

Never Had S***

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"
Actin' like a nigga that ain't never had shit
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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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Lookin' through my bend, sayin', "There's some asses"
Actin' like a nigga that ain't never had shit

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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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