

Pay Tha Rent (feat. Young Jeezy & Yo Gotti)

Juvenile

You love that hood that you represent
You bout that working and all that money spent
A nigga owe you any asset
My niggas hustle hard just to pay the rent
My niggas busting just to pay the rent
Cause bitches nothing we need or set
We reunite nigga when we spend
My niggas hustle hard just to pay the rent NO's my birthplace, thug water my T-shirt
I'm uptown in these hot blocks where there feens walk then this feet heard
It's DJ on rebirth, fat boys on stakeout
No hard heels just chuck taylors
In case I might break up
Right now is drought season
Watch how it's gonna play out
Last night two teenagers got killed up in Jose house
Feel like there's no way out
Guess I gotta just stay down
Play ball and sell dope
Project's my playground
D bought a new condo
He ain't even sleep in his bed yet
Cause this girl all in his D talking 'bout bill he ain't even pay yet
Thought how to be cool with it
Real niggas ain't bad at it
These motherfuckers who owe me
Chopping off their head now
I go back like dro bags
Nigga Michael Jordan nigga 96
Streets dry, I came through
Lebron james Game 6
Drive lane right behind the back
Two cars back on my main drive
They Pulling on they find the bricks
Ain't Worried Bout It cause my mane lie
On Two A pack too fly
Selling in the street no B by
Why they call it white president
Niggas all I see is this green god
Nigga I ain't going to my mama house

Try being my mama mouth
Your trap boomin you ain't rit up
You don't need last for half hour
Tap for they owe me
DA they want me
Still serve the whole hood out the town
Theat the prices like my compound
Bag landed me the touchdown
They was going for the touchdown
Nigger cask up before they touched down
It's summer town my airport, my house light 400 degrees
Money long my bills high so still flippin money in these streets
Juvenile, I've been wild, big pistols, coke piles
Old Chevy, big wheels
Tight motor, gun loud
Don't know hard
You a bitch nigga
Ten bricks you a rich nigga
Part time i rap nigga
Now out of town i hits niggas
Can't shake my problems
Low key I'll be robbin'
Weapon of choice that .38
Cause I fell in love in revolvers
I ain't leaving no shells
I ain't going no jail
I ain't leaving no witness nigga
Everybody go to hell
Everybody had a struggle
Everybody had a hustle
This everybody who you're fucking with
Nigga why the fuck you coughing?
Is you feel word?
Ain't nothing word
Made a living out birds
Yeah Nigga that's on my word
I'm from retracing palmer
That shit go hard like the Cali-o
Used to dream bout a million
But I woke up and count it though

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.