Pop U

Juvenile

You gon' make me pop you
I'ma have to pop u
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Who that nigga is
What that nigga claim
Juve wild magnolia
It's an uptown thing
Soulja watchin' over me
So I'ma let it rain
Just give me the weed, the mic
And I'ma let it off the chain
Y'all actin' like, that nigga lost it, I ain't have no money
Now I'm back, what the cost is
[Incomprehensible] on my wrist lookin' gooey
These ain't Birdman's, these is real Gucci's
Turn around the corner
Motherfucker tryin' to sue me
Talkin' shit to me so I can hit him with a two-piece
We rock, we he roll, where he got control
Me and my mans and them
Get the brains out these hoes
If she can dance, then
She can romance nice and slow
Be in a trance like it was
Your man's pipe in the hole
I've been sippin' a little somethin'
Just stop servin' the game
It feel good to be an OG, I'm deservin' it mayne
I'm the nigga, nigga
The nigga, nigga, the nigga
The nigga, nigga, Ju-a-vey
I'm the nigga, nigga
The nigga, the nigga, nigga
The nigga, nigga, nigga, Ju-a-vey

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Now ain't no tellin' where I might be
'Cause there's a million other creeps
Prancin' around these streets lookin' like me
Call 'em my stunt doubles
So if you think you hit Luda' with the Krueger
I'm up in Cuba blowin' blunt bubbles
On the double, lookin' for trouble we started
The eye on my gat is cocked it's retarded
I'm sippin' lean, smokin' green and I'm so hot
I told machine's people call me 'I Robot'
Bang to the boogey boogey, bang bang
Let my little partner borrow my necklace
And hit bitches with the same chain
Its not computer love, I'm gettin' great brain
Got a hard drive but they blow me out my mainframe

Now how you like that?
I got your momma pitchin' quarters
On the corner gettin' cornered
And come right back
I'm makin' tight stacks so if it ain't Juve or Luda
Then can it nigga, we don't even like rap
I'm the nigga, nigga
The nigga, nigga, the nigga
The nigga, nigga, Ju-a-vey
I'm the nigga, nigga
The nigga, the nigga, nigga
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Got the Mack in the grass

And the nine in the dumpster
Duck when they pass
One time wanna dump ya'
Hunger, that's what I got in my veins
Take shots from the Henny
Just to straighten my aim
Now, I raise my middle finger, "Fuck the world"
And them donuts in that car better make ya' hurl
Yeah, I'm 'bout my paper mayne
I'm fully loaded like them niggaz in Jamaica mayne
I know you know this is Crack
And he's back and you mad
'Cause we did and they yack-ity yak
In the sack when we slid in
Mommy shakin' they ass
She want some big bills
Tip drill, she wants a tip drill
It's ya' nigga crack
Live with some fresh cut
Side of the highway
Ridin' that's the best fuck
And you can keep them hotel keys
'Cause we gon' fuck these bitches
Wherever we please
I'm the nigga, nigga
The nigga, nigga, the nigga
The nigga, nigga, Ju-a-vey
I'm the nigga, nigga
The nigga, the nigga, nigga
The nigga, nigga, nigga, Ju-a-vey
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