

Im Yo People

Juvenile

What's good? I'm yo people
I got money, can a nigga get a beef show
Lean it over, let me hit you with the deep stroke
Line it up like you tryin get a free throw
Yeah, I like that, yeah, I like that
Yeah, I like that, stay right there, I'll be right back
I hope you like church, 'cause I'm about mine
Check my time, bitch, it's about time
Pop pop pop the party, that's my girl
(Your girl?) mad know your shawty
And we pok-pok-poker all night
We fuck so much, that I miss my flight (damn)
Ask what, she know what, to do me
She bent that ass over and she shake that booty
Shake that ass, it's so deceptive
Is it fake? Is it real? Let me run some testes (let me test)
Girl, work that, you're the best at
What a collection play, you got my blessings
What's good? I'm yo people
I got money, can a nigga get a beef show
Lean it over, let me hit you with the deep stroke
Line it up like you tryin get a free throw
Yeah, I like that, yeah, I like that
Yeah, I like that, stay right there, I'll be right back
Mother juvenile just had to put it on me
She work it like a Mexican and tag it like the homie
Bust that pussy open, let a real nigga get on it
I remember back in highschool, everybody wanted
To be that young nigga with the flat top
Because I cared for a bad hoe with a fat twin
And she got some bad ass friends that we met high
And when I bust that road and make that ass drop
Now I lay down for a nigga, you know how to do it
Someone's flow is controlled by the music
Every time the beat goes bang they bang
The hoes they get loose and they get down, they get down
What's good? I'm yo people
I got money, can a nigga get a beef show
Lean it over, let me hit you with the deep stroke
Line it up like you tryin get a free throw
Yeah, I like that, yeah, I like that
Yeah, I like that, stay right there, I'll be right back
With a fucker tell the night's on, the light's on
Like to spin it like a cyclone on vitons
While your penis is quite long, is like stone
Turn a need and the mic on, you might won
Tear that other niggas balls down
I was working hard across town
I'm back, had it like my old job, with no proud
Whilst you twist me like a donut, with no slob
Listen up enough to talk back
Bitches trying to get you off track
They're just jealous 'cause you're all that
You know they better push the walls back
As how you're liking it
What's good? I'm yo people
I got money, can a nigga get a beef show

Lean it over, let me hit you with the deep stroke
Line it up like you tryin get a free throw
Yeah, I like that, yeah, I like that
Yeah, I like that, stay right there, I'll be right back