

Juvenile

[Repeat 1st Chorus 1X]

[Turk]

I got more ends than Bonnie have in a factory
I'm Lil Turk, I'm living large, got the baddest hoes after me
Picture me, a young nigga bawling out of control
Playing with millions, laying in condos
Nigga I shine, shine through the fucking week
The flyiest ride with crystal in the passenger seat
Don't hate me, 'cause I'm a little bawler
Got more weight than Angola
Fucking your girl Carla
Nigga I stunt,
And I'm a stunt 'til I can't no more
Chest lit up like the oaks
>From the diamonds I sport
Yo, I can't be touched
Don't think I'm too much, nigga I'm rich what the fuck
Rolex crushed out with the bezel
And all the foes that get close to me got to be on my schedule
I got so much money
I don't know what to do
Buy isles and cars
And break bread with my crew

[2nd Chorus]

I'm on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
We on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot
B.G. on Fiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiire
Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot, hot

[Paparue]

Uh, uh, uh
Hear me
It's like, monkey see, monkey do
Rolling with the Cash Money Runners I stay true
Cause when were running and climbing on the million-dollar scene
Holding together, mo-de-ming, mo-de-ming
When I bring out the rubber around the Hummer
??? Benz, or in the Lex Bubble
When I start they said I had no fame
Now all the girls just end up calling my name
10 G's to ???
Fax the contract to big Cash Money
Cause you know this whole clique right with me
They're right with me
Sip-pe-di-dy
Won't count the diamonds just around my neck
X amount-a dollars on a bankroll check
If you want to really come and sing with me
Those that got me wicked, then I do some free
For free!