

Solja Rag Radio Version

Juvenile

You 'bout dat paper
You on top
You handlin' business
You doin' swell
Down with yo' partners to da finish
Are you willin'
To hit da streetz up and make a killin'
Are you a villain
Pushin' a Bentley makin' millions
Do you do your time
Without rattin' on your partners
Do you kill your beef
With a pistol or a chopper
Is you da man
Do you pay all of your bills
Did you make a plan
And won't stop 'till it's fulfilled
Can you handle coke
Can you handle dope
Ain't afraid to go
Even though you know
Ya daddy, look ya
Do you take care of yo' kids
Is it clean in yo' crib
Can't you stand to eat some ribs
Ain't it scandalous how we live
You ball with Cash Money
Do you like Manny Fresh
Ain't it jive how I rap
Puttin' New Orleans on the map
You brush ya teeth
You on dem hoes
You got dem Ree's on ya feet
With them Girbauds

Then you a solja partner, put up a solja rag!!!
Throw up a solja rag
Put up a solja rag

Now what's happenin' wit' you
You knockin' them heads off too
You do what a playa do
You work in the Rochambeau
You ain't scared to blast
When you got dat iron wit ya
Do ya twerk it fast
You acts a fool
You got ya ski mask
And ya solja rag
Look...
You ready to blow a bag
Can you hustle like it's legal
Can you avoid da people
And hotwire a Regal
You 'bout that evil
Look...
You on a ignorant trip

When ya girl get flip
Do you deal with her lip
You like them Beamers
You like them Benz 500s
You like thmem Hummers
You like them big fine womens
You a playa ain't ya
None of these cowards out could fade ya
The ghetto made ya
Dope fiends and junkies raised ya
Do you sleep in suites
Do you go shopping every week
When you hit da streetz
You got dem Reeboks on your feet

Is you a paper chaser
You got your block on fire
Remainin' a G
Until the moment you expire
You know what it is
To make nothin' outta somethin'
You handle your biz
And don't be cryin'
And sufferin'
Your playaz is wit ya
You got your girlfriends wit ya
Since you was a kid,
You was a instant wig-splitter
You twinkle your slug
You ain't no coward huh
You stompin' ya box in the mud
A Hot Boy microwave oven
Tatooted up, booted up
None of these sissys lovin'
Your windows are tinted
You got a g and a half and you ready to spend it
You don't mess with them Nike tennis?
You play with Barettas
You got choppers up on the dresser
You sleep in the Royal Sonesta
You wanna hit Vanessa
You believe in GOD
But can you handle it when its hard
And represent your ward
You be stalkin' the boulevard

Then you a solja
Then you a solja
Then you a solja
Then you a solja
You a solja partner, put up a solja rag
Put up a solja rag
Put up a solja rag
Now march playa step
Now march playa step
Now march playa step
Now march playa step
Now march playa step
Now march playa step
Now march playa step
Now march playa step
Now march playa step
Put up a solja rag
Put up a solja rag

Don't be no fag boy!
Put up a solja rag
Come blow a bag boy!
Put up a solja rag
Holla at me boy
Put up a solja rag