Da Magnolia

Juvenile

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six
Five, four, three, two, oneWelcome to tha section where it's hotter than a bitch
Niggas breakin' up bricks, niggas tryin' ta be rich
Dope ounce get hit, armed 'rilla insists
Somebody wig get split, for ten G's of chips
It's where the Feds'll dip through, enemies get you
Catch you at tha second line, niggas'll flip you
Kids get outta school, they swingin' they fists, too
Jump one of them children and they bringin' they clique, too
L.D. buckin' 'cuz T.C. killin' ain't nothin'Tha blues try ta hit ya and you had to keep druggin'
On New Year's, tha lights get shut out at six o'clock
Four or five o'clock in tha mornin' you gon' be gettin' shot
Niggas gettin' chopped, gettin' shot in tha crowd, bruh
Drug deal gone bad, one of them cats was sour
Motherfuckers gettin' chopped up, and they have a
Carbine aimed at your dome for some powder
I'ma do like your boy and hop in tha Eddie Bauer
Get off seventeen, and, nigga, I'ma hollaTen, nine, eight, seven, six
Five, four, three, two, oneDa Magnolia
Home of tha soldiers
Da Magnolia
Home of tha soldiersNow where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?Is ya ready for it? Better be over-prepared
When ya enter ya see a sign, say, "Soldiers bewarre"
And they be ragged up, twenty-five dollar bagged up
Whole nickel tucked in tha back of his 'Baud cuffs
Well, aware on the route that he's gonna duck
If somebody thinkin' 'bout jammin' him up
If a bitch with him, she better be smart, or tough luck
'Cuz he gon' break and bust, she gon' be fucked upMind your business is a code, too, I never told
Ever since a nigga was a million years old
Bein' a ballin shot caller is tha goal
I'll hospitalize anybody in the roll
To make it there, you talk crazy, we take it there
You'll feel like a steak, nigga, you medium-rare
All these niggas wan' be tip-rats or tha man in charge
With tha AK-47, it'll change you boysDa Magnolia

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Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?Clique up, load up pistols, mask
Ride through, slow down, jump out, blast
Put bout fifty in your ass
Second linin' family scared
Go score, rock it, chop it, serve it
Got a deal for fifty, twurk it
Mission, riches, hittin' switches
Twenty inches, plenty bitches
All day, hustle beaucoup, scuffleNiggas huddle, AK muffled
Blood in puddles, people scatter
Flying pieces of human matter
Police don't know probly won't know
Unless its they shit, they don't know
Keep it quiet, tell nobody
Start no shit and stay in silence
Maintain focus, stay off porches
Watch for roaches, carry toastersDa Magnolia
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Home of tha soldiersNow where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?Where you goin', motherfucker, where you goin'?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
I know where I'm goin' to tha fuckin' Magnolia
Believe that there, yeah, yeah, yeah
Layin' it down, mm, hmm
Layin' it down, mm, hmm, mm, hmm
To 3000Ten, nine, eight, seven, six
Five, four, three, two
one

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