

Dirty World (remix)

Juvenile

My man...gots a lotta shot calls in tha bricks
ATF be kickin in doors, but he ain't worried bout shit
Besides he don't even think his location is hot
He feel he got so much love no one would rat on his spot
That was a weakness, he should've neva had it from tha start
How tha fuck you gone be out here not playin it smart
He had a fire connection that broke him off wit tha bricks
Didn't matter if he finshed it, he sold all his shit
He talked out all his business so everybody knowin him
Niggas that's try'n to get em, tha same niggas be scorin
But round here people learn to keep they mouth shut
Dippin in niggas business will get yo house shot up
Now wodie got a nigga try'n bust his head open
He already scopin em, he know where he put tha dope in
Hopin that they could get him, 'cause they had a knife
Lil One ya betta slow down 'cause you ain't playin it right

Nothin but killas where I stay
Bricks and hallways
Real niggas in troops wit soljas who tote K's
Niggas that ain't scared to bust yo head dawg
Come at ya when they get greedy and let ya have it all
Niggas that's bout war and will beef at any hour
No matter tha weather hot or cold, leave a nigga sour
Hop out tha Eddie Bow, un-disguised wit no masks
Leave tha scene drastic, catch ya while you in traffic
No grins or no laughin
Want beef?
Then let's beef, tear down streets tear down streets
You wanna creep?
Then let's creep, in that UPT you got guerillas that's untamed
3 to that 13th, niggas that ain't playin

It's a dirty world
That's why I ride wit my 50
If a nigga run up, I'ma empty tha whole clip on em

It's a dirty world, only tha survive
It's steal or get stole, nigga ride or die
That's why I keep my chopper wit me at all times
Ready for war, spin a nigga block full of raw
Me and you beefin and we hot dawg I'm killin yo pa
I'm bout drama playboy, I'm thuggin all day
Get outta line playboy, I'm leavin you wet
I tote choppers and tec's, wit 2 clips taped together
Pull up in tha bubble wit no mask, it's BLUCKA
You lil boys should'nt have played wit me
If ya would've kept yo mouth closed, you'd still be livin
Tryin stunt from them hoes then got yo wig spit in
ATF in tha hood try'n find out who did it
But I'ma kill on of those bitches if they don't mind they business
'cause what happens in tha hood is tha hood's business
And yo lil partna coward ass put tha law in it
When he suppose to come grab that chopper and go to war wit me
Me and Juvie, I gotta K he gotta ozzie
Two man army will come thru actin stupid
If we beefin yo block we'll blooze it

Me and Juvie, yo head you'll loose it

Ain't no coward in me nigga, I'm Young & I'm Thuggin
You know me T from New Orleans, and I'm bout head bussen
I spin tha bin in black, wit a platinum mack
Clear tha set when I come thru nigga, 'cause I'ma threat
I blooze a nigga wit that hoe shit
If I can't get ya, I'll get somebody that you close wit
You got that work, playboy you betta hide that somewhere far
My pockets servin, I'll kill fo that
Take a penitentiary chance or goin to jail fo that
100 birds sellin fo ten I get a mil fo that
18, I'm a worth a mil
My whole click push weight, transportin ki's in a all black Esclade
100 G's on tha seat, layin next to my K
I'ma hot boy to tha feds, and to large fo tha feds
Now How U Luv That!