

Juvenile, White Girl

(feat. Baby, Lil Wayne)

[Lil Wayne]

Listen...I'ma hundred percent hussla from my face to my feet
My lifetime cases the street, my dime places the street
Until I wake and see another fuckin day is relief
I pray that he keep, I'm scrappin my knees from chasing this cheese
I had point guard dreams of playin for some team
Hit the block and made NBA money in one week
See I hussle in the hood and plus I fly birdies
And play the tracks out every month so I can ride dirty
needed someone to manage my money I hired Shelly
But Shelly started talkin to much so she died early
They got me loadin up my Benz with my eyes blurry
I sent the message to the fucker at bout five thirty
Now if the bitch aint got my dice for me then I'm sorry
But i'ma leave everyone who outside bloody
And then I go in the stash get the coke and the cash
I'm lettin niggas score it for half, I'm hopein it last
But still nigga don't, I might have to just go in the lap
And if its slow in the ass back to the rope and the mask

[Chorus (Lil Wayne)]

Man we got that white girl,
and wigga talk bout uh price to make it right for you
And if you like that allright then we got what you need
And if you like that nasty broad then we got low ki's..
Dog who got um? We got that white girl
and wigga talk about uh price to make it right for you
And if you like that allright then we got what you need
And if you like that nasty broad we got them low ki's..
Man who got um? We got that white girl
and wigga talk about uh price to make it right for you
And if you like that allright then we got what you need
And if you like that nasty broad we got them low ki's..
Playa who got um?

[Juvenile]

I hate when a nigga flex up and he's makin it sound
As though he been doin that border, but that nigga would drown
My block been infiltrated by uh whole lot of fake ass niggas
Scared ass niggaz, wont even bust uh grape ass niggaz
I'm talkin to you! so take it how you want ho
I've been here for uh minute, so I looked up and you dont move
Ya partnuhs been fuckin wit ya cause they know how you is
Niggas be smackin ya and humpin you and snatchin yo shit
Matter fact get the fuck out my face, befo' I put you in ya place
I'm one second from bustin the drapes
Well you can get ya money and all but not ch'ere
Lil daddy I been runnin this section for 5 years, first of all I dont like ya
I dont know ya, run and get ya gun if you want I'm gon show ya
You one of them niggaz try earning your stripe
Lil daddy I'm one of them niggaz that'll hit ya at night

[Chorus]

[Baby]

That liquor like dope nigga I gots to have it,
Cook flip the brick with some heavy traffic
Guns gon bust if these niggas be lackin
Cadallac, gold spokes, brick head, and baskets
Overflow this bitch white work gone faster
Tragedy of uh murder case twisted and laughin
In the bentley drop top and Pac is blastin

Hit the hood jumpin the cop, we start the stashin
Bunch of white t-shirts phone calls harrasment
Bought a pot on that shit make it hot and ejectin
He standin on my two feet he purrin "I aint blastin"
Coming up from child hood days about my cashing
Hundred g's on the trunk of the Escalade Cadi
I never did listen , I never mind my daddy
My brother gave him a game cookin in an ally
4 bricks two guns I'm runnin to my parents

[Chorus - repeat 2X]