

# Fuckin' With Me

Juvenile

[Juvenile (Chorus 2x)]

Throw up the U if your fuckin' with me  
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[Juvenile]

I got my mind right, money right, life right, paid right  
Can you see me cutting the beef like a steak knife?  
Don't stay up late I'm a be home when I'm finished  
I gotta drop my people off at the airport in a minute  
This is business; you ain't wit it then give me five feet  
I don't need you and children wherever I be  
I'm a man if this bitch is out then it's on  
As long as I don't bring no diseases or no hoes back home  
Let me roam - you won't even much need that phone  
I'm a take care of my shit baby just leave that alone  
I know when the pussy get wet and you need that bone  
There ain't too many bitches out here that's gone be that strong  
You was provided by your parents  
Just knowing a gangsta was fucking they daughter was scaring em  
I speak fat me and you bitch we got our life on track  
And if I ever leave from you I'll be right back

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Nowadays these chicks they too emotional  
I just wanted to get her (haha) I joke a few  
I just met you yesterday I'm barely knowing you  
"You ain't say that yesterday when I was blowing you!"  
See that's what that mo and that dro will do  
See drink up, smoke up come on I got some more for you  
You like that? I got another joke for you  
You grin, you in and I'm into poking you  
Sounds funny hunny? How much money hunny?  
You heard that but you ain't getting nothing from me  
Except them three 20's that Slim had (Slim)  
See I'm +Cut Throat+ in a Skip mask  
Well then lose the number, you do me a favor  
I ain't a lifeguard; I can't be your savior  
You met me like this, I'ma be a player  
So stop all the fussing and just beat me later

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[Wacko]

Come on Ma don't stress me  
I was a gangsta when you met me  
Knew I'd be where the pimps, the players, the hoes, and the tecs be  
Where the dope, the coke, the dro, and the X be

New Kisha Keanne and Mil wanted to sex me  
You still want to ex me or try to disrespect me  
Now them hoes in your ear, got you trippin wanna test me  
Look meet me on Freret Street right where my set be  
Go home; pack all your shit and drop off them Vette keys  
Anyway I'm tired of problems, you can catch yo cut  
But first drop off the B.B.'s and the princess cuts  
Round here stunting for them hoes - letting them gas you up  
Now you stuck for them hoes - let 'em cash you up  
I ain't gone lie is gone be hard for me to pass you up  
But my plane fly straight, never crash for nothing  
And before I fuck it up with a passenger  
I'll get rid of you and snatch me an amateur  
[Juvenile (Chorus 2x)]  
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