

# Power

Juvenile

I'm from the hood and I represent (power)  
J. Prince, nigga, that's (power)  
V-12 engine, that's (power)  
Electric company, I need (power)  
Satellite dish, bitch (power)  
You can't charge up shit without (power)  
You want to know what make the world spin? (power)  
You're running low so nigga, plug in (power)

[Verse 1: Juvenile]

Power is muscle, there ain't too many niggas with it  
Money on my mind, I swear I wear it like a fitted  
I'm pouring out my heart to be that nigga in the city  
Homies in the hood already saying I done did it  
Power's what I got, I show it off cause I could  
Field goal kicker, motherfuckers, I'm good  
The drop's got a V-12 in it, it go bbrrrrr  
And the bitches be like, "Uhhhhh"  
I'm no quitter  
I could get a nigga knocked off sitting on the shitter  
I wake up in the morning and I call shots  
I ain't trying to buy a car, I want the car lot  
I'm in a whole nother tax bracket  
Shop addict, a nigga got a Saks habit  
I talk money boy, take heed  
They get the picture when I say cheese  
[Hook]

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Power is something that you develop on the block  
Pull up on a bad bitch sitting in a drop  
Top down and a young nigga smelling like money  
Coke cologne, now come and get a brick from me  
Born in the ghetto, now a nigga in a mansion  
Looking at my bezel and that motherfucker dancing  
Power is something that get a nigga questions answered  
Now these hoes so romantic  
Look at me balling, we courtside at the game  
Twenty for the ticket, 'nother hundred for the chain  
Count money, money machines they going cccccrrrrrrrr  
So that mean a nigga full  
Nigga got to get it in the sun like a dog  
Way before the watches, I'm the motherfucking boss  
Money come with power and I think we got it mastered  
Snatch the bird out the plastic  
[Hook]

[Verse 3: Juvenile]

Power is respect, you gotta get it in the mud  
Check the DNA, see if it's really in the blood  
Motherfuckers talking about me say I'm a thug  
They figure since I'm balling up packets from the drugs  
Niggas in the kitchen mixing dope like a chemist  
They pray that I'mma lose it -- that ain't in my religion  
Boy, I drive birds down South like a pigeon  
You ain't sitting on a hundred million, you ain't living  
Smoking on kush, it's smelling like ass  
I run through a quarter million like grass

Scarface, bitch -- I'm feeling like Brad  
I'm a underground king like Chad  
I'm in the mansion with an opal model Marilyn  
She told me I was dope -- no heroin  
Power make a nigga show his arrogance  
Let's break it down -- bring the barrels in