World Wide Message Tribe "Retaliation"

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First Verse: [Juvenile]

Scraped my elbow jumpin' the fence Creepin' through the grass camoflauged lookin' for them

Cowards, non-believers, contradictors, I'm comin' to get ya

You try to frame me without the picture
Shit, I'm obligated, to be a Juvenile for life
It don't change robbin' shit in this game
I know you heard about that 7th ward, 9th and the rest
But who's down to knock a head off and wear a vest?
Take a flight through that Nolia and then see who
represent

Not with them thugs ridin' wearin' them black reebok tennis

Niggas fifteen, sixteen, seventeen Slangin' iron from that Josephine through that Melphanine

And would do almost anything to prove himself relentless

Like, a murder job and forgettin' the consequences Hustlin' through the brick walls avoidin' the feds Pushin' the dope steady duckin' blue eyes and curly heads

And he got caught and then start, runnin' with yo peers Got swole and been home and now you back out chea And that boyd that cha shot, brothas hangin' on the block

You don't know him but he know ya look you bout to get got

BOW!!!!!! Laid out in cold blood on the Ave.

Here comes the paramedics media and crime lab Understand this is all he know and it's all he see Which is why they known to be a Juvenile just like me Would'ja see that my words were a little bit cold a little bit trife

Down with Tec Mafia Juvenile fa life

Chorus: [Ms. Tee]

Niggas......they comin' to get'cha

You betta watch ya back before they muthafuckin' split cha (3x)

Second Verse: [B.G.]

Ain't that cold? I heard a nigga, downed my nigga My partna just paged me and say they found my nigga It's a bust back thang can't be no hoes I got a hundred rounds plus for my Calico Fa sho we get's busy, and leave that ass fonky Full of that monkey and we don't to act a donkey I'ma go get in my all black fit, when I come just sit Cuz if ya sit cha hit, if ya split cha split If you die, you die Take it ten for one, wave bye-bye wave bye-bye You done took mine, I'ma take yearn This is what cha earn, chopper bullets burn S.K. trigga clicker, the blunt-smoker lighter flipper Paper chaser for six figures bout my issue I'm get to split cha, get cha if you in my way I'ma deal wit'cha, muthafucka take a picture I'll wax that ass then tax on my yay Today if play I lay with the A.K. To spray and lay down the snaps I get down Niggas can't touch what me and Bun puttin' down Now down and pump round and distribute kees You sleep six feet I tear down the whole street Wear down the family they grieve because ya flat Bust ya head up leave ya deader yo blood redder I done fucked ya set down nigga hut Nigga what keep ya mouth shut retalitation is a must

Chorus

Third Verse: [Bun B]

Dead ass nigga don't fail, no yellin', hit the door it never fail

Shippin' his ass off to Hell, still the killas left behind him

Can't find him cuz the nine flatlined him Now Mister, murda master for the lastin' Niggas tryed to swerve it past her, turned into a nervous bastard

The blaster the Cash Money clique'll shoot em up
And me all we had to do was boot em up
He got the buck now who the fuck want it?
I can't see it happen, clips be clappin'
Cappin' you til' you see through Bitch go ask B3 too
how we do

Cuz me, you to one equals people,

Retaliation also known as the sequel It's X-rated, cuz the clique's made ten and now you throw the bitch Like I got no fuckin' sense, and I don't so take that A dead ass nigga can't talk, wave or blink back Click! Snapshot, to me your rap's not That hot like a fat rock off a crack spot In the back got a stable, That's able to crack a bitch with a conference table Then choke her wit a jumper cable A Chiefer that stay reefer mo blunted One time a hoed stunted We beat that bitch and right now no more frontin' Niggas actin' all shitty, gettin' no pity Cuz my niggas actin' pretty showin' many from our city Retalitation nigga

Chorus

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