

Ha Hot Boys Remix

Juvenile

Hmm... You better run for it, run for it, run!
Run for it, run for it, run!
Run for it, run for it, run!

You been known for fuckin it up, ha
Them bad-ass 20's on your truck, ha, cost seven and up, ha
You tryin' to stay from out that place, ha
Make sure you got your money straight ha, before it's too late ha
You want your Momma livin good ha
Move your children out the hood ha, to up in the woods, ha
Baby post seventy off the hook, ha
Manny Fresh has possession, supposed to be up in the book, ha
Juvenile got them looks, ha; but you too scared to fuck with him
cause he be runnin with them crooks, ha
I'm the one, ha
Stick a fork in that nigga cause he's done, ha
for flippin the tounge, ha
You got a probation hole, ha
You got money for bail so now you ready to roll, ha
You bout to buy you a car ha, a ninety-nine ha
One that look somethin like mine ha

You a paper chaser, you got your block on fire
Remainin a G.. until the moment you expire
You know what it is.. to make.. nothin out of somethin
You handle your biz, and don't be cryin and sufferin

We got this thing locked, ha
Cash Money can't be stopped ha, them Hot Boys too hot, ha
And you like my Rolex watch, ha
And the way I hit the block ha, in camouflage with glocks, ha
And you like it when we stunt, ha
Smokin blunts, ha
You be lovin them gold fronts, ha
We millionaires, ha
Not far from billionaires, ha
Got different broads everywhere, ha

You heard 'bout Lil' Wayne, H-O-T B-O-Y, ha
Shorty with the braids for Cash Money gon' pop, ha-uh
I burn, ha, the hammer sits, ha, here come the blitz, ha
A remix, ha, they from the Nolia I'm from the Grove, ha
And you can catch me with Tolie and Mario, ha
I represent the 2.. uh 2-6, ha
It's guaranteed to be... foolish, ha

You niggaz know I'm bout my biz, ha
You niggaz scared for me to be in the presence of your bitch, ha
You know I would raw dick her ha, take naked pictures ha
then call up my clique and straight flip her ha
You know my click number-one stunters, ha
You know we 'bout it, flexin Lex's, Benz's, and Hummers, ha
You know you fuck with me, you're dead, ha
But don't lie, I fucked your baby-momma, and you feel played, ha
You know that jailhouse is somethin, ha
Bitch niggaz buckin, but when it go down, they run to the button, ha
You know the B.G. ain't right ha; you love you hoe,

but she don't wanna get it right, and keep it right, ha
It's goin' down in '99, ha
You know fo' sho' that it Cash Money time to shine, ha
You know I play the game raw, ha
You know you slip up, I'ma take this beef shit too far, ha

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
Let's say you're at a DJ, and them boys pullin' guns
You better run for it, run for it, run
You in the Magnolia, and my people pullin' guns
You better run for it, run for it, run
Run for it, run for it, run
Run for it, run for it, run
We'll grab the MAC-11 when we march, nigga, step
Fuck with CMR, we gon' march, nigga, step
Play with Manny Fresh, we gon' march, nigga, step
Play with my nigga, Baby, we gon' march, nigga, step