

Get It Right

Juvenile

[Verse 1: Juvenile]

You think this shit happened for me over tha night?
This is my life
Everybody know I be on a flight
To get it right, and keep it right, and stay strong
Nigga thought it wouldn't happen to 'em, but all of 'em dead wrong
Singin' tha same song, sayin', "Juvy ain't shit!"
With a project nigga out here tellin' people he rich
When tha truth is: they wishin' they was in my shoes
I pay dues, with them pistols I made moves
And I'm seein' all these pussy-ass niggas tryin' ta be hard
Why ya fuckin' with mines? I ain't fuckin' with y'all
Tha people runnin' your organization workin' for me, uh-huh
You didn't know that, now you call for tha plea
Boy, think of all tha places you could possibly be...
...than...chokin' these bullets up that's comin' from me
With my T-shirt and Ree's on
'Cause only God knows what these niggas be's on, (what?)

[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]

Look, niggas better get it right and keep it right
'Cause them Uptown Hot Boy\$ are on tha street at night
So, I hope you got your soljas and your 'Bauds on
'Cause we about ta strap up and know your clothes off
Whoa

You better get it right and keep it right
'Cause them Uptown Hot Boy\$ are on tha street at night
So, I hope you got your soljas and your 'Bauds on
'Cause we about ta strap up and knock your clothes off

[Verse 2: Lil' Wayne]

Listen, listen, listen
Zip it!
Cock, then act a fool and make 'em get back it (what?)
Chrome mack diply (what?)
Automatic spit back (what?)
I'm a Hot Boy, nigga, follow me
Do or die, survive with me (huh?)
Blow a pound of that broccoli (huh?)
Hit a block and then ride with me (huh?)
Kill'em all, but not your boy, he just had a baby daughter (so?)
Then, Cita, he never walk again (so?)
Don't play with them sharks again (oh)
I make them niggas bleed like that time of tha month
See, I told 'em, "Nobody move; nobody head bust."
Plus, a hundred rush, turn a boy to dust
Nigga, I'm a soldier, trust...I'll blow a hole in your guts
And ain't no "if", "and's", or "but's" (uh-uh)
You could get mad and fuss (uh-uh)
Watch your lip, man, you'll touch (uh-uh)
I'll pop a clip in, and bust (uh-uh)
Look, I'm straight thuggin'
Lookin' at niggas' fake muggin'
I'm runnin' with niggas that stay sufferin'
That ain' nothin'
It's Wheezy Wheez
I show off behind cheese
Get full of trees
Here I come, you better leave

[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]

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[Verse 3: B.G. & (Lil' Wayne)]

Niggas know I could get ugly when it comes to that (To that)
Oh, for sure, I leave ya bloody if it comes to that (To that)
I ain't no ho, if in beef I ain't gon' run from that (From that)
You got coke, keep it on tha low 'cause I'll come for that (For that)
I keep pistols in my possession 'cause I stays in shit (What?!)
I was raised watchin' niggas shootout with K's and shit (Wha?)
My momma tried ta keep me inside, but I snuck out tha back (Oh)
Shot hookie from school, hung on V.L. and sold a lil' crack (Fo sho')
Niggas respect me 'cause they know my nuts be hangin' and swingin' (Hangin')
If my toes get stepped on, I'm click-clackin' and bangin' (Bangin')
I've been out here since I was, like, ten years old
Caught my first gun charge in nineteen-nine-four
Scuffed my knees up, but the Lord, he pulled me out that
I'm ahead now, and ain't no way that I'ma look back (Fa sho')
Fresh laid tha track down, I picked tha pad up for a minute
Put tha gat down
But don't think I still won't act, busta

[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]

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