Get It Right

Juvenile

You think this shit happened for me over tha night
This is my life
Everybody know I be on tha flight
To get it right and keep it right and stay strong
Nigga thought it wouldn't happen to 'em, but all of 'em dead wrongSingin' tha same song, sayin', "Juvie ain't shit!"
With a project nigga out here tellin' people he rich"
When tha truth is they wishin' they was in my shoes
I pay dues, with them pistols I made movesAnd I'm seein' all these pussy-ass niggas tryin' ta be hard
Why ya fuckin' with mines? I ain't fuckin' with y'all
Tha people runnin' your organization workin' for me, uh huh
You didn't know that, now you call for tha pleaBoy, think of all tha places you could possibly be
Then, [Incomprehensible] these bullets that is comin' for me
With my T-shirt and Rees on
'Cuz only God knows what these niggas be's onLook, niggas better get it right and keep it right
'Cuz them Uptown Hot Boys on tha street at night
So I hope you got your soldiers and your 'Bauds on
'Cuz we about ta strap up and know your clothes off, whoaYou better get it right and keep it right
'Cuz them Uptown Hot Boys on tha street at night
So I hope you got your soldiers and your 'Bauds on
'Cuz we about ta strap up and knock your clothes offListen, listen, listen
Sip it
Cock ta act a fool and make 'em dip it
Chrome MAC diply
Automatic spittyI'm a Hot Boy, nigga, follow me
Do or die, survive with me
Blow a pound of that broccoli
Hit a block and ya ride with meCut 'em all, but not your boy, he just had a baby daughter
Then, Cita, he never walk again
Don't play with them shots again
I make them niggas bleed like that time of tha month
See, I told 'em, "Nobody move, nobody head bust"
Plus, a hundred rush turn a boy ta dustNigga, I'm a soldier, trust
I'll blow a hole in your guts
And ain't no if, ands, or buts
You could get mad and fuss
Watch your lip, man, you'll touch
I'll pop a clip in and bustLook, I'm straight thuggin'
Lookin' at niggas' fake muggin'

I'm runnin' with niggas that stay sufferin'
That ain' nothin'It's Weezy Weez
I show off behind cheese
Get full of trees
Here I come, you better leaveNiggas better get it right and keep it right
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Oh, for sure, I leave ya bloody if ya come for that
I ain't no ho, if in beef I ain't gon' run from that
You got coke, keep it on tha low cuz I'll come for thatI keep pistols in my possession 'cuz I stays in shit
I was raised watchin' niggas shoot out with K's and shit
My momma tried ta keep me inside, but I snuck out tha back
Shot hookie from school, hung on V.L. and sold a lil' crackNiggas respect me 'cuz they know my nuts be hangin'and swingin'
If my toes get stepped on, I'm click-clackin' and bangin'
I've been out here since I was, like, ten years old
Caught my first gun charge in nineteen nine fourScuffed my knees up a lot, he pulled me out that
I'm out here now, and ain't no way that I'ma look back
Fresh layed tha track down, I picked tha pad up for a minute
Put tha gat down, but don't think I still won't act, bustaNiggas better get it right and keep it right
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