

Juve The Great

Juvenile

Uh, Uh, Uh I took my first break in seventy-five
I tell the story like yesterday when I was alive
didn't do shit with my brothers without makin e'm mad
couldn't get along with nobody so I just ran with my Dad
he took me right there where the killas be
across court from Mileton between Clarion and Wilistry
we shot ball on crates tryna get paid by all means
started snatchin purses by Wall Greens
seen Titey get hit up in the melt when I was young
paramedics couldn't even find his tongue
thats when I started totin' my heat to call a G
my family was deep but wasn't goin in that water with me
right after Mr. Martin's class (??) and me
straight to Barret think I was worried bout the trulency? please
got paid for them old timers puttin in work
like Mr. Frank he sold fruit, watermelons, and herbs

Even though the times was hard
I didn't fear no man but God
you lookin at New Orleans crime rate
right up in the place, soulja's beware this is Juve the great
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Mama thought her son was really doin it tight
when I was the one out here not doin it right
until she found my stash she couldn't believe all the weed she found
shit it must've been a half a pound
I was thirteen then back when Yoga was caddillac'n it
my campaign was let a lil nigga get a crack at it
far from a gangsta but was learnin alot
ain't just be the one that earnin the pot
after the turn of the clock I started bankin on the low with the dope
got sluggish up so hoes'll notice me mo'
tee's, reeboks, and girbauds I had a few (??) to write
regular hood shit the average niggaz go through in life
wanted to be a lil gorilla, and more day killas
?? and we ball I know they'll flip ya
I stayed away from them cats who didn't communicate well
cause them was them niggaz that would've had me in jail

At fifteen I carried alot of wieght on my back
me and my brother infact, I kept my money intact
I mad my real power moves soon as Juv' got one
headed straight to the irish counter nigga who got guns?
shit my people Bobby and surviva got hit too
and I heard my name was poppin up in some shit too
wasn't no cool cans off googlin no more
it was either cry like a bitch or go sell it and score
my first case wanted my respect in the worst way
couldn't tell me shit when I was hungry and thirs-ty

have a nigga way out his religion ya heard me
I guess it's punishment to who and never was worthy
every since I leanred about guns and coke
I made a vow to myself that I would never go broke
do what I gotta do to eat
I probably can't play no sports but I can work these streets