

Animal

Juvenile

Gentlemen and ladies, it's your boy, the dude
Freaky-fre, fre, fre-eh-Fresh
We gon' bring it to you somethin like this

Woof, I'm a animal, yes I am a animal
I'm a animal, yes I am a animal
I'm a animal, yes I am a animal
I'm a animal, yes I am a animal

How you just gon' back me up and I'm 2 dollars from bein rich
You oughta be grateful a nigga like me even see you BITCH
I was thinkin about rockin Arribas, but the gators look nice
Nigga was talkin about they was comin out like players tonight
They won't let me in with my pistol I'm okay with the knife-a
Anything I can get my hands on when the fight starts
Could get one of these hoes that's gotta stand, by the right bar
Get the wife and she could {?} {?} light stars
She ain't stupid, she recognize who it is
Enjoy the lyrics on the records, play the songs for the kids
For instance, I can come through bouncin in this bitch like what
And she's figured this shit, she ready to give that life up
Wonderin how do it feel to be with G's like us
Be in a better situation than that all night bus
You're wild hoe be fuckin up my G's
You better get back, I spent six and a quarter for these, ya hear me?

Get gorilla with it, get gorilla with it
Get gorilla with it, get gorilla with it
Get gorilla with it, get gorilla with it
Get gorilla with it, get gorilla with it

I see you watchin how the boy comes to Grover
And you wanna overthrown him, knock him off his throne
Your potnahs rockin with you 'til they find out who it is
Then they gon' try to convince y'all to leave it alone
I'm here to sabotage what enemies accomplish
They're not about the camouflage, the homies that I ride with
I keeps it ghetto for my street people and convicts
I don't vouch for nobody, I just make sure I pay homage
Hey shorty, this nigga here's a vet like Shaq
I don't have to control the ball but I control that rap
If I smack you on your ass you gonna throw that back
They like it when a gangster take control like that
She feels protected when she in that Lexus
Givin me head, got me takin all wrong exits
I'm not the people you should be upset with
I don't mean no harm baby and I'm not sexist

A gangsta still fightin charges but he totes that glock
Like a junkie with a pipe up in the smoke crack spot
I be in every hood, see I knows the block
From Watts to one-fo'-fifth by the clothing shops
Nope, I ain't rockin with them boys I was with
But I'm still blingin and showin off my toys in this bitch
When a real nigga show up hoes switch up they games
Tell us who they really is and give y'all different names
Claimin, she ain't nuttin like them boys be sayin

Shit I'm only tryin to knock the pussy outta the frame
Look here, I tried to chill but they gave me some mills
Me and Mannie back at it, 'bout to get another deal
I got my hand wrapped around the steerin wheel
Hoes like EWWW they can't understand the grill
Skip called me up he got them all on chill
Well let's go and get us some hoes so we can do this heah, y'know