagine  
You can run wit losers, or run wit winners and win  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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