

# 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

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