

Juvenile, March Nigga Step

[Verse 1]

You live that life... slangin' that iron off tha porch
When a nigga blow... you hit him up with tha torch
You got confidence... you got your chest buffed out
If you buy a Lex... you got your shit clutched out
Niggas know your name... 'cause they done heard it in tha pen
Niggas know your face... 'cause of tha places you done ben
Your family straight... is that goin' for somethin'
You got your lil' man with ya... he ain't askin' for nothin'
Get rid of these roaches... you got a Cash Money toaster
Ready for war... you got that iron in your holster
Full of that fire... black magic on your tires
You keep all of your hoes 'cause you a liar
You're swolled up... you just come home from doin' sticks
You done blowed up... and you already got them bricks
If they try ta jack... is you gon' put 'em in they place?
When you cock your shit... is you gon' hit 'em in they face?

[Chorus]

Well grab your 223's, and march nigga step
Bring your 40's and 9's, and you march nigga step
Play if me if you want, we gon' march nigga step
March nigga step
March nigga step
Grab your 223's, and you march nigga step
Bring your 40's and 9's, and you march nigga step
Play with me if you want, we gon' march nigga step
March nigga step
March nigga step

[Verse 2]

You full of that liquor... you just met a little freak
And you're ready to hit her... up in the corner, and it's sweet
You're feelin' good... you're makin' money out the ass
Up in your neighborhood... you 'bout ta go buy you a Jag
You're quittin' the game... everything is gravy
Cuz ya made a little change... from bustin' them niggas' brains
Ya like how ya live... you got everything ya need
Up inside of your crib... like Hennessy and weed
You're runnin' with killers... you got that green shit with ya
You're slingin' them pillas... you don't know nothin' but guerrillas
You got television... up in your Lexus and your Benz
You can go and get 'em... showin' off in twenty-inch rims
'Bout 187... you put a finish to your beef
With them MAC-11's... while your suckin' your gold teeth
You accept your lick... look, you protect it like a man
When you got that iron... is you gon' slang what's in yo' hand?

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3]

You full of some diamonds... you got your Rolie iced out
You're steadily shinin'... you livin' in a nice house
You gon' put your girl... up on tha next thing smokin'
If she think you're jokin'... is she gon' get a quick chokin'?
You could take a trip... to tha Bahamas if you want
You could turn a trick... with lil' momma if ya want
You ain't worried 'bout nothin'... tha game been good to you
So you done retired from hustlin'... or is ya still doin' somethin'?
You tired of them laws... tryin' ta take niggas ta jail
You tired of them boys... cuz you got money for your bail
You got a reputation... cuz you be bustin' them heads
Niggas be infiltratin'... tryin' ta give you up to tha Feds
You eat tha best of shit... and be ballin' at breakfast-s
Tattoos all on your stomach and on your neck and shit
You 'bout ridin' up in tha best of shit, and them new Lexus-s
You got nothin' but diamonds up in your necklaces

[Chorus]

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March nigga step
March nigga step

[Juvenile]

Bring your MAC-11, and march nigga step
Bring your AK, march nigga step
Bring your MAC-90, march nigga step
Call my nigga, Baby, ta march nigga step
Call my nigga, Weezy, ta march nigga step
Call my nigga, Turk, ta march nigga step
Call my nigga, Geezy, ta march nigga step
Call my nigga, Mannie, ta march nigga step
March nigga step
March nigga step
Play with tha CMB, you gon' march nigga step
March nigga step

[Mannie Fresh talking]

In tha year 2000
March nigga step
Get tha fuck on