

# Juvenile, Rock Like That

(feat. Bun B)

[Juvenile]

U.T.P. in the buildin'  
Sinista on the motherfuckin' track, nigga...

I'm ridin' dirty, way low to the grass  
Whole hood payin' attention to me showin' my ass  
I just cooked up and the tube was filled up  
I sold my whole thang 'cause my dude and them pulled up  
They talkin' about a nigga like a hurricane forecast  
Boy kinda ignorant but he could move the coke fast  
To hell with the talkin' nigga, we could go do it  
The package right here nigga, let's roll through it  
I'm down South bred, that's what my mamma and my daddy say  
Acts like New York and smoke cush the Cali way  
Gutter, I hustled the corner, cuts and alleyways  
Word mean nothin' to me, I'm goin' that-a-way  
I got a dynasty and I ain't throwin' that away  
I've been investin' my rhyme up on my strategy  
And I don't feel that it's time to put the strap away  
It's either that or just I'm full of that Alizee

[Chorus]

We rock like that 'cause we rock like that  
These U.T.P. niggaz we rock like that  
We rock like that 'cause we rock like that  
These Magnolia niggaz we rock like that

You can get it quick to your head, homeboy  
I don't think you wanna fuck with me  
You can get it quick to your head, lil' mama  
I don't think you wanna fuck with me

[Juvenile]

I don't cut no corners to jip for no figures  
I ain't kissin' no ass to live with no nigga  
I don't need this rap shit, bitch I'm in these streets  
When Cash Money didn't pay me, I still got sleep  
Get capped, you're on the phone, tell her I need the teeth  
To set the nigga up to get his Jesus piece  
She used to run it with Nate Dean, now she's a beast  
Got her daughter sellin' pussy for a G at least  
I move a lil' work, ain't nothin' to brag on  
Somethin' to keep me nice and my homie to tag on  
24 inch shoes on the rag on  
I got shit poppin' in my hood and I'm that strong  
Fiends keep smokin', please don't quit  
You want another hit? - fiend on this  
But watch it, the gun is under the shirt now  
Me lead love and me will keep sendin' the work down

[Chorus]

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[Bun B]

Keep it trill, keep it gangsta, pimpin' keep it 100  
Before a nigga be done got killed and I'm the one who done it  
I'm in H-Town baby, the home of the hoe sale  
Where niggaz don't just give you a brick  
They give you the whole deal  
Drug deals goin' down at ten dollar motels  
Keep it on the down-low 'cause somebody might go tell  
Like it, get you what you need, just have yo' mail  
And send your people 'round here so I can get some more sale  
Know that I got more yayo that most niggaz goin'  
I'm gettin' it from the same niggaz bringin' all the 'dro in  
I'm 'bout to get it dropped off, I'ma let you know when  
(“Shit, I'm tryin' to spend like fifty wit ya, dogg)  
Shit, fo' sho' then  
Bring your money with you, counted and wrapped up  
And move like you 'sposed to be movin' because we strapped up  
Don't get yourself clapped up for no reason  
Cause we won't hesitate when it come down to the squeezin'

[Chorus]

We rock like that 'cause we rock like that  
These 3rd Coast niggaz we rock like that  
Cause we rock like that 'cause we rock like that  
These Rap-A-Lot niggaz we rock like that

You can get it quick to your head, homeboy  
I don't think you wanna fuck with me  
You can get it quick to your head, lil' mama  
I don't think you wanna fuck with me