

# Squalie (Skit)

## Juelz Santana

Yea uh-ooo!! (Come on, come on)  
Roll wit me, its santana  
I'd like to welcome y'all (yea) to the great  
Fuck wit ya boy!(Once again) Zeke![Juelz Santana]  
Now I got more than my swagger back  
Listen here homie  
Mr. Mick Jagers back (uh-oo)  
Young Zab of rap  
Only difference is this Judah  
Will shoot ya, then get back to rappin'  
Traffin' crack threw half and Hampton  
Make stacks and stacks and that's a fact man  
Y'all can't fuck wit me  
Baby girl I drag my nuts for free  
Comfortably  
And ya know I got my pimpin together  
Got my game, got my cain, got my limpin'  
Together, shit bitch you better get your  
Switchin' together 'cause this back-hand  
Will get you together, hope you know that  
And sometime I can't belive my niggaz  
Still in all, I'll give it all just to feed my  
Niggaz, eat, don't stop homie breathe my niggaz  
I need y'all more than y'all ever need me my niggaz[Hook]  
This is for all my niggaz on the block that's pumpin'  
I think the cops is comin' - Squalie!  
All my homies on the block with somethin'  
Hold it down I think the cops is comin' - Squalie!  
For all my chicks on the strip that switch  
Be easy, I think the cops is comin' - Squalie!  
All my ladies who boost for higher  
Prada, Gucci attire watch who's behind ya! Squalie[Juelz]  
Yo we livin' the life of  
Loca-vida, coke and cheever  
Drive-by blow smoke on the policia  
Like fuck em! I got no love for em  
Squalie! but I'm tired of runnin' from  
Squalie! duckin' from Squalie!  
Shit and we ain't do nothin to Squalie!

Its pay-back we buckin at Squalie!  
No more gettin searched, frisked for  
Nothin by Squalie! Hey so sell ya pack  
Sell ya crack like when dickens was near  
Juelz Santana Dickens is here yea  
Yea so Zeke is ya rollin' with me  
This the theme song homie fuck the police!  
We back at it, our crack habit is that drastic  
Measures we taken em', maken we'll clap at ya  
Peel off on dirt bikes and raptors  
Squirt pipes at bastards y'all can't fuck wit me! [Hook] [J.R. Writer]  
Hey ma, its J.R. and L's  
It ain't hard to tell  
We da niggaz in we da niggaz in Maury and car alarm da fell wit that hard to sell  
That ain't hard to sell  
And a gun that'll hit you from far as hell  
You quick to flash , we'll whip yo' ass  
Couple shots hit your glass  
Dip-shit ya whip will crash  
I got the sickest past  
Stay skippin' class, pitchin' Hash  
All day, stood there  
Flippin' halves  
When I heard ,Squalie!  
I dished and dashed  
Ditched the hash  
Park, neutral, first gear  
Hit the gas, now we rich with cash  
And when I hear Squalie!  
I sit and laugh, dawg you kiss his ass  
Cooked more caine, push off dames  
While you dumb niggaz stand there  
And look all lame  
I done popped and took off chains  
Now Ivory dump ice on me like my team  
Won a football game!

Songwriters

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