

Who's Tha M.F.

Juvenile

[First Verse]

Nigga just came home from jail look how he played me
Kicked my door down took my shit an tied up my ol' lady
Now i'm just kick back broke poverty is still in my head hurtin
Cuz i know this nigga gotta be killed
My good side tellin me let'em slide cuz he aint worth bout my bad side
Tell me to kill'em cuz he deserve no mercy
Follow my bad side and put a feelin through healin
Any motherfucker seekin his business relentless
Thoughts goin through my mind nigga had tried to shine
I would be bout dat iron in this foolishness frame of mind
In the front door actin a donkey wit tha .44
Let a funky snatched the money handle business to momo
Tired of havin nothin wearin my brother's clothes
Many times i got drove by niggas in front of hoes
You know how it be dogg you aint been ballin all your life
You was round dat bitch still dirty stealin bikes
Buildin escape mobile all fixin the grilled cheese
In the store breakin snaps crown derby a key

[Chorus: Repeat-8x]

Whos the muthaphucka
I'm the muthaphucka

[Verse Two]

You lil boys runnin wanna do somethin c'mon
I gotta somethin fo' lil bitch ass your potnas and your grandma
Cuz i'm on a killa playa hata type boy you
Dont ask me none of that ??? but i'll take a lil of dat ???
Step and i'll cut your breath short like its bestis
Should've had your mama sayin