

# North Memphis Like Me

Juicy J

You ain't hood  
You ain't gangsta  
You ain't tough  
You ain't street  
You ain't North-North-North-North Memphis like me  
You ain't ballin'  
You ain't swaggin'  
You ain't bangin'  
You ain't street  
You ain't North-North-North-North Memphis like me

We got them goons on deck, them choppas on deck  
Don't violate these mafia niggas with them ho-threats  
We deep off in the club, you know we smell like weed  
You know we're dealing cash, you know we're selling D  
You see us drankin' Goose, you see us gettin' loose  
You know we ain't no cowards, you know that we'll shoot  
We see you looking scared, we feel you bout to leave  
You reaching in your pockets, you rambling for your keys  
Somebody saw a strap, this bitch started to holla  
I mugged her in her face, I hit you with a bottle  
Now here come your goons, all you hear is boom  
When the smoke clears, nothing but bodies in the room

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You ain't tough you ain't street  
How the fuck your ass hood?  
I'm gangsta you ain't—  
Let's get that understood  
I was raised in the projects  
And these niggas know that  
Seven-Fo' tatted cross my chest till they blow  
You ain't Nor-or-or-orth-orth Memphis like me  
You ain't from the short end of hyde park like me  
You ain't keep it real with your niggas, dawg, quit flaugin'  
Cause nigga if you do, they will be out here starvin'  
You don't fuck with Juicy 'n' Paul, and Pat like me  
You ain't one to whoop that-cook that crack, nigga, like me  
You ain't toss your main bitch with your clique—you a ho  
Plus a character, an amateur now put that on the wall

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North Memphis... North Memphis...

Knockin' niggas' jaws  
Runnin' hoes into walls  
Niggas' yelling "North, North"  
All you screamin' "North, North"  
The first to throw a blow  
Always strapped with pistol  
I'll murk one of you bastards  
Don't get on that list, ho  
You turned stay witness, witness how my wrist glow  
I Escalade on twenty-fo's  
Shows, I gets dough  
They thought that was rosé, but that's really Cris, though  
Don't get shot off your face, for runnin' your lips, ho  
Fake niggas-Hyde Park keep them pistol grips row  
You gang-bangin' hustlers just like Bloods and Crips, though  
But this ain't killa Cali, but a killing's understood  
If you ain't from North Memphis, then you ain't from my hood