

Welcome 2 tha Nolia (feat. Big Tymers, Turk & Hot Boys)

Juvenile

[Verse 1: Juvenile]

It's World War III where I'ma be with 2 stars
Better tighten up your act, you bout to get loose, fool
Move all your valuables, cause them boyz at your throat with them calicos
I mean, me myself, I just don't wanna see nobody get hurt
Wanna live? Keep your black ass from out of my turf
You look like wanna of them boyz that ain't never been fucked over
I'm 'bout to change that, send that boy to tha Nolia
Put a pistol in his face, make em' empty out his pockets
If he think we fakin', he gon' know after we cock it
And come to the CJ's, if you wanna score something
Get my peeps laid cause we make motherfuckers catch the cut quick
Might laugh with ya but we ain't to be trusted
I tie my solja rag tight around my head man
Now I'm gettin' processed with a red band

[Chorus: Juvenile]

We release with ammunition when our beef is in site
Way up in your jurisdiction, bout to turn up the light
No vest, no chest whodie, jeopardize your life
Now we ain't got to explain it to ya, this for everybody
Throw ya sets up nigga, throw ya sets up
Throw ya sets up nigga, throw ya sets up
But throw ya sets up nigga, throw ya sets up
But throw ya sets up nigga, throw ya sets up

[Verse 2: Turk]

Solja's be camouflagin'
Hitting blocks realla, they be bout ridin
You get chopped realla, at any timing
Cause in that Nolia they play tha game raw
No more beats closin' shop when the beef start
Ah, ah, I don't think you're ready for these niggas
LDTC-6 coated wild willas
Head bustas, and wig splitas where I'm from
Choppas max, with red dots in the drum
Playing it rawer than dope
That's how we play it, ducking Chris, flat top & big red
Wootay ain't nothin' nice
Spin corners in broad light, can't move stiff like ice
Get killed if the price on yo face, me & Juve burn with Ks, from the scene
With fled
Take hits like black & moe did back in the dayz
At night in tha nolia, niggas be in tha hallwayz

[Chorus: Juvenile]

We release with ammunition when our beef is in site
Way up in your jurisdiction, bout to turn up the light
No vest, no chest whodie, jeopardize your life
Now we ain't got to explain it to ya, this for everybody
Throw ya sets up nigga, throw ya sets up
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[Verse 3: Turk]

Nigga done flashed up, I had to deal with the bitch

Catch em down bad, and put some steel on tha bitch
Let em know this young nigga, ain't to be fucked wit
Two timer coming through, one time you gettin ya wig split
When I release, aiming straight for your top
Non stop hallow points nigga, you gon drop
The Magnolia chest opena, Glock toatera, block soakera
Down for a murderera
In tha rover, choppin' ya down, put your sets up nigga
Represent that uptown

[Verse 4: Juvenile]

Fuckin' wit these real boyz, I'mma kill ya
You don't want me out chea', you know I'mma gorilla
I've been trained to get way low in the mud
Molded on tha streets and used to running wit thugs
Nigga you fuck wit Turk, you gotta fuck wit me what
Where is you gonna be when them boks in tha mud
Don't make me come down there and show one of you bitches
Don't make me come down there and blow one of you bitches

[Chorus: Juvenile]

But throw ya side up nigga, throw ya side up
But throw ya ward up, nigga throw ya ward up
We release with ammunition when our beef is in site
Way up in your jurisdiction, bout to turn up the light
No vest, no chest whodie, jeopardize your life
Now we ain't got to explain it to ya, this for everybody
Throw ya sets up nigga, throw ya sets up
Throw ya sets up nigga, throw ya sets up
But throw ya sets up nigga, throw ya sets up
But throw ya sets up nigga, throw ya sets up

[Outro: Juvenile]

We release wit ammunition...we release wit ammunition
When our beef is in site...when our beef is in site...
We release wit ammunition when our beef is in site
We release wit ammunition when our beef is in site
When our beef is in site...