

Hot Boy\$, Take It Off Your Shoulder

(Juvenile)

I bust you in your motherf**kin mouth for talkin
The beast of beasts is in here, and 1 or us ain't walkin
Hope you got your boys and you strapped tight
'cause this bout to be some shit you won't like
Picture this, a fome hot, to your dome hot
I was a bitch before I drew down, now I got a new sound
You found a nigga that you though was a hoe
He's probably from your family, you married the most
Who's the B, whats the beef, my lady she's pregnant
She's already 5 months, so we lookin at oh 3
My baby bout to touch down, man I can't do this with a frown
Bustin that niggas dick over my pops corner
All my people are probably wondering whats going on
Playin a chess game, gotta keep my eye on this mate
All the way from Adam and Eve, not f**kin Steve

Chorus:

I take It off your shoulder
Nigga I'm thuggin in the magnolia
You better do what I told ya
Unless you want to get f**k over

(Juvenile)

Watch yourself, it's getting bad and dangerous
We makin niggas so it's scared to hang wit us
We show them large and they stumble back
Ridin around every water in the chat
It used to be like that, till the driver drowned
Thats niggas is doctor p, knock the niggas door down
He hit his head on bed, 24/7
I gotta deal with these niggas and bitches till 2:11
What are them niggas that are duckin the law
Who them niggas who just shot up your car
What you call them niggas that are ready for war
What you call them niggas that go too far
Hot Boys running with kerosene running through everything
All the way to shit, you never seen
To Magnolia and back
Niggas talk bout me but then they never seen
Seeing them niggas in the cages, duckin stages, thinkin they courageous
I'mma bust you in the head, my enemies trying to fled
C-Murder trying to come up here and murder

Some motherf**kin claim to representin
He ain't from the magnolia, so this shit ain't reminiscin
This is my system
Like an addiction thats like fiction
My victums can't see 'cause they bitchin
Don't worry, I'll make them believers
When my blood pressure get high and over steamers
This week will not be cut
'cause it's in God we trust
You niggas trying to check wit us
We'll make it so you respectin us

Chorus

(Juvenile)

If I was in the dinker, I probably be dead right now
One of these niggas tried to bust my head by now
I'll be ridin tonight, ain't no survivin
Now I got my enemy drivin, and ain't despising

This nigga be seeing the bright light
And when he gets in park, end his life
2 or my people, look nigga I'm planning
And when I see 200 keys of that sand
I'm a marked man, so I'll put that shit in your hand
I'mma be shacollin, all my niggas ballin
Juve you buyed it
Wayne you buyed it
Turk you buyed it
Slim you buyed it
Baby you buyed it
Fresh you buyed it
B.G., ballers you buyed it
You and you, you buyed it
This motherf**kin investigation on me?
Saying they got shit on me
I'mma be kissing these alligations
They tried to torture and question me at the police station
They keep playa hatin, they keep statin
Niggas gonna be waiting, f**k that, I'd rather take my chances
Bitch in a minute, I rearrange shit

Chorus