

Juelz Santana, Squalie (Skit)

juelz talking:
uh-ooo!!
roll wit me, its santana
yea I'd like to welcome yall to the great
fuck wit ya boy! Zeke!

juelz santana
verse 1:

Now I got more than my swagger back
Listen here homie
Mr. Mick Jagger's back (uh-oo)
Young Zab of rap
Only difference is this Judah
Will shoot ya, then get back to rappin'
traffin' crack threw half and half-tins
make stacks and stacks and thats a fact,man
yall cant fuck wit me
baby girl would grab my nuts for free
comfortably
and you know i got my pimpin together
got my game, got my cain, got my limpin'
together, shit bitch you better get your
switchin' together cuz this back-hand
will get you together, hope you know that
and sometimes i can't believe my niggas
still in awe, I'll give my arm just to feed my
niggas, eat, dont stop homie breathe my niggas
I need yall more than yall ever need me my niggas

(Hook)

this is for all my niggas on the block
thats pumpin'
I think the cops is comin'
squalie!
all my homies on the block with somethin'
hold it down I think the cops is comin'
squalie!
for all my chicks on the strip that switch
be easy, I think the cops is comin'
squalie!
all my ladies that boost for higher
Prada, Gucci attire watch whos behind ya!
squalie!

Juelz Santana
verse 2:

Yo i'm livin' the life of
loca-vida, coke and cheever
drive-by blow smoke on the policia
like fuck em! I got no love for
Squalie! but I'm tired of runnin' from
Squalie! duckin' from Squalie!
shit and we aint do nothin to Squalie!
its pay-back we buckin at Squalie!
no more gettin serched, frisked for
nothin by Squalie! so sell ya packs,
sell ya cracks like when dickens was mere
Juelz Santana Dickens is here yea,
so Zeke as you rollin' with me,
this the theme song homie fuck the police!
we back at it, our crack habit is that drastic

measures we taken to make em, we'll clap at ya
peel off on dirt bikes and raptors,
squirt pipes at bastards yall cant fuck wit me!

(Hook)

J.R. Writer
verse 3:

Hey ma, its J.R. and Elz
it aint hard to tell
we them niggas in Maury and Karl Lagerfeld
wit that hard to sell
that aint hard to sell
and a gun thatll hit you from far as hell
you quick to flash , well whip yo' ass
couple shots hit your glass
dip-shit your whip will crash
I got the sickest past
stay skippin' class, pitchin' Hash
all day I stood there
flippin' halves
when I heard ,Squalie!
I dished and dashed
ditched the hash
park, neutral, first gear
hit the gas, now we rich with cash
and when I hear Squalie!
I sit and laugh, dawg you kiss his ass,
cooked more caine, pushed off dames
while you dumb niggas stand there
and look all lame
I done popped and took off chains
now Ivory dump ice on me like my team
won a football game!

(Hook)