Welcome Back

Young Jeezy

Yeah, I told you niggas Welcome back, yeah niggas Welcome back, I told y'all I was coming back niggas Welcome back, I want it down below, homies, let's go

Welcome back Guess who's back and he is shinin' on you niggas Welcome back Guess who's back and he is stuntin' on you hoes

Welcome back Yeah, I'm back and I'm shinin' on you niggas Welcome back Yeah, I'm back and I'm stuntin' on these hoes

Been on my grizzy but now I'm back in the place And if you show me the money I'll put this brick in your face And if ya ain't got mo money I'll put this strap in your face And believing these niggas is like a slap in the face Welcome back

Guess what I don't give a fuck None of these niggas real as me, I think I might line 'em up Fuck you, man, he ain't shit, what you say? Suck a dick 'Scuse me if I'm bein' rude, let me check my attitude

'Scuse me Mr. Attitude, why you got an attitude? Can't stand the rapper niggers thinking that it's trap a nigga These never ever, never ever, never had a pack niggas I'm tellin' you what they do to you

What's happening? Wut up dude? I've been done, you too slow I'm too fast, movin' like slim fast Keep my Ronald Williams cash in a black Chevy bag

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So kind, so kind, thank you very much What the fuck is goin' on? Actin' like I lost touch I ain't never lost touch, dam' sure ain't lost much Mater of fact I still got it, yeah you know I'm still ballin' Catch me in my black T but I'm a business man Catch me at the kitchen table weighing out my business plan Young what your dentist plan, none your fuckin' business man What's wrong with your pussy niggas, needin' my opinions, man

Okay, here we go again Street status necessary, start talking blow again Got that bureau if the niggas sellin' blow again Streets think it's necessary that a nigga blow a man

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In my yayo in my kitchen, sky storch every where White fat black top, Kung Foo Panda bear Call me sense, I got the taiquondo My Angelina shit, I want that Brad Pitt dough

I said it's so funny, same time snow money Ain't nuthin' funny, bitch, I'm on my money shit A movie star bitch, we can make our own flick I just came to beat it down, you play with your own shit

Yeah, okay, I'm 'bout to wild out Call it a V neck, why? Took a nine out now 750 luck, 750 head Bitch, I don't even know what 750 is

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Yeah, I told you niggas, right