

# What's Happenin'

Juvenile

[Juvenile talking]

Whats up everybody  
This your boy Juve The Great  
Right here with my people sinister  
And we about to take y'all back to the old school  
That old school gangster shit  
Check this shit out

[Juvenile]

We the only ones with work in the middle of the drought  
then them niggaz round the corner come and see what we about  
But we don't know they face so we don't want them by the house  
But Skipper started bustin when he saw them pullin out  
We did them niggaz dirty for fuckin up our vibe  
We packed up all our shit and moved it to the other side  
Visited our spot this girl was on my dick  
She said I love you Juvenile but you know you the shit  
I grabbed on my glock its where the fools hang out  
I'm only tryin to hustle another change route  
But they ain't gettin nothin if I ain't on beam  
I'ma leave them niggaz sufferin to find they own things  
Workin with plenty for talkin 'bout hoes  
I don't give them a penny, they comin out they clothes  
Grabbin on my jimmy to see if nigga swole  
Have to get it right with this big 'ol totem pole

[Chorus]

Yes I'm thuggin Yes I'm clubbin  
I ain't trippin on you look bitch I'm buzzin  
Hoes and niggaz I'm not lovin  
Fuck what you gettin if I ain't got nothin  
What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin with that  
What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin with that  
What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin  
What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin with that

[Juvenile]

We pull up in front the club and my rims was lookin nice  
The subwoofers bumpin, I need it in my life  
We had a couple of fellas was stuntin with they eyes  
We jump out of the Lexus and got they mind right  
See I ain't gotta rep cause they know I got chains  
You can catch me in that ? boy, that money green thang  
Get a fish and shrimp po' boy and go sit on St. James  
I'm a playa like my ole boy thats where I get game  
Goes start passin cause they want me to see 'em  
Ain't givin no action if they want some per diem  
I keep a soldier rag from the A.M. to the P.M  
My heater in my lap lookin great up in the B-M  
I know them niggaz watchin cause they know that I'm buck  
But they can catch a hot one for fuckin with a thug  
Nothin was poppin so we went in the club  
All the hoes started jockin cause they knew who we was

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

The owner wasn't trippin, he let a nigga in an  
The place was jumpin and the hoes was grinnin  
Not at us though it was at the other women  
Some was butterscotch some yellow like lemon  
Had a couple of foul ones chicken and pigeons  
Some was kinda fine but them bitches didnt listen  
Told them meet us outside and hoes got missin  
Put it in reverse and went back for more women  
Everybody's rollin and you can really see it  
Look at how they scopin for somebody to be with  
I ain't on shit and Ive been G'in since the 80's  
Ain't about goin somewhere probably then