Intro (Big Tymers) [feat. Mannie Fresh]

Juvenile

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon
Bitches is pulling out they best suits
Gangstas is getting dressed too
Don't even underestimate the power of a test tube
It's a fasho shot, some of these niggas know not
That's why they so hot, always up in the dope spots
I hope my niggas really feel when I'm saying
I'm trying to put 'lil whodi up on his gameAnd dick suckers ain't playing
And duck nigga look I won't remain
You stuck even if you don't restrain, I'ma be in the cut
Some of you got it, some of you fuckin' up
You better get your life together before you loose that bruh
You got cocaine you better move that bruh
You got a brain you better use that bruh
You got a half you better loose that bruh
Don't even choose that bruh, so move on
I did this album right here for keeping me and you strongThat's right cousin
I did this album right here for me and my people ya heard me
And we got the Lord on our side
So can't nothing you do or say to me bother me cousin
I'ma be here until it's all over with
I been through a lot the past few years
But I ain't holding no grudges
It's all about me and my family
U.T.P, this how we eat cousin, what?

Songwriters
SMITH, CLAYDES / KELLY, TERRANCE COCHEEKS / THOMAS, DENNIS / WESTFIELD, RICHARD / MICKENS, ROBERT / BELL, RONALD / BROWN, GEORGE / TAYLOR, ALTONPublished by
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