

# F\*\*\* That Nigga

Juvenile

[Verse 1: Juvenile]

We drink up all the brown, we drink up all the white  
We go to all the spots, we be up all the night  
We'll tell a nigga, "Fuck ya!" and be waitin' outside for him  
Bust him up and see how many niggas gon' ride for him  
Play the project bricks and watch for the law  
Nigga come to my section, we to they section and ward  
We rep hard out the wards in stolen cars  
Spankin' niggas that be showin' off with they broads  
Nigga catch a felony... he takin' his charge  
Niggas turnin' state... we rapin' the boy  
It's a hard life we livin'... day by day drama  
We earn stripes for killin'.. attack like a piranas  
Some of the time... motherfuckers be off they bases  
Way out they boundary in unfamiliar places  
Lookin' like a duck, seein' all the wrong faces  
But we know the rules and could be strapped in SK's

[Chorus: B.G.]

Man, pop that nigga  
Man, kill that bitch  
Man, shoot that nigga  
Man, spank that bitch  
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch  
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch  
Man, pop that nigga  
Man, kill that bitch  
Man, shoot that nigga  
Man, spank that bitch  
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch  
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch

[Verse 2: Juvenile]

Stay from 'round here, I tell ya.. these niggas ain't cool  
Ain't no love for outsiders, everybody's a fool  
We be duckin' off in the hallways.. and in the cuts  
Gettin' the fuck when ATF is pullin' up  
People in the projects say, "Them niggas ain't shit"  
They hustle all night for brand new outfits  
You're fuckin' right... that's how it is on the block  
Grilled up, t-shirt, 'Bauds and Reeboks  
Camouflage around the neck and the dome  
Fucked-up attitude totin' a chrome  
Fighting for weed, nigga ain't ever goin' home  
Tryin' ta get it how he live with a bundle of (?)  
We ain't tryin' ta see the jailhouse  
But if we do we hope we be able to bail out  
Know what I'm sayin', lil' daddy  
We need a lick, come up in the whole brick  
Kick in a nigga door and punish the whole clique

[Chorus: B.G.]

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Man, kill that bitch  
Man, shoot that nigga  
Man, spank that bitch  
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch

Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch  
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Man, kill that bitch  
Man, shoot that nigga  
Man, spank that bitch  
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch  
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch

[Verse 3: B.G.]

Come through the hood where I hang with a K, and when I see ya  
What I'ma do to ya, I know I wouldn't wanna be ya  
Split your head in half, nigga.. leave ya stressed in the street  
Hit ya everywhere in your body but under your feet  
I play it raw when I'm in beef, I'm a Hot Boy that's heat  
Get it how ya live is how it is where I be  
Fuck a nigga's how I feel, no nigga steppin' on my toes  
Without feelin' !BLOCKAH! !BLOCKAH! from four-fours  
I'm a dog, with a gun in my hand I cut loose  
You're on the other end of that pistol, it's on you  
Get hit up.. chopped up.. did somethin' awful  
Zipped up, boxed up, put straight in a coffin  
Ain't part of my clique, fuck ya nigga  
Don't please me  
I don't love ya nigga, you're no good, playa  
I don't trust ya, nigga  
To me you ain't nuttin' but a bust nigga, what

[Chorus: B.G.]

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Man, kill that bitch  
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Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch

[Outro: B.G.]

Ya heard me  
Put fifty rounds in that nigga's what'cha do that bitch  
Fuck him, ya heard me (fuck him)  
Fuck his whole clique, nigga (fuck 'em all)  
Ya don't like me, I don't like you, nigga (I don't like ya, nigga)  
You don't like me, that mean you don't like my clique  
I don't like you, that mean I don't like you (!blockah! !blockah!)  
The niggas ya fuck with, the niggas you affiliate with, ya heard me  
Any nigga who speak to ya, nigga, back you up, nigga

Fuck you and all them too, nigga, ya heard me  
It's Cash Money for life, ya heard me  
Fuck all them old bitch-ass niggas throwin' bricks (???????) (fuck 'em all)  
It's real over here, nigga, ya heard me (fuck 'em all)  
We got this here (fuck 'em all) and we holdin' this here down  
Ya heard me, we gon' keep it like that, though, ya dig, nigga  
Baby, Slim, Juvie, B.Geezy, Turk, Weezy, Fresh, ya heard me  
Joe Casey, Travey, ya heard me, all tha shots, nigga  
We comin' through, nigga  
We layin' it down, nigga, and we just doin' what we do  
Keepin' it real  
Cash Money for life