Enemy Turf

Juvenile

C'mon
C'mon
I bet if I pull a pistol and pop you, you goin' tell me where its at
You see the blood shotted eyes with the taped up clips in the Mac
Black hood with black gloves, bandana around the mouth
A nigga posted up on every perimeter around your house
And we didn't come here for one meeting or here to lose time
We some niggas who wanna be eating better with due time
Motherfuck leaving the block, it's better to use nines
It ain't no secret, I'm cheap, however my jewels shines
The prisons got way more niggas than the streets do
Who average more than thirty murders a week
(Nigga we do)
It ain't a war thang, its a fuck me, fuck y'all thang
And we got hoes that know how to sneak guns in the bar, man
So think twice about leaving the gun in the car, man
Nigga don't give a fuck by moon and sun in the war, man
Ain't no everybody, it's for self in New Orleans
If you paying draft you don't deserve to be balling
Its enemy turf that I'm on
So I'm a play it how it go
Cock the hollow points into my black Calico
I'm a make all these bitch niggas respect me right
Please let me hit another lick, I'm a be set for life
Its enemy turf that I'm on
So I'm a play it how it go
Cock the hollow points into my black Calico
I'm a make all these bitch niggas respect me right
Please let me hit another lick, I'm a be set for life
Look I'm a solid one seventy, lips like Bill Bellamy
Fresh out of the court house from whipping the felony
Didn't really want to hurt her, but you know how it is
You better not ever disrespect me hoe in front of my kids
Ayo the cops be rolling, therefore I fucks with no one
I went and copped me for guns, I'm 'bout to bust this open
To all you bitch niggas doubting the force, it goin' to get ugly
I'm that nigga that'll fuck you up quick, thats why the streets love me
Catch me posted on Louisiana and Robertson doin' it
Niggas having problems with coke and we still movin' it

Whatever's on the market I can work it
I ain't scared, I ain't nervous, give it to Juve dog and let me serve it
You holdin' on the coke now whats the purpose
Ray's gonna hook it up too
Nigga the scheme is perfect, ya heard me
Now why is you acting like it ain't worth it

So you gonna make me take it, nigga I gotta make it, what shit
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Say nigga, heard from that nigga Pickle lately darlin'
Heard the nigga got all kinda shit ever since he hit that lick
We don't want to fuck with a nigga, but look this what we gonna do man
I want you to go get your niggas man
And go find that motherfucka' do him in
Ain't nothing going on around this mutha fucka
If I ain't got my hands in it
I put a nigga on feet, this how you gonna treat a nigga ?
But I promise, I put this on my babies, dog
We goin' get that motherfucka'
We don't care what he owes
They talking 'bout whipping a sting on me
'Cause they say I've been making too much
Fuck what they talking 'bout, this how I grew up
But this ain't nuthing new bruh, we been throwing this you up
We had some altercations and things but they got blew up
Nuhas and Curlyhead, them niggas dirty in the TC
Shit that a G like me couldn't even tell you on a CD
So I'm a make all of my enemies never forget me
You looking at one of the realest niggas from Feret Street
Its enemy turf that I'm on
So I'm a play it how it go
Cock the hollow points into my black Calico
I'ma make all these bitch niggas respect me right
Please let me hit another lick, I'm a be set for life
Its enemy turf that I'm on
So I'm a play it how it go

Cock the hollow points into my black Calico
I'm a make all these bitch niggas respect me right
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