New Orleans Stunna

Juvenile

[Intro]
Let's get it, Nino! Whoahhh
Whoahh, ah wodie, ah wodie, ah wodie

[Chorus: Rawsmoov]
Ridin through the city on vogues
Cadillac with the suicide do's
Sayin in the hood mayne anythang goes
When they see the Cadillac let 'em know
How we do it like a "T.C. soldier, New Orleans stunna"
"New Orleans stunna" [cut and scratched]
"T.C. soldier, New Orleans stunna"
"New Orleans stunna" [cut and scratched]

[Juvenile]
You should have pardoned me, don't you know the boy clicks?
I'm in this thang, I got a B.T. and ward lip
Put on the culo, yeah I'm into that murder thang
I flame broil beef boy I'm the Burger Kang
I got the money first, then the respect came
Now I flip bitches like a biker at the X Games
I used to do the cash, now I do the check thang
I play the chess game, checkmatin e'rythang
I fuck with everybody, no it's not a set thang
I'm from the T.C. but I be on the West lane
I smoke purple it's the penny to my blunt stain
And flip the ceiling through the chips and the roulette thang

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]
They say do I wanna die? I tell 'em you a lie
They say I'm tryin to kill myself my do's suicide
Yeah~! I'm on that Henny like Kanye
Hoes screamin Juvie I wanna be your Beyonce
Man I'm tryin to take over the world in the years back
Then I'ma crane 'til it's dry like a beer can
I put the blunt down then roll up another one
I smoke a lot of weed, dawg I need another one
You got knock in your trunk? Now that's a dumb question
My shit beatin like a Southern band drum section
Still in the game, I'ma retire good
No one could beat me but myself, I guess I'm Tiger Woods

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]
Show me a realer hood, show me a realer set
Show me a realer nigga I ain't seen the nigga yet
I'm on target hittin everythang I shoot fo'
Player like myself attract the bitches like a shoe sto'
I ain't the man yet, but I show a sign
I got a big ego/Eagle and man I'm talkin both kinds
You're lookin at my jewelry boy it be sayin somethin
You're blinded by it and you only got a glimpse of it

[Chorus]