

# Done It

## Young Jeezy

[Verse 1]

Guess whos back in da building, mind on a million an some bitch from decater  
She be holding my cash and I be holding her down  
She be holding my work and I be dicking he down,  
Just got a call from the other side of town,  
Said he tryna come up, the opposite of down,  
Just hope you aint the feds nigga ima do me,  
Said he comin rite back  
He gone need another three, two planes, four birds  
One nigga ooh wee, Mr. 17.5, yea you know shawty low  
Anythang bout to blow bitch ask shawty  
Know, now all the real bitches say go shawty goooo,  
Now I'm black tee wearing hell naw I aint caring  
And I'll wreck this bitch and come back in a maclaren,  
You know da feds stareing, and I aint even caring,  
I left my 87's off nigga show them wat I'm wearing.

[Chorus]

I done' done it all, Next city, ice, strokes, chevys, benz's, Ferrari's, Fo'ces.  
You aint never in your life seen a nigga this focused  
And done done it all in a pair of air forces [2x][Verse 2]

If it's a UFO then it's the FBI so i'm O-U-T nigga don't call me, that's yo hot ass they really  
don't want me, now your own ass got them all on me, so nigga worry bout you why you all on  
me? big stacks big straps yea that's all on me, you at it wit my city then it's all on me, if I'm at it  
wit your city then it's all on me,

New jail new cell old news, gotta new grind, myspace, youtube, smoke plate,  
Pretty nigga big food, a good blunt tryna fie up like quick food, Talkin about the whole, and you  
don't even know but half,

I'm talkin lumpkin, dumpkin, an mac-nabb, yea my partner got arrested I got a new lexis, i  
drove my new lexis to get a new necklace.[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 3]

A real nigga on top yall should be glad to see let me ask yall a question  
And don't you laugh at me, come things first but I don't knoe why,  
Take them out the cage and they still wont fly,  
Take them out the flap and they still wont sell,  
Take them out ten times and they still gon' smell,  
You can get a good lawyer but he still gone tell,  
And you can fix a car and it's still gone fail,  
I done did some buisness with mariah, lupee, usher,  
Same ol j.young aint no buster, never said I was a usher,  
So how you gone sit an tell me I ain't no hustler,  
I got bitches all round me young like usher,  
Don't leave your bitch around me young might fuck her,

Catch me in the club baby, me and my shooters,  
In a white drop top, hooters, broad day big bag, getting money, 5 grand we had...  
Rent money, real nigga till I die, get money, 20 in advance tip money.[Chorus 2x]

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>