

# 400 Degreeez

## Juvenile

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

400 degreeez You see me, I eat, sleep, shit and talk rap  
You see that 98 Mercedes on TV, I bought that  
I had some felony charges, I fought that  
Been sent to no return but still was ball back Nigga, threw some slangs at me, Whodi, I caught that  
I punished them lil' bitches before they get car jack  
Now I'm lookin' for they family and padnuh's to war back  
If I ain't a hot boy then what do you call that? Niggas disrespect me, I'ma be in all black  
'Companied by some niggas 'bout killin' and all that  
Me, Cory, and Mer-C, gettin' ducked off  
Ride top down, so, we let the trucks pause In the Jeep, ridin' four deep, I booted up  
(You don't want to fuck with me)  
At these niggas claimin' they know me, uh? Bitch, what? I'll bust ya' ass up  
Don't even go there, Whodi, 'cause I'm ready to mask up  
I heard about the money, that's some nice change  
For the right price, I'll bust the right brain If must a nigga try, I can't do the right thing  
Only God knows what the future might bring  
Nigga, might be shot, nigga, might be tri-flamed  
Nigga, might survive, if he 'bout that right flame With somethin' that'll stop a nigga from playin'  
Somethin' like a chopper or a grenade in his hand  
Boy, look, nigga, don't play no games no mo'  
Nigga'll bust ya' head if you bang his ho' Attitude adjustments, do y'all need?  
Don't call in the enforcements, nigga, call me  
I bet'cha, I'll get them niggas off yo block  
I bet'cha, I'll show them niggas, this boy hot You don't want to fuck with me  
Hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy, hot, hot  
Hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy, hot, hot Alright stop it, 'cause I done had enough  
When it comes to my pockets, I'm ready to bust  
Baby, let me get the keys to the Rover truck  
Man, let me get this beef shit over, brah Ain't no bitches here, I'm from the 'Nolia, brah  
Bust yo' beef's head, is what was told to us  
How I'ma be runnin' with these killas and backin' down  
How I'ma look in front of my people, like a clown The G-Code is what we live by and we die by

The book is what we will never abide by  
Niggas drive by, gettin' loose  
Beefin' with each other like a checker board in use  
Up in Compton or the Watts, nigga  
Up in New York, ya keep 'em open watch, nigga  
Fo' y'all played by a hit or retaliation  
All fine young black females stallions  
Give me the keys to yo' car and ya medallion  
You far away from ya home, you's a alien  
See  
You don't want to fuck with me  
You don't want to fuck with me  
(Hot, hot, hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy)  
(Hot, hot, hot boy, hot, hot, hot boy)  
You don't want to fuck with me, with me  
400 Degreez  
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