

# Squalie

## Juelz Santana

Yeah, uh ohh, c'mon, c'mon  
Roll wit me, it's Santana  
I'd like to welcome y'all to the great  
Fuck wit ya boy, once again, Zeke  
Now I got more than my swagger back  
Listen here homie, Mr. Mick Jagger's back  
Uh oh, young Zab of rap, only difference is  
This Judah will shoot ya, then get back to rappin'  
Traffin' crack threw half an' Hampton  
Make stacks an' stacks an' that's a fact, man  
Y'all can't fuck wit me  
Baby girl, I drag my nuts for free comfortably  
An' ya know I got my pimpin' together  
Got my game, got my cain, got my limp'in' together  
Shit, bitch, you better get your switchin' together  
'Cuz this back hand will get you together, hope you know that  
An' sometime I can't believe 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  
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  
Yo, we livin' the life of loca vida, coke an' cheever  
Driveby, blow smoke on the policia  
Like fuck 'em, I got no love for Squalie  
But I'm tired of runnin' from Squalie  
Duckin' from Squalie, shit  
An' we ain't do nothin' to Squalie  
It's payback, we buckin' at Squalie  
No more gettin' searched, frisked for nothin' by Squalie  
Hey, so sell ya pack, sell ya cracks 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', make 'em, we'll clap at ya  
Peel off on dirt bikes an' raptors  
Squirt pipes at bastards, y'all can't fuck wit me  
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Hey ma, it's J.R. an' L's, it ain't hard to tell  
We da niggaz in Maury an' Karl Lagerfeld  
Wit that hard to sell that ain't hard to sell  
An' 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 an' dashed  
Ditched the hash, park, neutral, first gear, hit the gas  
Now we rich with cash an' when I hear, "Squalie"  
I sit an' laugh, dawg, you kiss his ass  
Cooked more caine, push off dames  
While you dumb niggaz stand there an' look all lame  
I done popped an' took off chains  
Now Ivory dump ice on me like my team won a football game  
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