

## Hide Out Or Ride Out

Juvenile

I strike a load  
You get served like we toke with  
Fake busta get smoked with  
Approach it  
I explode it  
Unload it  
Reload it  
Unload again  
And pull another left hand  
Fifty shots to win  
I can't lose its impossible  
Plus I got a chopper fifty shots about to droppin' you  
I be 'bout strings hittin' the beef gigga head  
Then leave the set, leave a beef gigga wet  
Jet  
Off the scene with the uptown fighter  
Red dot sighters  
All week night flighters  
I'm a get ya', when ya' least expect it  
Cock the glock jacket  
A vest can't protect it  
Boy, is ya' ready  
I'll leave yo' set wetted  
Slugs flyin' high, got yo' body real heavy  
You can't move, ya' got buff  
Now your stuck  
Left Wayne on the set, and yo' boys to pick you up  
Out cold  
Head swoll  
Eyes closed  
I know for sure  
You ain't gon' test me no more  
Yo' block tore  
Yo' family in black clothes  
You got blowed  
And in ya chest is many holes  
This goes  
For Lataranza Elmo  
I show  
How uptown niggas roll  
Ya' big boy, me and my niggas did it to ya  
Automatic, black chopper trigger pullin'  
That's how we be  
Loadin' clips then release  
Eight deep  
In the three-hundred E  
Leather seats  
And in the trunk artillery  
Up the streets  
Where I started sure ain't for me  
The B.G.  
That's the name I go by  
Test me  
You die S Kangol Y  
Hide out  
At the club, slide out  
Ride out

Yo' block 'bout to die out  
Move ya' people  
I'm burnin' down the whole streets  
The night creepers  
'bout to heat our enemies  
Lights off masks on, creep silense  
Lights gone  
We done left yo' block wired  
Retaliate  
Wait  
No your not boy  
'cuz I'm a Hot Boy  
Nine milli cock boy  
Chopper gunnin'  
Hoes scared of slugs, runnin'  
Start movin', me and Juve (Juvenile) e be comin'

We left yo' brain sick  
Up with a chopper (A.K. 47) splittin' the bricks  
A young black crucifix  
Up in the dirt I be knockin' dicks  
Smooth and beretically, my pockets  
Rocket  
To six figures  
And polverizin' niggas  
Pullin'  
A.K.'s and two triggers  
My potn's stand on the side of me  
They only come out at night  
Them deamons got me on a flight  
Duck tapin' and takin' life  
Or even worse  
It could be three O'clock, on a Sunday by church  
Yo' brains might have to burst  
You shouldn't have fucked with me first  
Since them bullets was cappin'  
Adam's apples I'm scoutin'  
Got richer penintentiary ward  
For the national guard to come get 'em  
Very seldom do you see me, when you do  
What do you do  
Bust back, better be a head shot  
If not it's you  
I'm comin' around the corner  
'bout to pulla meatball on ya'  
Purses like a coat  
And them houses in calico  
Me and Lil Turk heard of a merger  
On a murder  
Fifty G's (grand) on his head  
What ht fuck did you said  
Fifty G's (grands) for sure  
That nigga live next door  
Call the man  
Let the sucker plan  
Look, I fuck with this rap shit, but I ask 'em don't say no more  
A Hot Boy representin' this bitch like black and Moe

I start to poppin'  
Niggas start to droppin'  
I'm havin' fatal thoughts, i think I'm fuckin' shell shockin'  
Niggas bangin'  
Four-five ringin'

In my ear, I'm not scared  
'cuz I'm a solja and solja's have no fuckin' fear  
In my sleep at night  
I'm seeing war fights  
Wakin' up thinkin' that a nigga took my fuckin' life  
Unnecessary shit  
Mind clickin' like a light switch  
To pick you up on any nigga or any bitch  
Don't give a fuck  
Steady bangin' and dodgin'  
Camoulflagin'  
With the mack alive and  
Don't have time for these dog hoes  
Goin' through a stage with that chop (Chopper) and that four-four

What's this shit I hear 'bout you boys potna's in crime  
If that's true I'll punish you bitches for the last time  
Now you gon' shine?  
Let me put somethin' on ya' mind  
Lil' cowards takin' hits  
And protecting shit  
It's a for sure thang  
I'm a brang  
Or I'm a wet ya  
Best to be 'bout yo' business, if not, God bless ya  
Look, what makes you think that two-two-six wasn't strong  
That's when we do ya wrong  
They both come and they gone  
Off-toppers  
I'm a get with you and ya' potna's (patners)  
T.C., L.D., and Williard street with choppers  
Drama hittin' a niggas cash  
We play it right though  
I'm comin' to get a niggas ass  
Like I'm them white folks  
Look, better be 'bout it  
If not better be rowdy  
It's all in yo' mind, ha?  
You gon' shine, ha?  
I doubt it