

## Follow Me Now

Juvenile

I want me a mill  
To see just how it feel  
No worries bout no bills, negotiating deals  
Buy me some shit  
Stuntin' in this bitch  
20s be on hit  
Everything legit  
I don't want no war  
But I can take it far  
Put bullets in your car, whoever that you are  
Woodie get in line  
Make sure you aint gone shine  
We be slangin iron  
Everyday and everytime  
Just because I'ma bad  
I rammy after jags  
When I get a sack  
To niggas I'ma threat  
Keep on gettin' blowed  
Aint worried bout these hoes  
Boy you know thats cold  
The way I got'em drove  
Shinin' like white diamonds  
Nothin' but big tymin  
My situation climbing  
But simply cuz I'm rhymin'  
The shit done hit the fan  
They callin' me the man  
Ya'll boys don't understand  
This shit's going as planned

Now follow me now if you want it on  
Salute at ease, then you carry on  
Nigga drop and gimme 50 if you do it wrong  
I'm into weapons I control the dome

Give me all my chesse  
With no static please  
Go off with these reeds  
In between your knees  
You playin' you gone learn  
Yo partners aint gone turn  
Right after you get burned  
We gone get them some churn  
I'ma tell you once  
I'm bout pullin' stunts  
Got golds on my fronts  
Stay full of them blunts  
I don't want be broke  
I gotta feed my folks  
Cuttin' niggas throats  
Then runnin' by these hoes  
Open up yo chase  
Let me get a taste  
A lot of niggas fake  
Can't let it go to waste  
I wont let it be

Give that there to me  
All of ya'll gone see  
Me in luxury  
Look me in my eyes  
Don't tell me no lies  
You wanna take my life  
You tryin' to get some trife  
None of you I fear  
I'm runnin' this right chea  
Aint gone shed no tears  
When you disappear

I try to leave that lone  
But you did that wrong  
You call me on the phone  
And told me it was on  
Now I'm in them streets  
Bringin' all that heat  
Straight to where you sleep  
Won't even let you eat  
Somebody gonna snitch  
And go out like a bitch  
But I'ma get'em quick  
And hit'em with my shit  
Them laws gonna try to bust  
But I don't give a fuck  
He would of shot me up  
If he'd of got me stuck  
I'ma take my charge  
Aint cryin' like no broad  
And holla at them boys  
On the boulevard  
Woodie I'm in jail  
Get all off my mail  
See about my bail  
Get me out this hell  
So I can see the block  
And open up my shop  
I hope that bitch aint hot  
Nobody got my spot