

Whatever U Wanna Call It (Feat. Hell Rell)

Juelz Santana

Uh-oh!
Cold cold time again baby
I'm back in the, back in the, back in the building
Juelz Santana (Aye!)
Dip Set bitch
I need all my soldiers and my block men to stand up for me
It's 'bout that time you know[Chorus]
My hood, my city, my side
Whatever you wanna call it nigga I ride
My town, my car, my block
Whatever you wanna call it nigga I rock
My state, my strip, my ave
Whatever you wanna call it nigga I'm bad
My building, my porch, my stoop
Whatever you wanna call it nigga I'm looseStraight for paper
Paper chaser
Gangsta gangsta
Gangsta gangsta
I know my block is a crazy zoo
But it got me crazy glued (stuck)
I got to make these moves
So I hustle the hardest (drugs)
I got no team
Just a connect and a couple of partners
I keep my street niggaz, my street niggaz (yup)
I keep my cheese niggaz, my cheese niggaz (Yup)
I keep my beef niggaz, my beef niggaz (yup)
I keep my weed niggaz, my weed niggaz
Keep business business, keep pleasure pleasure
And I never mix it, ever ever
Yeah the code of the street
Eyes open don't sleep
(whoop-whoop-whoop-whoop)
There go the police
That's why you catch me moving through dolo
Moving through solo, steel weapon, steel weapon[Chorus]Niggaz always catch the bodies in the hood (yup)
Straight shootin' up the party in the hood (uh-uh)
Mafia ties, I'm like Gotti in the hood
Tellin' hoopty on the black Maserati through the hood

Remember when we used to play karate in the hood (remember)
Now my rims look like ninja stars
Nigga I've been the star (I ain't have shit)
I remember when I didn't have shit to bar
Now I can lean you a couple of clips
You hungry homey you can eat a couple of clips
Come to my strip, you gon see niggaz G'd up 'cause
We slangers (slanders)
Gang bangers (east-side)
And when it comes to squally we strangers, plus
I keep my thug niggaz, my thug niggaz
I keep my blood niggaz, my blood niggaz
Spend it all I ain't no cheap ass nigga
I'm always gonna ride this I'm a weed sack nigga, YUP! [Chorus] I represent mine to the fullest (oh yeah)
I represent the grind to the fullest (oh yeah)
I represent scar time, bar time, hard times
Yeah, hard times to the fullest (oh yeah)
We need to have a million man march again
We need to have a million man march up in
The white house start a million man argument
Like Bush why a million man starving in?
My city, my town, my hood
Whatever you wanna call it nigga what's good
We riders, we rollers, we survivors, we soldiers
We don't crack under pressure
We relax under pressure
Most of all, we don't rap under pressure
We bang, and we pitch this crack
'Till the cops shut us down or waste respect [Chorus]

Songwriters

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