

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