

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