

## What U Scared 4

Juvenile

I'd be a stupid motha fucka if I'm stuck in his pot  
I aint waitin to see what nigga out here love me or not  
I say I hate em from a distance and they scopin' my neck  
But these diamonds even cost me M-R and cars on my deck  
And I can already vision people sayin I'm wrong  
But I rather his momma than my momma singin that song  
Besides chickens gon' be chickens and ducks gonna be ducks  
And I'm all around guerrilla that love playin them cuts  
Im'a attached to the streets, those niggas in the pens  
Started problems wit ol' tymers that did ten  
And this bitch curly head still been in the case  
But he aint man enough to leave a real one in the face  
And to you 4-6 and 8 bitches wit t.v. Pranks  
You jeopardize my living quarters, wanna see me sank  
But I got news for everyone of y'all  
I know who yah is, plus I won't be satisfied until I go in yah crib

Whatcha getting scared for? Don't get spooked  
You was a bad mother fucker at first stunt too  
Lookin fed up so me and Wheezy we comin through  
And who ever sides yappin we gon' punish em too

Armed and Dangerous, Rich and Famous, Young and Restless  
Guns and Stretcha's, Crystal and dubs for breakfast  
I just got one suggestion, ask yah Testem, this cuz get hectic  
Send one through your son's intestines  
Lock, snock lung through testin's  
If the portrait, bodies piled up on porches, it won't be gorgeous  
Ride with the torch, scorchin, ready to blaze  
Step in me ways, kidnap your car for 70 days  
And let it be said Holly Grove's the home of a soldier  
And if a nigga breathe wrong than it's over  
I never love ya, my metal slug ya  
If you kept on fuckin wit the squad  
Put the coward's stomach by his thighs, nothin survives  
And as far as the coke, 20 bricks month and supply  
And as far as the dope, plenty chips come and say "Hi"  
Drop 3-2 roll, all black, buttons and shyer  
I don't need you hoe  
Jack my dick, cum in yah eyes  
What?

Nigga C'mon  
You gotta love us  
Bumpin inside of humma's  
Ride as thugga's, we who be  
Think that them coward's busta's  
Why we hustlin in they sleep  
We be in that powder smuggle by the doubles every week  
And if one of them cowards run up try to knock him off his feet  
The brotha is Wheezy, love it or leave me  
Gats hug it and squeeze it  
Crack, bundle it easy  
Run it wit these n' murderers, crooks and x-cons  
Yah test mine I give it to yah chest 6 times

I believe in me and my family cuz niggas is broads

That leave you slanted, thugged out wit a conspiracy charge  
All pussy aint the pussy like money and drugs  
I'm dickin bitches that trial and I'm the jury and judge  
I make sure I separate it, though I hate when I love  
Its just me, Cash Money Millionaires that wackin the plug  
Wud-up Lil Wheezy, im laid back up in the cut if yah need me  
Its love believe me