

# For Everybody

## Juvenile

Yeah, U T P nigga, come on  
K L C nigga, come on, hollaI done tightened up on my G dog  
Wacko outcher flippin' these hoes like see saws  
Ya man trippin' girl, look we can creep on  
Ya friends stressin' too, I'll flip all 3 of y'all  
Respect my steez, I ain't really 'bout fallin' in love  
I travel too much and baby sling too many drugs  
Stay in the wrong place at the wrong time  
With 2 bricks and a chrome 9  
To these niggas I'm easy to be provokin'Look, I got 1 in the chamber and I been smokin'  
Don't make me proceed  
I'll hit you from ya neck to ya knees  
Have ya gaggin' where ya barely could breathe  
But I ain't in here for this  
Whoadie, I'm in here to get me a bitch  
Bring her back to the telly to issue some dick  
Hook up with Juve and Skip, go and get me a brick  
And get ready for next Sunday to snatch a new chickYou can have an ole' lady  
But them hoes  
They for everybody  
You can have an ole' lady  
But them hoes  
They for everybody  
You can have an ole' lady  
But them hoes  
They for everybodyLet her go dog, that ain't ya hoe dog  
Let me get broke off  
Up in this jump off  
Let her go dog, that ain't ya hoe dog  
Let me get broke off  
Up in this jump offI done tightened up on my G dog  
I was ducked out at first but now I beat broads  
Cock back, bam Bash in her teeth off  
Guarantee you this, that bitch gon' see stars  
Respect my gangsta, I see you looking mad and I ain't 'cha  
I know 50 Cent and bitch I ain't no Wanksta  
And I don't get down like that, in the right time, at the right spot  
If you try to buck, you gon' get shotHey fella, calm down, I know what ya thinkin'  
But I got 1 in this chamber and I been drinkin'

Don't make me proceed, spit in ya face, bastard ya seed  
Widow ya wife, you don't need my shit in ya life  
Especially how I'm feeling tonight, if it was good, it'd be different  
But it's not, so it's not, so let's end it  
And bring this shit back to business  
You can have yo bitch dog, I live by the rules that I'm givin'  
You can have an ole' lady  
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Let me get broke off  
Up in this jump off  
Let her go dog, that ain't ya hoe dog  
Let me get broke off  
Up in this jump off  
Come on, come on, come on  
Grab yo bitch by the arm 'cuz if she stop she hit  
Oh, I know how to get 'em, I hit her with lotsa dick  
The simple things I'm knowing that she probably miss  
And in return she going out and buy me shit  
I hope my adversaries is listening  
Motherfucka with tryna be eased from these Devils 'cuz we evil in this  
I'm not about to waste my dream on a bitch  
I be out to tryna get money while she scheming for dick  
I ain't gone lie if my ole lady leave a nigga, I'm sick  
But we ain't married so fuck, she ain't got nothing to get  
I had to go in fronta the jury January the 6th  
I promise ya Honor, I ain't been doin' the shit  
They just like to keep niggas like me in a mix  
And use it on TV and radio as a skit  
You wanna see some masks, make a move to the bricks  
But before you make that move grab the tool and the clips, ya heard?  
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Let her go dog, that ain't ya hoe dog

Let me get broke off  
Up in this jump off  
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