Juvenile, Take Them 5

[Juvenile:]
I hate to be doin' 5 but 10 even worse
I'ma take it before the district attourney strike worse
Beside he know what I did and they got evidence
And I'm not about to play with them people inteligence
Muthafuckaz try to stay, peep me at my residence
Chargin' me for homicide, they say it was negligent
Fuck it, I'ma accept my lick when it come to me
Now let me see how many of these bitches gon' run for me
Shit, my breath funky with a migraine headache
Big pissed off cause I know I made a mistake
But that's what I get fuckin' with pussy ass niggaz
And 2 dollar hoes that'll trade you for cash figures
They did that. but I got a way to get 'em back
Not with the police though Juve ain't no rat
Nigga tell me shit I done fallen for the end
And you woulda had that dick look when you'd caught that 10

[Chorus:[Juvenile (2x)]]
You gon' take 'em (Five)
Are you gon' take that shit to trial
And gon' be denied
Violate probation when you just got caught, with that ride
That alibi ain't gon' work
Ain't it some hotter niggaz from out that 3 be doin' that dirt

[Juvenile:]
All the money in the world can't even move you
Your lawyers tryin' to fuck you, the judge tryin' to lose you
The district attourney don't give a fuck about y'all
Cause he gotta run run for office again in the fall
So everything he cross examine he tryin' to fuck over
Grudges on his shoulder, tryin' to read his quota
You wastin' ya time boy when you wastin' they time
Cause they'll start off with a nickel and try and give you a dime
You think I'm lyin', go ask my cousin KC
You think I'm lyin', go ask my cousin Ducky
Both of my niggaz just cam home from doin' a bit
Both of my niggaz know what encarceration is
Lil Daddy, you fightin' a war you can't win
Your guilty as charged soon as them people stand up in
So accept ya lick, you got caught with more than a brick
And you ain't gon see the streets 'til two-thousand and six

[Chorus:[Juvenile (2x)]]

[Juvenile:]
It's sharks out here boy, niggaz be rattin'
You be up in penitentiary and don't know what happened
Law, you're tellin' me you're wanted for murder and kidknappin'
Short on they information so they lyin' and scrappin'
You don't want to be in jail that ain't you're place
When your child graduate you gon' look her in the face
Tell her lil wodie out there hustlin' somewhere across the nation
All in the projects, take that probation
Believe it or not, you be up in the cell block
Far away from home where you can't eeven sell rocks
Bitches ain't on your side like up in the bricks
Cause once you up in the jailhouse they searchin' for that dick
Sco' no, cho' no, I'm single
My man up in jail, I can still mingle
I'm my own woman, fuck who, what, or when
My man can't whip me, cause he doin' ten

[Chorus:[Juvenile (4x)]]