Ha

Juvenile

You better run for it, run for it, run
Run for it, run for it, run
Run for it, run for it, run
You been known for fuckin' it up, ha
Them bad-ass 20's on your truck, ha, cost seven and up, ha
You tryin' to stay from out that place, ha
Make sure you got your money straight ha, before it's too late ha
You want your Momma livin' good ha
Move your children out the hood ha, to up in the woods, ha
Baby post seventy off the hook, ha
Manny Fresh has possession, supposed to be up in the book, ha
Juvenile got them looks, ha, but you too scared to fuck with him
'Cause he be runnin' with them crooks, ha, I'm the one, ha
Stick a fork in that nigga 'cause he's done, ha
For flippin' the tongue, ha
You got a probation hole, ha
You got money for bail so now you ready to roll, ha
You 'bout to buy you a car ha, a ninety-nine ha
One that look somethin' like mine, ha
You a paper chaser, you got your block on fire
Remainin' a G, until the moment you expire
You know what it is to make nothin' out of somethin'
You handle your biz and don't be cryin' and sufferin'
You a paper chaser, you got your block on fire
Remainin' a G, until the moment you expire
You know what it is to make nothin' out of somethin'
You handle your biz and don't be cryin' and sufferin'
We got this thing locked, ha
Cash Money can't be stopped ha, them Hot Boys too hot, ha
And you like my Rolex watch, ha
And the way I hit the block ha, in camouflage with glocks, ha
And you like it when we stunt, ha, smokin' blunts, ha
You be lovin' them gold fronts, ha we millionaires, ha
Not far from billionaires, ha
Got different broads everywhere, ha
You heard 'bout Lil' Wayne, H O T B O Y, ha
Shorty with the braids for Cash Money gon' pop, ha-uh
I burn, ha, the hammer sits, ha, here come the blitz, ha
A remix, ha

They from the Nolia, I'm from the Grove, ha
And you can catch me with Tolie and Mario, ha
I represent the 2 uh 2-6, ha, it's guaranteed to be foolish, ha
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You niggaz know I'm 'bout my biz, ha
You niggaz scared for me to be in the presence of your bitch, ha
You know I would raw dick her ha, take naked pictures ha
Then call up my clique and straight flip her ha
You know my click number-one stunters, ha
You know we 'bout it, flexin' Lex's, Benz's and Hummers, ha
You know you fuck with me, you're dead, ha
But don't lie, I fucked your baby-momma, and you feel played, ha
You know that jail house is somethin', ha
Bitch niggaz buckin' but when it go down, they run to the button, ha
You know the B.G. ain't right ha, you love you hoe
But she don't wanna get it right, and keep it right, ha
It's goin' down in '99, ha
You know fo' sho' that it Cash Money time to shine, ha
You know I play the game raw, ha
You know you slip up, I'ma take this beef shit too far, ha
You a paper chaser, you got your block on fire
Remainin' a G, until the moment you expire
You know what it is to make nothin' out of somethin'
You handle your biz and don't be cryin' and sufferin'
You a paper chaser, you got your block on fire
Remainin' a G, until the moment you expire
You know what it is to make nothin' out of somethin'
You handle your biz and don't be cryin' and sufferin'
Let's say you're at a DJ and them boys pullin' guns
You better run for it, run for it, run
You in the Magnolia and my people pullin' guns
You better run for it, run for it, run
Run for it, run for it, run
Run for it, run for it, run
We'll grab the MAC-11 when we march, nigga step
Fuck with CMR, we gon' march, nigga step
Play with Manny Fresh, we gon' march, nigga step
Play with my nigga, Baby, we gon' march, nigga step

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