400 Degreez

Juvenille

400 degreezYou see me, I eat, sleep, shit and talk rap
You see that 98 Mercedes on TV, I bought that
I had some felony charges, I fought that
Been sent to no return but still was ball backNigga, threw some slangs at me, Whodi, I caught that
I punished them lil' bitches before they get car jack
Now I'm lookin' for they family and padnuh's to war back
If I ain't a hot boy then what do you call that?Niggas disrespect me, I'ma be in all black
'Companied by some niggas 'bout killin' and all that
Me, Cory, and Mer-C, gettin' ducked off
Ride top down, so, we let the trucks pauseIn the Jeep, ridin' four deep, I booted up
(You don't want to fuck with me)
At these niggas claimin' they know me, uh?Bitch, what? I'll bust ya' ass up
Don't even go there, Whodi, 'cause I'm ready to mask up
I heard about the money, that's some nice change
For the right price, I'll bust the right brainIf must a nigga try, I can't do the right thing
Only God knows what the future might bring
Nigga, might be shot, nigga, might be tri-flamed
Nigga, might survive, if he 'bout that right flameWith somethin' that'll stop a nigga from playin'
Somethin' like a chopper or a grenade in his hand
Boy, look, nigga, don't play no games no mo'
Nigga'll bust ya' head if you bang his ho'Attitude adjustments, do y'all need?
Don't call in the enforcements, nigga, call me
I bet'cha, I'll get them niggas off yo block
I bet'cha, I'll show them niggas, this boy hotYou don't want to fuck with me
Hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy, hot, hot
Hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy, hot, hotAlright stop it, 'cause I done had enough
When it comes to my pockets, I'm ready to bust
Baby, let me get the keys to the Rover truck
Man, let me get this beef shit over, brahAin't no bitches here, I'm from the 'Nolia, brah
Bust yo' beef's head, is what was told to us
How I'ma be runnin' with these killas and backin' down
How I'ma look in front of my people, like a clownThe G-Code is what we live by and we die by
The book is what we will never abide by
Niggas drive by, gettin' loose
Beefin' with each other like a checker board in useUp in Compton or the Watts, nigga
Up in New York, ya keep 'em open watch, nigga
Fo' y'all played by a hit or retalion
All fine young black females stallionsGive me the keys to yo' car and ya medallion
You far away from ya home, you's a alienSee

You don't want to fuck with me
You don't want to fuck with me
(Hot, hot, hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy)
(Hot, hot, hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy)
You don't want to fuck with me, with me400 Degreez
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