

What's up, Juvie  
What's happenin', B.Geezy  
I'm chillin'. Me, I don't like them old bitch ass niggas  
I don't like them bitch ass niggas either  
They better get tha fuck from 'round here  
Rattin' motherfucker

Nigga, come on my set, I'ma feel disrespect  
Now they gon' get they issue, they done walked into that  
No vest ain't gon' protect you  
The shit that's in my clique gon' sail through your chest fool  
I'm tellin' you  
I'ma bring drama, chaos, nothin' less  
When I'm ridin' 'round your set, it's a nigga best eject  
Nigga, like a rain storm, your whole block get wet  
All it take is one to tha head, bahdi-by-by, you rest  
Solja-Rees and 'Bauds, that is how I'm dressed  
I represent to tha fullest, nigga, in a Rolex  
Roamin' on tha streets, Feds got a warrant for my arrest  
Fuck that, I'm just a nigga they gon' have ta catch  
I kick a nigga momma door in if he tryin' ta hide  
And then I put one in his mom head if I don't get mine  
You could call it what you wanna, but that's how I play it  
Now play with me, I got a K, and watch how quick I spray it

I don't even want them niggas comin' 'round no more  
I don't even want them niggas fuckin' with our hoes  
I don't even want them niggas hangin' on our block  
I don't even want them niggas scorin' out our shop  
I don't even want them niggas comin' 'round no more  
I don't even want them niggas fuckin' with our hoes  
Man, I don't even want them niggas ridin' down our block  
I don't even want them niggas lookin' at our shop

You don't know you're not suppose ta be around these parts  
You don't know you goin' in and you might get caught  
You be tryin' ta get some information out these broads  
Tryin' ta find out where a nigga hide his stash and cars  
It's niggas like you that be gettin' niggas like me stuck  
It's niggas like you that be givin' niggas like me up  
I'm tryin' ta figure if you work for tha police or what  
You plobly hangin' 'round a nigga 'cause you need a buck  
They got dope around tha projects, and it leads to us  
Feds know we ain't be sellin' nothin' but ki's and up  
Rattin', I gotcha  
I'm lookin' for ya with MAC-10's ta pop ya  
You never thought that I would do that ta stop ya  
That lil' man was surprised to have you like I gotcha  
See me empty every clip out of my chopper  
You gon' get caught up 'cause you keep fuckin' with poppa... poppa

I don't even want them niggas comin' 'round no more  
I don't even want them niggas fuckin' with our hoes  
Man, I don't even want them niggas hangin' on our block  
I don't even want them niggas scorin' out our shop  
I don't even want them niggas comin' 'round no more  
I don't even want them niggas fuckin' with our hoes

Man, I don't even want them niggas ridin' down our block  
And I betta not catch them niggas hangin' 'round our shop

Wodie, are you ready ta get this beef cookin'?  
'Cause once it's on tha stove, get on your shit because I'm lookin'  
You betta know  
I ain't gonna let a nigga disrespect my clique  
And I ain't gon' let a nigga come and take my shit  
That'll make me look like a stone cold bitch  
So ain't no way I ain't gon' grab my K and let my shit spit  
When I spin the ben I don't give a fuck who gets split  
If you get hit... it's all on you if you innocent  
It's game we play, and it's hectic  
If you ain't got a vest, you ain't protected  
With pussy-niggas... my block's infested  
So one by one, they all gon' get rested  
Me and my others' dog act a ass, ho  
When I hit you all in your face, your casket is closed  
You came 'round tha wrong hood and got that ass burnt  
Nigga thought it was all good and got that ass burnt... that ass burnt

I don't even want them niggas comin' 'round no more  
I don't even want these niggas hangin' 'round my door  
I don't even want these niggas hangin' 'round our block  
I don't even want these niggas scorin' out our shop  
I don't even want these niggas comin' 'round no more  
I don't even want these niggas tryin' ta come ta score  
I don't even want these niggas hangin' 'round our block  
I don't even want these niggas scorin' out our shop  
I don't even want these niggas comin' 'round no more  
Look, I don't even want you niggas fuckin' with our hoes  
I don't even want you niggas ridin' down my block  
I don't even betta not catch you niggas lookin' at my shop,  
nigga

Ha-ha  
What up, what up  
Old bitch-ass, ruckus  
Fuck, did y'all just jumped off tha porch  
Ass-niggas betta stay... your mother fuckin' ass back  
Turnin' state  
Motherfucker 'round here turnin' state, ha  
You're rattin' on a nigga, ha  
We gonna get your motherfuckin' ass  
How ya luv that  
Askin' my old lady where tha dope at, ha  
Follow her again, bitch, I'ma catch ya  
Uh-huh  
Fuckin' with tha B.Geezy  
I got a cake baked for ya  
Nigga, Juvie  
We got a cake baked for ya