

# Spittin Game

Juvenile

[Intro: Turk]

Fresh. Slim, Baby. Hot Boys. Hot Boys in this bitch. Check it out

[Verse 1: Turk]

Niggas steady getting chopped  
Losin they life behind stupid shit  
Ain't that a bitch  
Niggas, gettin' they wig split  
And it's a shame  
Killin' has became a fame  
I cannot see my brains layin  
On the ground  
I keep my 9 on my waistline  
Chop 'em down  
Picks up the shells could leave no evidence around  
And, it's t-shirt land  
When niggas ain't playin'  
Got a chrome Glock got it cocked  
Red dot on yo' knot  
As I pop  
Nonstop  
'Til you drop  
Pronounced dead  
On the spot  
It's a tragedy when I spin' yo fuckin' block  
A nigga, from BlackConnect  
Will leave ya wet  
Fa' sho yo' face is on the next  
If ya disrespect  
I ain't fakin' it, yo' life I'm takin' it  
Hollow points bullets racin' it  
Niggas ain't makin' it  
When I bust  
Tell it to any nigga chopper bullets you can't trust  
If you bust, when I spray  
Head for shelter  
10% is gonna help ya, 90 is gonna fail ya  
A lot of punk niggas try to play hard  
Put yo' face on a fresh tee sendin' that ass to the morgue  
Better be cool if you don't, that's all on you

[Verse 2: Bullet Proof]

16 worth a mill my whole clique push dope  
Transportin' ki's in the all black Camero  
50 G's on the seat, layin' next to my heat  
I'm a Hot Boy to the police  
And I'm a thug on the street  
Yeah I score from Slim and B  
10 a ki, real OG's, 36 oz's formed the halves  
Goin' for 2 G's  
UPT connect, bout stackin', leave ya wet  
Niggas who disrespect, my chopper put in check  
Big body on broaders, that's all I know  
Mansion on Washetona 6 figures on the floor  
Double R and DR watched by Uptown security guards  
10 G's a ki, 36 o's a piece  
4 and a half, 2 G's, but I'll take 18

Got some niggas on my team bout head bussin' and green  
Flippin' [?] G's, hoopties, to benzies  
I get my ki's, from my uncle KC  
He's a Magnolia soldier  
Be in 10 in Angola  
Shootout in that 'Nolia  
Knock ya head off ya shoulders

[Verse 3: Juvenile]

I ain't about no playin'  
When I'm comin' get out the way  
Gun play, bussin' a nigga ass on the runway  
Head straight back to the hot block  
Flight in a half  
If I'm out there bad I might cut you in half  
UTP tatooed it, across my stomach stay booted  
Look I'm a looter, holdin' the Ruger  
Or a 6 shooter  
On Tuesdays and Thursdays  
You better watch for the sweep  
Look them people gon' act a ass if you get caught in the street  
I'm layin' off in some room by my bitch duckin' them people  
Staked out the area, and rob the Chinese store  
Do it like it's legal, I heard heads in power  
Bitches want the dope dick children and cop blockers  
Niggas in the cut with ski masks lookin' for me  
I'm on top of the roof with a chopper watchin' em too  
Fuck with me your mans urge get in his curtains  
Now send ya people  
To the TC and we gon' hurt 'em  
I'm seein' niggas  
Shootin like that heavy on 'bauds and tens  
I'm in the Chevy with B.G. and our girlfriends  
Park 'round the corner leave ya gun and creep slow  
Look bitch this ain't the night show, lay it down ho  
Ya think I'm playin', ask Baby and Slim how I can  
Hook me up I don't have time for no games  
Look here I stompin' in this bitch  
I'm chompin' a new fit  
I'm bound to snatch a ho and make her monkey on this dick  
Look at what ya facin' partner  
A whole nation  
Of niggas that's mind damaged  
Out here paper chasin'  
With that iron I'ma roll wit em  
Mama don't pray for me I don't back down from no nigga  
They got a place for me

[Verse 4: Lil Wayne]

See I want millions, hundreds and big thousands  
Tryin' to rain clout and third ward housin'  
Uptown streets is where all my ends meet  
Give me 9 9 G tryin' to see my destiny  
I do it all to ball drop the phone if I call  
See I'm livin' real large even though I'm real small  
But don't let that fool ya  
Money rules everything around me  
Creepin up silent behind ya that's where ya find me  
I ain't hear for a lil  
I want the whole damn spot  
I cock my Glock and have ya plot so I turn out to the top  
Nigga be runnin' with money  
Things you doin', I done done it

9 9 point 5 mil big deals keep it comin'  
Slugs hummin' chopper gunning catch the vapor from the laser  
Infrared fled big bread money maker  
Pop a slug barrel shaker for big paper  
Big ballin' life taker for big caker  
Ben Franklin, bank televancin' big bankin'  
Bust 'em gankin', left stankin' ship sankin'  
Ain't no such thing like see another nigga come up  
But if I don't know that other nigga, then his come up is my stuff  
Call it a bluff if you want, but come and test for ya own  
See how quick model homes leave home and [?]  
Roam to the top, slip up and get buck  
Get out my way, fo' I spray  
I'm tryin' to live up

[Verse 5: B.G.]

Young thugger, baby gangsta  
Thug or get popped  
Off top  
Aim my pistol straight for headshots  
I release the safety, if ya chase me  
Best waste me  
Don't hunt bitch down in ya way  
Or ya make me  
Reverse the game and wax that ass  
Stop you from playin'  
I clear yo block on that ass  
Nigga wonder why I stress  
Uptowns the place  
It's the best  
We got weapons that'll go through ya vest  
Get left wet  
Disrespect it's beef fo sho  
Got back up, from the Mac Melph Calio  
You got coke, and don't wanna go broke  
VL it  
'Cause around me bitch I'm doin' bad ya can't sell it  
B.G. terrorize  
4 niggas ya dig  
Bitch niggas get split  
If you got change on ya wig  
I'll take the hit  
Real fast and quick  
226 my clique Cash Money the shit  
Project heroes  
Bout 6 zeroes  
Makin' records is the front we got 10 kilos  
Unload reload  
If ya ball you fall  
If I jack you I don't want half I want all  
Stand tall for mine  
Nuts hang I'm real  
My skills outstandin'  
Kill or be killed  
Niggas out to give me the blues  
Let 'em kill me, I refuse  
I'm down for killing  
But the one of [edited] I was accused  
I leave ya funky  
I put my trunk-y  
Hair by a monkey  
So what ya self 'cause I'm down to act a donkey  
In the N.O. town, jackers 3, 4 deep

Put ya sleep if ya playin' wit a QB  
Bitch