

Juvenile, Cock It

[Juvenile]

Uh Huh, Uh Huh
Mic check one, two
it's Juvenile coming through
Uh Uh c'mon, c'mon

[Verse 1]

Who the man? if I ain't it nigga can't claim it
I can take a small name and make it famous
I reason with no one homie I got fa sho cliental
I'm a XL out here in the streets or lyin in jail
I'm quick tempored please limit ya words
I will send you in a hurry down south with the splurge
it's kind of hard to understand me cause I speak with a slur
but my guns speak a language all the people done heard
streets sense gon' keep me in it for a minute
you fuckin with a general salute me lieutenant
I'm not too particular with lies
I look e'm in there eyes say a pray before you die
this ain't about me this about somethin thats spoke
you know runnin with a nigga while you cuttin his throat
oh them loose lip bitches get hung from a rope you know
bagged up and throwed off the side of a boat, oh!

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Cock it, take berrata then pop it
give me that out ya pocket cause the best can't stop it
East coast whassup, Down south whassup
West coast whassup, Mid West whassup

[Verse 2]

Keep on makin ya laws, I'm a keep breaking them
I can move a package in any city I'm stationed in
if ya son touchin my shit you better pray for him
bust his head and catch me a flight to where the hatreds been
I ain't the only solider they got alot of these
all of these children make me know who dropped alot of seeds
I smoke till my eyes shut
stay strapped so if you think about sneakin you better wise up
hit you with the traqualizer let it fill ya head
paralyze you have ya screamin "I can't feel my legs"
regardless of what a nigga or a bitch done said
the shell around ya get poked like eggs
I'm from the M-A-G-N-O-L-I-A
my bitches gonna listen to what the hell I say
you niggas gonna respect it or get out my way
or the coroner's gonna happen to ya all time sake

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

You old niggas on ya last limb
move over let some niggas who really want it come cash in
suppose to get killed for cock blockin in cells
solider bet you can't get no chronic up in hell
fresh off the porch where the stash spot
I'm hungry tryna get the same respect that my Dad got
got the chopper cut the wieght, nice in the stash box
nigga be on paper so himmed up from the bad cops
how the hoes be actin hopin for child support
I need to snatch me a coat and endorse it with dope
I ain't even gotta speak on it I put my G on it
niggas gon' let us get that whenever we want it
beef is beef whenever the shit occurs

if it's real it's gon' resolve into metal for sure
but hit the right one he ain't respectin my bad
my only satisfaction will be poppin your ass

[Chorus - till end]