G-Code (feat. 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 itWatch 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-CodeNow 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 thatNow 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 thatWe 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 inJack 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
Get ya glocks in ya gloves
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Songwriters
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