

Juvenile, Who's Tha M.F.

[First Verse]

Nigga just came home from jail look how he played me
Kicked my door down took my shit an tied up my ol' lady
Now i'm just kick back broke poverty is still in my head hurtin
Cuz i know this nigga gotta be killed
My good side tellin me let'em slide cuz he aint worth bout my bad side
Tell me to kill'em cuz he deserve no mercy
Follow my bad side and put a feelin through healin
Any motherfucker seekin his business relentless
Thoughts goin through my mind nigga had tried to shine
I would be bout dat iron in this foolishness frame of mind
In the front door actin a donkey wit tha .44
Let a funky snatched the money handle business to momo
Tired of havin nothin wearin my brother's clothes
Many times i got drove by niggas in front of hoes
You know how it be dogg you aint been ballin all your life
You was round dat bitch still dirty stealin bikes
Buildin escape mobile all fixin the grilled cheese
In the store breakin snaps crown derby a key

[Chorus: Repeat-8x]

Whos the muthaphucka
I'm the muthaphucka

[Verse Two]

You lil boys runnin wanna do somethin c'mon
I gotta somethin fo' lil bitch ass your potnas and your grandma
Cuz i'm on a killa playa hata type boy you
Dont ask me none of that ??? but i'll take a lil of dat ???
Step and i'll cut your breath short like its bestis
Should've had your mama sayin "lord mama child loved'em"
They say i'm losin weight boy whats wrong wit you
I'm hungry and i'm broke now brake me off wit a bone or two
I know a, nigga should be good for that ha?
But all that nigga had tol' is i aint got it right now
Lil bitch you not my round you hoes lay it down
Lemme get dat out your potnas better me than them coppas
Fa sho yo' hoe, tried to crown me on the block
You probably would've got me put dat nine wouldn't stop
A witness scored a bag cuz your boy tried to slam me
Out chip ass sellin whammies busta wont see his family
I let dat nigga slide cuz i been in his shoes too
Like twenty-four-seven breath smellin like beaucoup

[Chorus: Repeat-8x]

Whos the muthaphucka
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[Verse Three]

I'm runnin wit dat gal thats after ??? niggas wit six figgas
To get wit his sign us a ????? wit no repayin
Now i'm in it lay wit'um it violate ten and fuck'em juv
Set up his to conduct an attitude
Look here
How many of you niggas ready to start big tymin
Look here
How many of you niggas wanna be ridin reclinin
Diamonds be shinin sippin on heinkens your mind was in a trans
Probably takin a chance to his baddest police
You kill in the peete and make a million a piece
And we'll got off of the streets in there a house in the east
I know the answer is no so up into my dad

I'm screamin fuck yo' clangin tha five doe
Look here
When i was young i didnt hardly know shit
Bigga ballin would get the medocore nigga noticed
So i approach like i was coached refuse in the gun
Gangs could be over come if you silence your tongue
My name went after choosen one threw out the slump
Sense of envy up in these other mennies brains i ????

[Chorus: Repeat-8x]

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