

## Pop U

Juvenile

You gon' make me clock you  
I'ma have to pop you  
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Who that nigga is  
What that nigga claim  
Juve wild magnolia  
Its an uptown thing  
Soulja watchin' over me  
So I'ma let it rain  
Just give me the weed, the mic  
And I'ma let it off the chain  
Y'all actin' like, that nigga lost it  
I ain't have no money  
now I'm back, what the cost is  
on my wrist lookin' gooey  
These ain't Birdman's  
These is real Gucci's  
Turn around the corner  
Motherfucker tryin' to sue me  
Talkin' shit to me so I can hit him with a two-piece  
Where he rock, where he roll  
where he got control  
Me and my mans and them get the brains out these hoes  
If she can dance, then she can romance nice and slow  
Be in a trance like it was your man's pipe in the hole  
I've been sippin' a little somethin'  
Just stop servin' the game  
It feel good to be an OG  
I'm deservin' it mayne

I'm the nigga nigga  
The nigga nigga the nigga  
The nigga nigga Ju-a-vey  
I'm the nigga nigga  
The nigga the nigga nigga  
The nigga nigga nigga Ju-a-vey

Now ain't no tellin' where I might be (Nope!)  
Cause there's a million other creeps  
Prancin' around these streets lookin' like me  
Call them my stunt doubles  
So if you think you hit Luda' with the rueger  
I'm up in Cuba blowin' blunt bubbles  
On the double, lookin' for trouble we staarted  
The eye on my gat is cocked its retaarted  
I'm sippin' lean, smokin' green, and I'm so hot  
I told machine's people call me +I Robot+  
Bang to the boogey boogey bang bang  
Let my little partner borrow my necklace  
And hit bitches with the same chain  
Its not computer love (Nope!)

I'm gettin' great brain  
Got a hard drive  
But they blow me out my mainframe  
Now how you like that?  
I got your momma pitchin' quarters  
On the corner gettin' cornered  
And come right back  
I'm makin' tight stacks (Yeah!)  
So if it ain't Juve or Luda  
Then can it nigga, we don't even like rap!

Got the Mack in the grass  
And the nine in the dumpster  
Duck when they pass  
One time wanna dump ya'  
Hunger  
What I got in my veins  
Take shots from the Henny  
Just to straighten my aim  
Now, I raise my middle finger (Fuck the World!)  
And them donuts in that car better make ya' hurl  
Yea, I'm bout my paper mayne  
I'm fully loaded like them niggaz in Jamaica mayne  
I know you know  
This is Crack  
And he's back  
And you mad  
Cause we diiid  
And they Yack-ity Yak  
In the sack when we slid in (Yeah!)  
Mommy shakin' they ass  
She want some big bills  
Tip drill, she wants a tip drill (That's it!)  
Its ya' nigga crack  
Live with some fresh cut  
Side of the highway  
Ridin' that's the best fuck  
And you can keep them hotel keys  
Cause we gon' fuck these bitches  
Wherever we please