

## Juve "The Great"

Juvenile

Uh, Uh, Uh I took my first break in seventy-five  
I tell the story like yesterday when(??) was alive  
didn't do shit with my brothers without makin e'm mad  
couldn't get along with nobody so I just ran with my Dad  
he took me right there where the killas be  
across court from Mileton between Clarion and Wilistry  
we shot ball on crates tryna get paid by all means  
started snatchin purses by Wall Greens  
seen Titey get hit up in the melt when I was young  
paramedics couldn't even find his tongue  
that's when I started totin' my heat to call a G  
my family was deep but wasn't goin in that water with me  
right after Mr.Martin's class (??)and me  
straight to Barret think I was worried bout the trulency? please  
got paid for them old timers puttin in work  
like Mr. Frank he sold fruit, watermelons, and herbs  
Even though the times was hard  
I didn't fear no man but God  
you lookin at New Orleans crime rate  
right up in the place, soulja's beware this is Juve the great  
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Mama thought her son was really doin it tight  
when I was the one out here not doin it right  
until she found my stash she couldn't believe all the weed she found  
shit it must've been a half a pound  
I was thirteen then back when Yoga was caddillac'n it  
my campaign was let a lil nigga get a crack at it  
far from a gangsta but was learnin a lot  
ain't just be the one that earnin the pot  
after the turn of the clock I started bankin on the low with the dope  
got sluggish up so hoes'll notice me mo'  
tee's, reeboks, and girbauds I had a few (??) to write  
regular hood shit the average niggaz go through in life  
wanted to be a lil gorilla, and more day killas  
(???) and we ball I know they'll flip ya  
I stayed away from them cats who didn't communicate well  
cause them was them niggaz that would've had me in jail  
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At fifteen I carried a lot of wieght on my back

me and my brother infact, I kept my money intact  
I mad my real power moves soon as Juv' got one  
headed straight to the irish counter nigga who got guns?  
shit my people Bobby and surviva got hit too  
and I heard my name was poppin up in some shit too  
wasn't no cool cans off googlin no more  
it was either cry like a bitch or go sell it and score  
my first case wanted my respect in the worst way  
couldn't tell me shit when I was hungry and thirs-ty  
have a nigga way out his religion ya heard me  
I guess it's punishment to who and never was worthy  
every since I leanred about guns and coke  
I made a vow to myself that I would never go broke  
do what I gotta do to eat  
I probably can't play no sports but I can work these streets  
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