Never Had S* (feat. Big Tymers, B.G. & Turk)**

Juvenile

[Intro: Juvenile & Birdman]
That's right, Cash Money done
Took over this shit, motherfuckers
We got it, Juvy, and you [?]
Y'all don't know how ta do it. I'ma
Show ya how to live (??). (#1 stunnas)
Peep this shit out, lil' one:
This is how the fuck we do it, boy

[Verse 1: Juvenile]

My pockets flooded with money like it been rainin' for months Put Jackie Chan outta business, tha way that I live stunt Man, I'll spend fifty G's on just a chair and a sofa Got tired of all that drivin', so I got me a chauffeur Gettin' head watchin' TV on tha block of Magnolia Give tha kids twenty dollars when I open my door My grill like marble floors, was workin' with four After we score, I laid there and got me six more Now my body needs ta be treated, I'm 'bout to get weak Full of that shit, gon' kill that man, he got me hungry and greedy They call my watch tha North Pole cuz it's flooded with ice It's a...bitch in tha day, a motherfucker at night If somebody get my jewelry they'll be set for life Buy a house before tha wedding, and a ring for tha wife Money ain't shit ta me because I'm young and I'm blessed I don't..carry no cash, it's credit cards or checks

[Chorus: Juvenile]

Actin' like a nigga that ain't never had shit
Lookin' through my bend, sayin', "There's some asses"
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[Verse 2: Birdman & B.G.]

Nigga, I stretched tha Rover, stopped playin' with these hoes Got a hundred on my left, fifty on tha wrist, ho Fuck, I be shinin' from tha clothes, cars, jewelry Got seven-year-old children wan' grow up to be like me Niggas pullin' up, drivin' off tha showroom floor Got a mouth full of gold so I can boot these hoes Somebody asked me tha time, I just had ta look back Showed them tha baguettes on my watch and say how I could see that Got trillion cut earrings so I can blind these hoes I'm tha number-one stunna fuckin' rap-hoes (rap-hoes) Stun'n is a way of livin', ya fuckin' with my clique Try ta pay tha dealership that sell tha shit that don't exist I got all my hoes ridin' Lexus coupe, two-door Put tha Cadillac up, it was movin' too slow We Cash Money stunnas - money long as tha street You wan' verify our cash, go ask First NBC, nigga

[Chorus: Juvenile]
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[Verse 3: Turk] Look, look Bitches...say I stunt too much It's o...kay cuz I can back it up Know you gon'...let me...do what I do Rock my Rolie, ride drop-tops, too 'Til tha day I die, I'm gon' shine Drive top-of-tha-line Pop bottles of wine Break bread with my clique of niggas...niggas Toss hoes, take naked pictures...pictures Rap, hustle, get paid, nigga...nigga Try not to get a big head, nigga...nigga Look, you like my watch, ha You like my ring, ha You like tha way it look and how it *bling*bling*, ha I got so many karats, I could feed ten rabbits Got so much ice, cool me down when I wear it Every nigga in my clique...bubble and glide Every nigga in my clique sittin' low and high

[Chorus: Juvenile]

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