

Juvenile, What's Happenin'

[Juvenile talking]

Whats up everybody

This your boy Juve The Great

Right here with my people sinister

And we about to take y'all back to the old school

That old school gangster shit

Check this shit out

[Juvenile]

We the only ones with work in the middle of the drought

then them niggaz round the corner come and see what we about

But we don't know they face so we don't want them by the house

But Skipper started bustin when he saw them pullin out

We did them niggaz dirty for fuckin up our vibe

We packed up all our shit and moved it to the other side

Visited our spot this girl was on my dick

She said I love you Juvenile but you know you the shit

I grabbed on my glock its where the fools hang out

I'm only tryin to hustle another change route

But they ain't gettin nothin if I ain't on beam

I'ma leave them niggaz sufferin to find they own things

Workin with plenty for talkin 'bout hoes

I don't give them a penny, they comin out they clothes

Grabbin on my jimmy to see if nigga swole

Have to get it right with this big 'ol totem pole

[Chorus]

Yes I'm thuggin Yes I'm clubbin

I ain't trippin on you look bitch I'm buzzin

Hoes and niggaz I'm not lovin

Fuck what you gettin if I ain't got nothin

What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin with that

What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin with that

What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin

What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin with that

[Juvenile]

We pull up in front the club and my rims was lookin nice

The subwoofers bumpin, I need it in my life

We had a couple of fellas was stuntin with they eyes

We jump out of the Lexus and got they mind right

See I ain't gotta rep cause they know I got chains

You can catch me in that ? boy, that money green thang

Get a fish and shrimp po' boy and go sit on St. James

I'm a playa like my ole boy thats where I get game

Goes start passin cause they want me to see 'em

Ain't givin no action if they want some per diem

I keep a soldier rag from the A.M. to the P.M

My heater in my lap lookin great up in the B-M

I know them niggaz watchin cause they know that I'm buck

But they can catch a hot one for fuckin with a thug

Nothin was poppin so we went in the club

All the hoes started jockin cause they knew who we was

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

The owner wasn't trippin, he let a nigga in an

The place was jumpin and the hoes was grinnin

Not at us though it was at the other women

Some was butterscotch some yellow like lemon

Had a couple of foul ones chicken and pigeons

Some was kinda fine but them bitches didnt listen

Told them meet us outside and hoes got missin

Put it in reverse and went back for more women

Everybody's rollin and you can really see it

Look at how they scopin for somebody to be with

I ain't on shit and Ive been G'in since the 80's

Ain't about goin somewhere probably then "Beat It"

You already knowin the way that I'm rockin
if you anin goin then ain't nothin poppin
Now I'm about to leave cause these niggaz eavesdroppin
I got my heater on me now an I don't have to cock it
[Chorus]