

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
What you know about thumbing through the hundreds
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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