

Both Sides (feat. Jim Jones)

Juelz Santana

No niggas want these problems
Young real niggas and we balling
My poker face, I'm going all in
From Chicago back to Harlem
These niggas can't fuck with us
These niggas can't fuck with us
From Chicago back to Harlem
These niggas can't fuck with us I be going hard with my Chicago niggas
If it's beef, fold 'em up, make 'em a taco nigga
Keep that trigger like a motherfucking throttle nigga
The more I rev it up the quicker bodies dropping nigga
My pockets cheesy, lasagna nigga
My neck clear, vodka nigga
I'm eating good, Benihana nigga
Still selling white, Pina Colada nigga
My new connect, he got it like he Pablo nigga
You gon' rob who? You a liar nigga
Fast money, never slowing up
These niggas can't fuck with us
Bang bang, anyway
Ya these niggas know what's up with us
No niggas want these problems
Young real niggas and we balling
My poker face, I'm going all in
From Chicago back to Harlem
These niggas can't fuck with us
These niggas can't fuck with us
From Chicago back to Harlem
These niggas can't fuck with us See Cabrini Greens, went and tore 'em down
Like 9/11 my 911, the roof fall down
On the southside ?
Let the birds fly, like two wings
I'm a man, all we need in this life man is two things
Balls and his word, that's true thing
You know 300, like O Block
Them my young niggas, them 300 in your whole block
Fly nigga, simply, gold watch
Summertime, And One's
No sides with the holes ?

At the top there's a lot of fuck niggas
But them niggas know I don't give a fuck nigga
No niggas want these problems
Young real niggas and we balling
My poker face, I'm going all in
From Chicago back to Harlem
These niggas can't fuck with us
These niggas can't fuck with us
From Chicago back to Harlem
These niggas can't fuck with us I be going hard for my Harlem niggas
Talk to them, that A.K. taking ? niggas
My shooters ain't gon' argue with you
I just bought a chopper, it but ? with you
Juelz in the cut, and my nigga Fredo
Be cool before your t-shirt turn into a dago
My youngin's in the field, shawty they don't play though
And I love New York, like my nigga ?
I just spend a chicken on my chicken on my breittling bitch
Bitch I pack a punch, on some Tyson shit
And I run my city and I'm liking it
Bitch I run my city and I'm liking it No niggas want these problems
Young real niggas and we balling
My poker face, I'm going all in
From Chicago back to Harlem
These niggas can't fuck with us
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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