

# White Girl (feat. Lil Wayne & Baby)

## Juvenile

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Listen, I'ma hundred percent hussla from my face to my feet  
My lifetime cases the street, my dime places the street  
Until I wake and see another fuckin' day is relief  
I pray that he keep, I'm scrappin' my knees  
From chasing this cheese I had point guard dreams of playin' for some team  
Hit the block and made NBA money in one week  
See I hussle in the hood and plus I fly birdies  
And play the tracks out every month so I can ride dirty Needed someone to manage my money I hired Shelly  
But Shelly started talkin' too much so she died early  
They got me loadin' up my Benz with my eyes blurry  
I sent the message to the fucker at bout five thirty Now if the bitch ain't got my dice for me then I'm sorry  
But I'ma leave everyone who outside bloody  
And then I go in the stash get the coke and the cash  
I'm lettin' niggas score it for half, I'm hopin' it last  
But still nigga don't, I might have to just go in the lap  
And if it's slow in the ass back to the rope and the mask Man we got that white girl  
And nigga talk about uh price to make it right for you  
And if you like that alright then we got what you need  
And if you like that nasty broad then we got low ki's Dog who got um? We got that white girl  
And nigga talk about uh price to make it right for you  
And if you like that alright then we got what you need  
And if you like that nasty broad we got them low ki's Man who got um? We got that white girl  
And nigga talk about uh price to make it right for you  
And if you like that alright then we got what you need  
And if you like that nasty broad we got them low ki's  
Playa who got um? I hate when a nigga flex up and he's makin' it sound  
As though he been doin' that border, but that nigga would drown  
My block been infiltrated by uh whole lot of fake ass niggas  
Scared ass niggaz, wont even bust uh grape ass niggaz  
I'm talkin' to you so take it how you want ho I've been here for uh minute, so I looked up and you don't move  
Ya partnuhs been fuckin' wit' ya 'cause they know how you is  
Niggas be smackin' ya and humpin' you and snatchin' yo shit

Matter fact get the fuck out my face, befo' I put you in ya place  
I'm one second from bustin' the drapes Well, you can get ya money and all but not ch'ere  
Lil' daddy I been runnin' this section for 5 years, first of all I don't like ya  
I don't know ya, run and get ya gun if you want I'm gon' show ya  
You one of them niggaz try earning your stripe  
Lil' daddy I'm one of them niggaz that'll hit ya at night Man we got that white girl  
And nigga talk about uh price to make it right for you  
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And if you like that alright then we got what you need  
And if you like that nasty broad we got them low ki's  
Playa who got um? That liquor like dope nigga I gots to have it  
Cook flip the brick with some heavy traffic  
Guns gon' bust if these niggas be lackin'  
Cadillac, gold spokes, brick head, and baskets Overflow this bitch white work gone faster  
Tragedy of uh murder case twisted and laughin'  
In the Bentley drop top and Pac is blastin'  
Hit the hood jumpin' the cop, we start the stashin' Bunch of white t-shirts phone calls harassment  
Bought a pot on that shit make it hot and ejectin'  
He standin' on my two feet he purrin', "I ain't blastin'"  
Coming up from child hood days about my cashin' Hundred g's on the trunk of the Escalade Cadi  
I never did listen, I never mind my daddy  
My brother gave him a game cookin' in an ally  
4 bricks two guns I'm runnin' to my parents Man we got that white girl  
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And if you like that alright then we got what you need  
And if you like that nasty broad we got them low ki's  
Playa who got um?

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