

# G-Code (Ft. Lil Wayne)

## Juvenile

I ain't terrified from nuthin', I'm young, wild, crazy and disgustin'  
Better watch me 'cuz I'm coming with a oven by my stomach  
I'm scramblin' for the money, tape ya up like a mummy  
Call ya people and tell 'em I need 50 for this dummy  
I'm runnin', hidin' and duckin', stuntin', ridin' and thuggin'  
Dumpin' fire and bustin', lovin', lyin' and lustin'  
Stealin', killin' and rapin', runnin', climbin' and chasin'  
Strugglin', hustin' to make, get it, got it, I take it Watch ya Chevy mister move ya purse miss  
'Cuz I tote heavy pistols and man, they burst quick  
It's too late to hesitate, I was told there'd be better days  
But shit that was yesterday and still I haven't ate  
But dog that's how ya labor when ya bein' a thug  
These niggas don't seem to feel me till they seein' they blood  
Can't hide it though, I represent the 17th Carroll ton Holly grove  
That's my G-Code Now put ya box in the mud  
Get ya glocks in ya gloves  
Ride drops on dubs  
We gon' live by that Make the snitches catch a cut  
Soldier pistol nigga what  
Hit the block and open up  
We gon' die by that Now put ya box in the mud  
Get ya glocks in ya gloves  
Ride drops on dubs  
We gon' live by that Make the snitches catch a cut  
Soldier pistol nigga what  
Hit the block and open up  
We gon' die by that We raised up lookin' at trees and brick walls  
Foreign properties and pack some menthols  
Got us a fire connect and went off  
Got jammed with this broad that rent cars  
Wasn't tryin' to change the game, just be in it  
Didn't give a fuck if we balled for 3 minutes  
Snatch all the hoes and 'bauds and ree' tennis  
Niggas can't survive the shit that we been in Jack niggas to get some cheap linen  
The ones that refuse we put 'em to sleep in it  
Got up in the mornin' for class and play hookie  
Some of us is veteran some of 'em stay rookie  
Bitch couldn't talk to us if she wasn't fuckin'  
Ya either be 'bout it or look and keep truckin'

Police drew causes and tried to cross lines  
We stuck to the code we lived and died by itNow put ya box in the mud  
Get ya glocks in ya gloves  
Ride drops on dubs  
We gon' live by thatMake the snitches catch a cut  
Soldier pistol nigga what  
Hit the block and open up  
We gon' die by thatIf war ever came we held the fort down  
Back, slowed up, we switched and sold pound  
Stayed on point to make some more green  
Get our stash away from dope fiends  
Nigga had a habit, he supplied his own  
Always stay hot 'cuz we ride with chrome  
We kept a little work for the ki's and bones  
Crowds draw heat so we be's aloneWe learned how to keep our mouth closed and watch  
Them other motherfuckers fall off the block  
24/7 all around the clock  
We hustlin' of course in the gamblin' spot  
We had a chance to stop, we still wasn't ready  
Shit kept comin' so we made more fetti  
Police drew causes and tried to cross lines  
We stuck to the code we lived and died by itNow put ya box in the mud  
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Songwriters

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