

Juvenile, Pop U

[Click Clack]

Alright [Sampled from "What's Up" by Juvenile & the UTP Playaz played throughout]

[Chorus]

You gon' make me clock you

I'ma have to pop you

You gon' make me pop you

I'ma have to pop you

You gon' make me pop you

I'ma have to pop you

You gon' make me pop you

I'ma have to pop you

[Juvenile]

Who that nigga is

What that nigga claim

Juve wild magnolia

Its an uptown thing

Soulja watchin' over me

So I'ma let it rain

Just give me the weed, the mic

And I'ma let it off the chain

Y'all actin' like, that nigga lost it

I ain't have no money

now I'm back, what the cost is

(?) on my wrist lookin' gooey

These ain't Birdman's

These is real Gucci's

Turn around the corner

Motherfucker tryin' to sue me

Talkin' shit to me so I can hit him with a two-piece

Where he rock, where he roll

where he got control

Me and my mans and them get the brains out these hoes

If she can dance, then she can romance nice and slow

Be in a trance like it was your man's pipe in the hole

I've been sippin' a little somethin'

Just stop servin' the game

It feel good to be an OG

I'm deservin' it mayne

[Hook]

I'm the nigga nigga

The nigga nigga the nigga

The nigga nigga Ju-a-vey

I'm the nigga nigga

The nigga the nigga nigga

The nigga nigga nigga Ju-a-vey

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

Now ain't no tellin' where I might be (Nope!)

Cause there's a million other creeps

Prancin' around these streets lookin' like me

Call them my stunt doubles

So if you think you hit Luda' with the rueger

I'm up in Cuba blowin' blunt bubbles

On the double, lookin' for trouble we staarted

The eye on my gat is cocked its retaarted

I'm sippin' lean, smokin' green, and I'm so hot

I told machine's people call me +I Robot+

Bang to the boogey boogey bang bang

Let my little partner borrow my necklace

And hit bitches with the same chain

Its not computer love (Nope!)

I'm gettin' great brain

Got a hard drive

But they blow me out my mainframe

Now how you like that?
I got your momma pitchin' quarters
On the corner gettin' cornered
And come right back
I'm makin' tight stacks (Yeah!)
So if it ain't Juve or Luda
Then can it nigga, we don't even like rap!
[Hook]
[Chorus]
[Fat Joe]
Got the Mack in the grass
And the nine in the dumpster
Duck when they pass
One time wanna dump ya'
Hunger
What I got in my veins
Take shots from the Henny
Just to straighten my aim
Now, I raise my middle finger (Fuck the World!)
And them donuts in that car better make ya' hurl
Yea, I'm bout my paper mayne
I'm fully loaded like them niggaz in Jamaica mayne
I know you know
This is Crack
And he's back
And you mad
Cause we diiid
And they Yack-ity Yak
In the sack when we slid in (Yeah!)
Mommy shakin' they ass
She want some big bills
Tip drill, she wants a tip drill (That's it!)
Its ya' nigga crack
Live with some fresh cut
Side of the highway
Ridin' that's the best fuck
And you can keep them hotel keys
Cause we gon' fuck these bitches
Wherever we please
[Hook]
[Chorus]