Hide Out Or Ride Out

Juvenile

[Lil Wayne]I strike a load you get served I ain't to be joked with
Fake Buster get smoked with, you provoke it
I explode it, unload it, reload it, unload again and
Put another clip in, 50 Shots to win I can't lose its Impossible
Plus I got a Chopper 50 Shots bout to be droppin' you
I be bout straight hittin' the beef kicker the set then
Leave the set and leave a beef kicker wet
Jet off the scene with the Uptown Fighters
Red Dot Sighers, all week Night Flighters
I'ma get 'cha when ya least expect it
Cock the Glock check it, a Vase can't protect it boy
Is ya ready? I leave yo set wetty
Slugs flyin' high got ya body real heavy
Ya can't move, ya got bucked now ya stuck
Left wet on the set, tell yo boys to pick ya up
Out cold, head swole, eyes drove
I know Fa'sho you ain't gone test me no more
Yo block tore, yo Family in black clothes
You got blowed, and in yo chest is many holes
This goes, A Lot of rounds of Ammo
I show how Uptown Niggas drove
Ya fake boy, me and my niggas did it to ya
Automatic, Black Chopper Trigger Pullers
That's how we be, loadin' clips then release
Eight deep, in the 300 E, leather seats, and in the trunk atiliary
Up the street, where I score shoul ain't for me
The B.G. that's the name I go by
Test me? You die ask Kangol bout it
Hide Out, if ya clip slide out, Ride Out
Yo block bout to die out
Move yo People I'm burnin' down the whole street
The Night Creepers, bout to heat our enemy
Lights Off, Mask On Creep Silent
Life's gone we don't left yo block quiet
Retaliate wait, know you not boy
Cause I'm a Hot Boy, Nine-Milli Cock Boy
Chopper gunnin' you scared, you see us runnin'
Start movin' me and Juvey when we comin'
[Juvenile]In yo lap yo brain sit, got a Chopper splittin' through bricks

A you Black Crucifix, up in the dirt I be knockin' dicks
Smooth and Beretically, my pocket rockin' to Six Figures
I'm polverizin' niggas pullin' K-F's with two triggers
On my body theres a side of me
It only come out at night though
Them Demons got me on a flight
Duck Tape'N and takin' life, or even worse
It could be Three O'clock, on a Sunday by Church

Yo brains I'ma have to burst
You shouldn't have fucked with me first
Gettin' full of some Malcolm, Adams Apple I scalp 'em
Got Richard Penatin callin' for National Guards to come help him
Very seldom when ya see, when you do what do you do?
Bust back, better be a head shot, if not then it's through
I'm comin' around the corner bout to pull a Meatball on ya
Fully dressed like a hoe, and in my purse is a Calico
Me and Lil Turk if you heard of a merger on a murder
50 G'z on his head, what the fuck did you say?
50 G'z Fa'sho that nigga live next door
Call the man, give him a rang, left the sucker change
Look I fuck with that rap shit, but acts a donkey on the low
A Hot Boy representin' this bitch like Black and Moe
[Turk]I start to poppin' niggas start to droppin'
I'm havin' fatal thoughts I think I'm fuckin' Shell Shockin'
Niggas bangin' Four, Five rangin' in my ear
I'm not scared, cause I'm Soldier, and Soldiers have no fuckin' fear
In my sleep at night, I'm seein' war fights
Wakin' up thinkin' a nigga took my fuckin' life
Unnecessary shit, mind clickin' like a light switch
Who picked you up on any nigga or any bitch
Don't give a fuck, steady bangin' in dodgin' camoflaguin'
With my Mack- Elivin' , Hot Boy$, that whole Ca$h Money Click
Don't fuck with, unless we known to get in yo shit
I'm Shell Shock bitch, only thing on my mind
Kill a nigga with that fuckin' Chrome-9
Don't have time for them dog hoes
Goin' through a stage with that Chopper and that 4-4
[Juvenile]What's this shit I hear about you boys Partners-N-Crime
You think you U.N.L.V. punished you bitches the last time
Now you gonna shine, let me put somethin' on yo mind
Look I was born in this bitch for taken hits, and protectin' shit
Its a Fa'sho thing, I'ma bring drama or I'ma wet 'cha
Ya bests be bout ya Issue, if not God bless ya
What make you think 2-2-6 wasn't strong?

That's what we do, you wrong
They both com and they gone
Off Toppers, I'ma deal with you and yo Partners
T.C. , L.D. , Willard Street with Choppers
Drama is the need for Ca$h, we play it right though
I'm comin' to get a nigga ass, like I'm them white folks
Look, better be bout it, if not better be rowdy
It's all in yo mind ha?, You gone shine, ha
I doubt it

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/