

Ha (Jay-Z Remix)

Juvenile

Bounce, bounce, bounce
J-j-j-j-j-Juvenile and Jigga
The remix

You at the point of no return, ha
If your daddy get out the way with you,
you gon to let him learn, ha
Life's a bitch, ha
Niggas be fakin but you ain't givin em shit, ha
You stealin the bricks, ha
You got a wife and three kids, ha
But you be fuckin around right in the neighborhood you live, ha
You own a truck, ha
With tv's and cd's rimmed up, ha
Fuckin em up, ha
You won't be stuntin on your cell, ha
Get your partner some money orders and commence to jail, ha
You bout ready to roll a draw, ha
Some of that drove, ha
You bout to get you some more, ha
You that nigga with all that cheese, ha
You that nigga that whipped that girl and she called the police, ha
You understand, ha
You ain't gon cry like a bitch, you gon be a man, ha
Where ever you stand, ha

You a paper chaser, you got your block on fire
Remaining a G until the moment you expire
You know what it is, to make nothing outta something
You handle your biz and don't be crying and suffering

You done got yourself in some deep shit
Now you stuck in your house, you gotta peep the remix
You can't go out cuz they gon leave you in a deep ditch
And hit you with the sign if you decide to keep shit
The only reason you alive cuz you read lips
and you drove on the block low in yo' seat an' shit
Seen em mouthin off, they don't need this shit
Now they sick of you duckin, dodgin, and weavin and shit
How they call you when you don't return they beeps
Now they ready to kill you and all your peeps
You done fucked around with some wild niggas
You done fucked off the dough and Juvenile and Jigga's
You better get it back, or sleep where the river's at
They send shots through your fifty cap
They got big guns that go brrrrrrrap, brrrrrrrap, brrrrrap
Where your niggas at?

You gotta get up off your ass, ha
And make the cash, ha
And stay away from them bags, ha
Two and two done come together, ha
Juvi and Jigga, ha
Straight up guerrillas, ha
That nigga Manny Fresh a fool, ha
He be playin it to the bitches on every song he do, ha
My fuckin album going plat, ha

You bought the tape, ha
Tell em ain't none of it fake, ha
You got a shipment coming in, ha
During the week, ha
Got a little something for me, ha
You boy and them be drawin heat, ha
But that's your wootie so you gotta find you someone to creep, ha
Nigga tired of livin fast, ha
Your boy hit the stash, ha
Now you wanna go bust his ass, ha
You keep it real, ha
You don't fuck with no nigga but you will kill, ha
You know how it feel, ha