

## Mr. 17.5

Young Jeezy

(AYYYEE, AY, AY, AYYEE....)

New shoes on the range rover, good one man (vrrooomm)  
Motherfuckers acting like I aint' supposed to shine  
I aint' the 1, definately not the 2 (nope)  
1 in the chamber when we aming at you (Blaou)  
The young Bob Barker, the price is right  
If you C.O.D. then you could get them tonight  
Put the fish scale on the scale  
If Roy went postal, all he do is check mail (HA HA)  
Low key, under the radar  
Tripple black 'Vet, yeah I call it the stealth  
No currency machine, I could count it myself  
Almost done, another quarter million in ones  
Thunder storm in the body-tap, look what I've done  
Chump change, I make it rain for fun (wussup)

Snow man, get cha' hands up high  
It's ya' boy, Mr. 17-5  
I take it back to the block, back to the kitchen, back to the pots  
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I get them bars out of the back of my mind (that's how)  
I reminisce like Mary J  
Even in the drought, the boy kept that yay  
100 percent served, Snowman's word  
You can play my thug and my clientele (why)  
I'm addicted to that new car smell  
White cookies in a plastic bag  
New shoes on the coupe with the paper tag  
Whole life flash right before your eyes  
See the state troopers and get butterflies  
Got a thing for them Heckler and Koches  
A minute 14 and Rolex watches  
Somewhere in the back of my secret deranged brain  
I get a rush when I tote that 'cane  
Get money, Nigga fuck them haters  
All we fear is the discovery and Inditement papers (wussup)

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I'm a grown ass man, I stand on my own two  
200,000 cash, yeah, I'm buying my own team  
Right to your front door, operation so sweet  
I like little dude who keeps his money so neat  
But I still bury a nigga  
Put The Mask on, Jim Carey a nigga (Blaou)  
Swede ends in the Chevy, got me feelin akward  
Careful with the sweets, dont burn my seats  
You could live your whole life and not come close

Guess thats why these rap niggaz take notes  
Rectite my adlibs, borrow my quotes  
Make me Ihop a nigga, serve them with the toast  
Next, they be dressing like me  
But back in '93, they wasn't stressing like me (wussup)

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