

## Cock It

Juvenile

[Juvenile]

Uh Huh, Uh Huh  
Mic check one, two  
it's Juvenile coming through  
Uh Uh c'mon, c'mon

[Verse 1]

Who the man? if I ain't it nigga can't claim it  
I can take a small name and make it famous  
I reason with no one homie I got fa sho cliental  
I'm a XL out here in the streets or lyin in jail  
I'm quick tempored please limit ya words  
I will send you in a hurry down south with the splurge  
it's kind of hard to understand me cause I speak with a slur  
but my guns speak a language all the people done heard  
streets sense gon' keep me in it for a minute  
you fuckin with a general salute me lieutenant  
I'm not too particular with lies  
I look e'm in there eyes say a pray before you die  
this ain't about me this about somethin thats spoke  
you know runnin with a nigga while you cuttin his throat  
oh them loose lip bitches get hung from a rope you know  
bagged up and throwed off the side of a boat, oh!

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Cock it, take berrata then pop it  
give me that out ya pocket cause the best can't stop it  
East coast whassup, Down south whassup  
West coast whassup, Mid West whassup

[Verse 2]

Keep on makin ya laws, I'm a keep breaking them  
I can move a package in any city I'm stationed in  
if ya son touchin my shit you better pray for him  
bust his head and catch me a flight to where the hatreds been  
I ain't the only solider they got alot of these  
all of these children make me know who dropped alot of seeds  
I smoke till my eyes shut  
stay strapped so if you think about sneakin you better wise up  
hit you with the traqualizer let it fill ya head  
paralyze you have ya screamin