

# Fuck That Nigga (F. B.G.)

## Juvenile

We drink up all the round, we drink up all the white  
We go to all the spots, we be up all the night  
We'll tell a nigga 'Fuck ya' and be waitin' outside for him  
Bust him up and see how many niggas gon' ride for him  
Play the project bricks and watch for the law  
Nigga come to my section we goin' to they section and ward  
We rep hard out the wards in stolen cars  
Spankin' niggas that be showin' off with they broads  
Nigga catch a felony, he takin' his charge  
Niggas turnin' state, we rapin' the boy  
It's a hard life we livin', they 'bout they drama  
We earn stripes for killin', I'll attack like a rhino  
Some of the time motherfuckers be off they bases  
Way out they boundary in unfamiliar places  
Lookin' like a duck, seein' all the wrong faces  
But we know the rules and could be strapped in SK's  
Man, pop that nigga, man, kill that bitch  
Man, shoot that nigga, man, spank that bitch  
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch  
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch  
Man, pop that nigga, man, kill that bitch  
Man, shoot that nigga, man, spank that bitch  
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch  
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch  
Stay from 'round here, I tell ya these niggas ain't cool  
Ain't no love for outsiders, everybody's a fool  
We be duckin' off in the hallways and in the cuts  
Gettin' the fuck when ATF is pullin' up  
People in the projects say, "Them niggas ain't shit"  
They hustle all night for brand new outfits  
You're fuckin' right, that's how it is on the block  
Real duck T-shirt, 'Bauds and Reebok's  
Camouflage around the neck and the dome  
Fucked up attitude totin' a big chrome  
Fighting for weed, nigga ain't ever goin' home  
Tryin' ta get it how he live with a bundle of [Incomprehensible]  
We ain't tryin' ta see the jail house  
But if we do we hope we be able to bail out  
Know what I'm sayin', lil' daddy  
We need a lick, come up in the whole brick  
Kick in a nigga door and punish the whole clique  
Man, pop that nigga, man, kill that bitch  
Man, shoot that nigga, man, spank that bitch  
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch  
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch  
Man, pop that nigga, man, kill that bitch  
Man, shoot that nigga, man, spank that bitch  
Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch  
Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch  
Come through the hood where ya hang with a K and when  
I see ya

What I'ma do to ya, I know I wouldn't wanna be ya  
 Split your head in half, nigga, leave ya stressed in the street  
 Hit ya everywhere in your body but under your feet I play it raw when I'm in beef, I'm a hot boy that's heat  
 Get it how ya live is how it is where I be  
 Fuck a nigga's how I feel, no nigga steppin' on my toes  
 Without feelin' blockah, blockah from four fours I'm a dog with a gun in my hand I cut loose  
 You're on the other end of that pistol, it's on you  
 Get hit up, chopped up, did somethin' awful  
 Zipped up, boxed up, put straight in a coffin Ain't part of my clique, fuck ya nigga, don't please me  
 I don't love ya nigga, you're no good, playa  
 I don't trust ya, nigga  
 To me you ain't nuttin' but a bust nigga, what Man, pop that nigga, man, kill that bitch  
 Man, shoot that nigga, man, spank that bitch  
 Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch  
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 Man, shoot that nigga, man, spank that bitch  
 Man, down that nigga, execute that bitch  
 Put fifty rounds in that nigga is what'cha do that bitch Ya heard me  
 Put fifty rounds in that nigga's what'cha do that bitch  
 Fuck him, ya heard me, fuck his whole clique, nigga  
 Ya don't like me, I don't like you, nigga You don't like me that mean you don't like my clique  
 I don't like you that mean I don't like you  
 The niggas ya fuck with, the niggas you affiliate with, ya heard me  
 Any nigga who speak to ya, nigga, back you up, nigga Fuck you and all them too, nigga, ya heard me  
 It's Cash Money for life, ya heard me  
 Fuck all them old bitch ass niggas throwin' bricks [Incomprehensible]  
 It's real over here, nigga, ya heard me We got this here and we holdin' this here down  
 Ya heard me, we gon' keep it like that, though, ya dig, nigga  
 Baby, Slim, Juvie, B.Geezy, Turk, Weezy, Fresh, ya heard me  
 Joe Casey, Travey ya heard me, all tha shots, nigga We comin' through, nigga, we layin' it down, nigga  
 And we just doin' what we do, keepin' it real

Songwriters

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