

Juvenile, Down South Posted

(feat. Skip & Wacko)

[Chorus X2 - Juvenile]

Ayo we down south posted and we counting our figgas,
know how to treat these bitches and how to handle these niggas,
don't play with us lil daddy cuz we'll have you in stitches
Its UTP right here and we bout getting our riches,

[Verse 1 (Juvenile)]

I pledge allegions with the four nickel you niggas no pickle,
cock the pistol point my issues at you and whodi who wit you,
Your body ain't nothing but grizzle, I can see through the tissue,
They gon' think you was in gymnastics how the chopper gon' hit you,
I might have to crash the party if niggas gets me started,
better watch this nickel fourty cuz this bitch gets retarded,
fuck with me shorty, I could teach you how to be flawless,
NOPD wanna see me up in Dora Delawless,
Hate fighting them charges, take a nigga regardless,
Fuck em' and duck em and tell them to suck on a hard dick,
When we was wilding in the nolia they was callin us babies,
I guess the same shit went on in the 80's,
But still crazy, I'm with it too, kinda sneaky know how to get at you,
Not trying to have momma crying and miserable,
I'm already knowing what guns could do,
I've seen some of the worst niggas get blown in two,

[Chorus X2]

[Verse 2 (Skip)]

Yes she say she love me, every time she fucks me,
But then she sayin' fuck me, everytime we fussing,
Skip i'm sick of hustlin, boy you just disgustin,
Nananana, bitch, don't you tell me nothing,
all you know is dollars, Dolce and Gobanna,
Gucci, Fendi, Chanel, Milono, Prada,
All you is is problems, I can't help you solve them,
So when you think, just think, nah don't involve him,
Hang up when you callin', caller ID all em'
If its your number I don't answer, ain't no sense in callin'
Bitch I'm back to ballin', like I fell off,
Like if I was doing bad I'm gonna tell y'all,
What could I tell y'all except suck dick and swallow,
yeah you look good, but can you walk like a model ?
Bitch I pop collars, and I clock dollars,
so watch your watch and watch for the shock BLADAH !

[Chorus X2]

[Verse 3 (Wacko)]

Man look up over there, wilding, cursing bitches smoking jo's now,
Got two open charges niggas talking round dro now,
Sarge and so small they spin the bend in regular clothes now,
But whodi and them so smart before they spin, lil one close shop,
Slim just got popped for douljer grind and a weed pipe,
Guess they trying to sock it to my dog with them three strikes,
Fuck that, we got buying money nigga we tight,
UTP, six coat, cut throat nigga we right,
Trying to get you niggas to understand this a new day,
New jewels, new shoes, new twos, new pay,
new trips, new clips, new whips, new K,
A million for my great grand children to my new day,
You straight ? I'm just trying to make sure you straight,
Keep them nappy head bitches out ya face cousin and move weight,
Every nigga working with something thick they do take,

Don't you fall off over a fat ass and a cute face,

[Chorus X2]