

# Hot Boys, 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