

# B.G. F/ Juvenile, Get In Line

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Miscellaneous

Get In Line

(&quot;One! Two! Three! Kick it!&quot;)

[Juvenile]

Nigga know I hate his guts, so he don't cross my path  
'Cause he know I've been survivin' all of the wars I had  
Bitch-nigga called hisself killin' my dog  
But he didn't, though, so I'm tyin' up him and his broad  
Betta say somethin', and it betta be what I wanna hear  
I'm listenin' - scary bitches started shittin' and pissin'  
You might see him on a milk carton, dog - he still missin'  
Somebody might catch him up on a hook when they fishin'  
Look, I've been itchin' to get bitches, money, and jewels  
I know some nigga's got a package - I'ma run with the fool  
Through the years older playaz told me to keep my head strong  
'Cause niggas is followers, and some of 'em led wrong  
But if I bust a cap in 'em, I will be dead wrong  
They don't know what's happenin', and I ain't gonna say it to 'em  
'Cause bitches be catchin' conversation inspectin'  
And fuck up and give them people some bad information

(Hook [Juvenile])

Now point the nigga out if he wan' do it with me  
Step to the front of the line, let me see who you be  
Air and opportunity - that ain't nothin' to me  
Look, I got somethin' I'm totin' that'll cut you in three  
(&quot;One! Two! Three! Kick it!&quot;)

[Juvenile]

You'se a certified clown in my eyes  
That's the reason why half of your hood got shit bags on your side  
You talk a good game, but you a ho when they ride  
Nigga don't have to look for you - they know you inside  
You probly got your tail in your ass, your thumb in your mouth  
Protected custody so you don't come in your house  
Motherfucker, where all the shit you said you was 'bout?  
Let you tell it - you been 'bout bustin' heads in the south

[B.G.]

Can't be fuckin' with no lame, fake,  
ain't even gon' watch your back, nigga  
Get popped - can't handle the pressure and rat, nigga  
Take the whole clique down runnin' his lips  
Can't come back in the bricks now, he'll get flipped  
It's a cold game, but I don't give a fuck, my nigga  
I feel threatened by anybody, I'ma bust that nigga up my nigga  
Then go get a mill, fuck my bitch -  
I take this game to heart, unless niggas disagree

(Hook [Juvenile])

[B.G.]

I'm a lil' man - stand my ground no matter what  
Glock glued to my hand - there's no one you can trust  
Niggas turned on they own nigga behind Geez  
If I think they won't turn on me, I'm outta luck  
So I roll first - cock and shoot first  
Gotta stay over the head to duck a T-shirt  
You want beef? You want war? You want me?  
Nothin' between us but air and opportunity  
Don't talk 'bout what you gon' do - do it, nigga  
'Cause you're wastin' your breath - go 'head, prove it, nigga

Shit's real - I ain't got time to fake  
Time's money - I ain't got time to waste  
But on the straight with me bein' real  
To let others' niggas know I don't fake - ya gotta get killed  
Oh, bitch-nigga playin' with a rich nigga like me  
Ya wind up six feet, clown

(Hook [Juvenile])

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(&quot;K-k-kick it!&quot;)

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[Juvenile {talking}]

Step up!  
Wherever the fuck you is, nigga  
Don't throw a motherfuckin' brick  
and hide your hand like a ol' pussy-ass, nigga  
(&quot;One! Two! Three! Kick it!&quot;)  
Come out to the light, nigga - let me see who you is  
You wan' do me somethin' or harm my kids, nigga, show your face  
Make it known you're beefin' with me  
Know wh'I'm sayin'  
Ol' scary-ass nigga gon' hide  
Come out here, playa - catch me all over New Orleans, nigga  
On the block, in the hood, wherever  
B.G., nigga, always on V.L.  
We gon' keep it real - know wh'I'm sayin'

(&quot;One! Two! Three! Kick it!&quot;)

(&quot;One! Two! Three! Kick it!&quot;)