

Squalie (Feat. Jr Writer)

Juelz Santana

Yea uh-ooo!! (Come on, come on)
Roll wit me, its santana
I'd like to welcome y'all (yea) to the great
Fuck wit ya boy!(Once again) Zeke![Juelz Santana]
Now I got more than my swagger back
Listen here homie
Mr. Mick Jagers back (uh-oo)
Young Zab of rap
Only difference is this Judah
Will shoot ya, then get back to rappin'
Traffin' crack threw half and Hampton
Make stacks and stacks and that's a fact man
Y'all can't fuck wit me
Baby girl I drag my nuts for free
Comfortably
And ya know I got my pimpin together
Got my game, got my cain, got my limpin'
Together, shit bitch you better get your
Switchin' together 'cause this back-hand
Will get you together, hope you know that
And sometime I can't belive my niggaz
Still in all, I'll give it all just to feed my
Niggaz, eat, don't stop homie breathe my niggaz
I need y'all more than y'all ever need me my niggaz[Hook]
This is for all my niggaz on the block that's pumpin'
I think the cops is comin' - Squalie!
All my homies on the block with somethin'
Hold it down I think the cops is comin' - Squalie!
For all my chicks on the strip that switch
Be easy, I think the cops is comin' - Squalie!
All my ladies who boost for higher
Prada, Gucci attire watch who's behind ya! Squalie[Juelz]
Yo we livin' the life of
Loca-vida, coke and cheever
Drive-by blow smoke on the policia
Like fuck em! I got no love for em
Squalie! but I'm tired of runnin' from
Squalie! duckin' from Squalie!
Shit and we ain't do nothin to Squalie!

Its pay-back we buckin at Squalie!
No more gettin searched, frisked for
Nothin by Squalie! Hey so sell ya pack
Sell ya crack like when dickens was near
Juelz Santana Dickens is here yea
Yea so Zeke is ya rollin' with me
This the theme song homie fuck the police!
We back at it, our crack habit is that drastic
Measures we taken em', maken we'll clap at ya
Peel off on dirt bikes and raptors
Squirt pipes at bastards y'all can't fuck wit me! [Hook] [J.R. Writer]
Hey ma, its J.R. and L's
It ain't hard to tell
We da niggaz in we da niggaz in Maury and car alarm da fell wit that hard to sell
That ain't hard to sell
And a gun that'll hit you from far as hell
You quick to flash , we'll whip yo' ass
Couple shots hit your glass
Dip-shit ya whip will crash
I got the sickest past
Stay skippin' class, pitchin' Hash
All day, stood there
Flippin' halves
When I heard ,Squalie!
I dished and dashed
Ditched the hash
Park, neutral, first gear
Hit the gas, now we rich with cash
And when I hear Squalie!
I sit and laugh, dawg you kiss his ass
Cooked more caine, push off dames
While you dumb niggaz stand there
And look all lame
I done popped and took off chains
Now Ivory dump ice on me like my team
Won a football game!

Songwriters

GREEN, GREG / THOMAS, SEON / BRITO, R / JAMES, LARON / WHITE, BARRY
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group,
Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>