Cock It

Juvenile

Uh huh, uh huh
Mic check, one, two
It's Juvenile comin' through
Uh uh, c'mon, c'mon
Who the man? If I ain't it, nigga can't claim it
I can take a small name and make it famous
I reason with no one homie, I got fa sho cliental
I'm a X L out here in the streets or lyin' in jail
I'm quick tempered, please limit ya words
I will send you in a hurry down south with the splurge
It's kind of hard to understand me 'cause I speak with a slur
But my guns speak a language all the people done heard
Streets sense gon' keep me in it for a minute
You fuckin' with a General, salute me Lieutenant
I'm not too particular with lies
I look 'em in their eyes, say a pray before you die
This ain't about me, this is 'bout somethin' that's spoke
You know runnin' with a nigga while you cuttin' his throat
Oh you loose lip bitches get hung from a rope, you know
Bagged up and throwed off the side of a boat, oh!
Cock it, take berrata then pop it
Give me that, out ya pocket 'cause the best can't stop it
East coast whassup? Down south whassup?
West coast whassup? Mid West whassup?
Cock it, take berrata then pop it
Give me that out ya pocket 'cause the best can't stop it
East coast whassup? Down south whassup?
West coast whassup? Mid West whassup?
Keep on makin' ya laws, I'm a keep breakin' them
I can move a package in any city I'm stationed in
If ya son touchin' my shit, you better pray for him
Bust his head and catch me a flight to where the hatred's been
I ain't the only solider they got a lot of these
All of these children make me know who dropped a lot of seeds
I smoke till my eyes shut, stay strapped
So if you think about sneakin', you better wise up
Hit you with the traqualizer, let it fill ya head
Paralyze you, have ya screamin', "I can't feel my legs"

Regardless of what a nigga or a bitch done said

The shell around ya get puked like eggs
I'm from the M A G N O L I A
My bitches gonna listen to what the hell I say
You niggas gonna respect it or get out my way
Or the Coroner's gonna happen to ya all time sake
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You old niggas on ya last limb
Move over, let some niggas who really want it come cash in
Suppose to get killed for cock blockin' in cells
Solider bet you can't get no chronic up in hell
Fresh off the porch where the stash spot
I'm hungry tryna get the same respect that my dad got
Got the chopper, cut the weight, nice in the trash box
Nigga be on paper, so himmed up from the bad cops
How the hoes be actin', hopin' for child support
I need to snatch me a coat and endorse it with dope
I ain't even gotta speak on it I put my G on it
Niggas gon' let us get that whenever we want it
Beef is beef whenever the shit occurs
If it's real, it's gon' resolve into metal for sure
But hit the right one, he ain't respectin' my bad
My only satisfaction will be poppin' your ass
Cock it, take berrata then pop it
Give me that out ya pocket 'cause the best can't stop it
East coast whassup? Down south whassup?
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