

# Retaliation

B.G.

Scraped my elbow jumpin' the fence  
Creepin' through the grass camouflaged lookin' for them  
Cowards, non-believers, contradictors, I'm comin' to get ya  
You try to frame me without the picture  
Shit, I'm obligated, to be a Juvenile for life  
It don't change robbin' shit in this game  
I know you heard about that 7th ward, 9th and the rest  
But who's down to knock a head off and wear a vest?  
Take a flight through that Nolia and then see who represent  
Not with them thugs ridin' wearin' them black reebok tennis  
Niggas fifteen, sixteen, seventeen  
Slangin' iron from that Josephine through that Melphanine  
And would do almost anything to prove himself relentless  
Like, a murder job and forgettin' the consequences  
Hustlin' through the brick walls avoidin' the feds  
Pushin' the dope steady duckin' blue eyes and curly heads  
And he got caught and then start, runnin' with yo peers  
Got swole and been home and now you back out chea  
And that boyd that cha shot, brothas hangin' on the block  
You don't know him but he know ya look you bout to get got  
BOW!!!!!! Laid out in cold blood on the Ave.  
Here comes the paramedics media and crime lab  
Understand this is all he know and it's all he see  
Which is why they known to be a Juvenile just like me  
Would'ja see that my words were a little bit cold a little bit trife  
Down with Tec Mafia Juvenile fa life

Niggas.....they comin' to get'cha  
You betta watch ya back before they muthafuckin' split cha  
Ain't that cold? I heard a nigga, downed my nigga  
My partna just paged me and say they found my nigga  
It's a bust back thang can't be no hoes  
I got a hundred rounds plus for my Calico  
Fa sho we get's busy, and leave that ass fonky  
Full of that monkey and we don't to act a donkey  
I'ma go get in my all black fit, when I come just sit  
Cuz if ya sit cha hit, if ya split cha split  
If you die, you die  
Take it ten for one, wave bye-bye wave bye-bye  
You done took mine, I'ma take yearn  
This is what'cha earn, chopper bullets burn  
S.K. trigga clicker, the blunt-smoker lighter flipper  
Paper chaser for six figures bout my issue  
I'm get to split cha, get cha if you in my way  
I'ma deal wit'cha, muthafucka take a picture  
I'll wax that ass then tax on my yay  
Today if play I lay with the A.K.  
To spray and lay down the snaps I get down  
Niggas can't touch what me and Bun puttin' down  
Now down and pump round and distribute kees  
You sleep six feet I tear down the whole street  
Wear down the family they grieve because ya flat  
Bust ya head up leave ya deader yo blood redder  
I done fucked ya set down nigga hut  
Nigga what keep ya mouth shut retaliation is a must

Dead ass nigga don't fail, no yellin', hit the door it never fail

Shippin' his ass off to Hell, still the killas left behind him  
Can't find him cuz the nine flatlined him  
Now Mister, murda master for the lastin'  
Niggas tryed to swerve it past her, turned into a nervous bastard  
The blaster the Cash Money clique'll shoot em up  
And me all we had to do was boot em up  
He got the buck now who the fuck want it?  
I can't see it happen, clips be clappin'  
Cappin' you til' you see through Bitch go ask B3 too how we do  
Cuz me, you to one equals people,  
Retaliation also known as the sequel  
It's X-rated, cuz the clique's made ten and now you throw the bitch  
Like I got no fuckin' sense, and I don't so take that  
A dead ass nigga can't talk, wave or blink back  
Click! Snapshot, to me your rap's not  
That hot like a fat rock off a crack spot  
In the back got a stable,  
That's able to crack a bitch with a conference table  
Then choke her wit a jumper cable  
A Chieffer that stay reefer mo blunted  
One time a hoed stunted  
We beat that bitch and right now no more frontin'  
Niggas actin' all shitty, gettin' no pity  
Cuz my niggas actin' pretty showin' many from our city  
Retalitation nigga

[Chorus]