F*** That Nigga

Juvenile

[Verse 1: Juvenile]
We drink up all the brown, we drink up all the white
We go to all the spots, we be up all the night
We'll tell a nigga, "Fuck ya!" and be waitin' outside for him
Bust him up and see how many niggas gon' ride for him
Play the project bricks and watch for the law
Nigga come to my section, we to they section and ward
We rep hard out the wards in stolen cars
Spankin' niggas that be showin' off with they broads
Nigga catch a felony... he takin' his charge
Niggas turnin' state... we rapin' the boy
It's a hard life we livin'... day by day drama
We earn stripes for killin'.. attack like a piranas
Some of the time... motherfuckers be off they bases
Way out they boundary in unfamiliar places
Lookin' like a duck, seein' all the wrong faces
But we know the rules and could be strapped in SK's

[Chorus: B.G.]
Man, pop that nigga
Man, kill that bitch
Man, shoot that nigga
Man, spank that bitch
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch
Man, pop that nigga
Man, kill that bitch
Man, shoot that nigga
Man, spank that bitch
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch

[Verse 2: Juvenile]
Stay from 'round here, I tell ya.. these niggas ain't cool
Ain't no love for outsiders, everybody's a fool
We be duckin' off in the hallways.. and in the cuts
Gettin' the fuck when ATF is pullin' up
People in the projects say, "Them niggas ain't shit"
They hustle all night for brand new outfits
You're fuckin' right... that's how it is on the block
Grilled up, t-shirt, 'Bauds and Reeboks
Camouflage around the neck and the dome
Fucked-up attitude totin' a chrome
Fighting for weed, nigga ain't ever goin' home
Tryin' ta get it how he live with a bundle of (?)
We ain't tryin' ta see the jailhouse
But if we do we hope we be able to bail out
Know what I'm sayin', lil' daddy
We need a lick, come up in the whole brick
Kick in a nigga door and punish the whole clique

[Chorus: B.G.]
Man, pop that nigga
Man, kill that bitch
Man, shoot that nigga
Man, spank that bitch
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch

Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch
Man, pop that nigga
Man, kill that bitch
Man, shoot that nigga
Man, spank that bitch
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch

[Verse 3: B.G.]
Come through the hood where I hang with a K, and when I see ya
What I'ma do to ya, I know I wouldn't wanna be ya
Split your head in half, nigga.. leave ya stressed in the street
Hit ya everywhere in your body but under your feet
I play it raw when I'm in beef, I'm a Hot Boy that's heat
Get it how ya live is how it is where I be
Fuck a nigga's how I feel, no nigga steppin' on my toes
Without feelin' !BLOCKAH! !BLOCKAH! from four-fours
I'm a dog, with a gun in my hand I cut loose
You're on the other end of that pistol, it's on you
Get hit up.. chopped up.. did somethin' awful
Zipped up, boxed up, put straight in a coffin
Ain't part of my clique, fuck ya nigga
Don't please me
I don't love ya nigga, you're no good, playa
I don't trust ya, nigga
To me you ain't nuttin' but a bust nigga, what

[Chorus: B.G.]
Man, pop that nigga
Man, kill that bitch
Man, shoot that nigga
Man, spank that bitch
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch
Man, pop that nigga
Man, kill that bitch
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Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch
Man, pop that nigga
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Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch
Man, pop that nigga
Man, kill that bitch
Man, shoot that nigga
Man, spank that bitch
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch

[Outro: B.G.]
Ya heard me
Put fifty rounds in that nigga's what'cha do that bitch
Fuck him, ya heard me (fuck him)
Fuck his whole clique, nigga (fuck 'em all)
Ya don't like me, I don't like you, nigga (I don't like ya, nigga)
You don't like me, that mean you don't like my clique
I don't like you, that mean I don't like you (!blockah! !blockah!)
The niggas ya fuck with, the niggas you affiliate with, ya heard me
Any nigga who speak to ya, nigga, back you up, nigga

Fuck you and all them too, nigga, ya heard me
It's Cash Money for life, ya heard me
Fuck all them old bitch-ass niggas throwin' bricks (???????) (fuck 'em all)
It's real over here, nigga, ya heard me (fuck 'em all)
We got this here (fuck 'em all) and we holdin' this here down
Ya heard me, we gon' keep it like that, though, ya dig, nigga
Baby, Slim, Juvie, B.Geezy, Turk, Weezy, Fresh, ya heard me
Joe Casey, Travey, ya heard me, all tha shots, nigga
We comin' through, nigga
We layin' it down, nigga, and we just doin' what we do
Keepin' it real
Cash Money for life

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