

4 Minutes

Juvenile

You know we don't drop hits, uh-uh
We drop classics nigga, uh-huh
Cash Money, c'mon, get at me nigga

Nigga thuggin, is in my blood and my genes
All the niggaz I fuck with they bling bling
But yet it's my block my hood my set nigga
Uptown is the spot where you get put to the test nigga
Best be bout unloadin a Tec nigga
You better protect your head, fuck the chest nigga
I run with the killers guerillas and the headbusters
I grew up with murderers and hustlers you can't trust 'em
I been cut-throatin niggaz for a while now
I stay to tapin and whoopin ballers who got plots
of birds or chickens or ki's or bricks, whatever
Click clack! I got to have it, no matter
what, the, situation be
I'm bout my fetti my dollars my loot my grip my green
UPT 13 and CMB
is what I represent for life and I'm H-O-T nigga

Dis bitch off the hook! Nigga never sleep
Dis bitch full of crooks, they hunt for the weak
Niggaz comin home tryin to hit 'em a lick
Wanna bounce from a quarter ounce up to a brick
Dem old side niggaz, them new side niggaz
Might get loaded but they do ride niggaz
They stuck in line, but right after it's all over
The block party jumpin at Washington in Magnolia
They smokin weed, they slangin D they sellin ki's
While bitches shakin they ass in the middle of the street
You representin? It better be M-A-G
Or niggaz gon' get mad and, never let you leave
A bill mine, 6th Street and Hadley
Willow Street, Robertson and T.C.
It's on fire from the wars they cause
A bunch of ignorant motherfuckers wearin camoflauge

Yes, one-seven nigga, look
Niggaz step down to the nasty, filthy, dirty
Holly Grove, Carrington, 17 you heard me?
Need them, birdies? You should see Weezy
Prices, cheaper than the average, ki's be
We be, thuggers, stunners, hustlers
Kidnap mothers, rape with no rubbers
What the, hell? What is that I smell?
No it's not but it's a dead body by the canal
My grill, platinum; necklace, platinum
Rolex, platinum; Hot Boy, ask him
Blunts, we pass 'em; guns, we have 'em
We do not flash 'em unless we gon' blast 'em
My clothes, Rees, Tees, Girbauds
Fo'-fo's, semi-automatic calicos
Brrrrrrr! Reload - *tch-chk* explode
Let it be told, I'm from Holly Grove, what?

Look.. look, look
Plenty got diamonds in my Rolex
Two karats on my finger, ten around my fuckin neck
It's a must everyday that I keep my pockets fat
Got so many haters that's why I stay strapped on my gat
I bust back back leave yo' bitch ass flat
Trust that if you play with me I dress in black
That's a fact don't make me click up with Karen and Brad-Brad(?)
You head your lose that, ain't no comin back back, I'm tellin you
Play with me your people people gon' be smellin you
Make me pop and throw, six niggaz gon' carry you
People don't have no money they can't bury you
Don't have no insurance you be in the freezer a week or two
Bought that insurin yourself cousin
Get it how you live it nigga when they come cousin
Gun I'ma peel it nigga you can run cousin
Gun click get hit and you get stung cousin, stung cousin

(I hope you got the message!)