

## Cradle 2 da Grave

Juvenile

[Hook x2]

We ain't got a worry in our head  
Whatever beef we had already dead  
We running shit, that's right, that's what I said  
And it's official from the cradle to the grave like

[Verse 1]

Apartment, it's coming out of Austin  
I'm on my way to home on a private charter from Boston  
Niggas already talking, these bitches already stalking  
I bigger the jack is coming, I'm balling so I'm a target  
I got that 911 if you want it, bring out your coffin  
These niggas gon get you twisted and floating like you're a dolphin  
And they ain't got no other or better shit on the market  
All you niggas selling garbage  
Go put that shit in the toilet and flush it  
You know why they don't school from you no more cause they don't trust it  
You had some loyal customers but now they all disgusted  
I pop up out of nowhere with that fire like surprise  
When you see me in the club, me and my niggas looking fly like

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2]

I'm out here in the thuggin, don't worry me for nothing  
Say you don't believe in God today you gon' believe in something  
My niggas in there with me, they buckets twisting to be famous  
They searchers at the door but we still in here with them bangers  
Security can't control us, can't hold us, they can't contain us  
A couple had to quit cause they said this shit was too dangerous  
I'm a while dope and I smoke like a Californian  
And I don't want your hoe but I fucked her cause I was on it  
Dope won't sell itself shit, it don't need no advertisement  
They running back and forth I got these bitches exercising  
Bought shit from over seas, they say it's 'ganistan  
And I got that flavor everybody want, it's [?]