

## 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!)