

Chorus Line

"Young Niggaz"

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(talking)

You lucky this is personal nigga...

I ain't gonna kill you ova no woman

Don't you ever in your fuckin' life bite hand that feed
you nigga

[Juicy J]

Juicy J this Juicy J that

You know what I put have you niggaz

In the game you know what I'm sayin

From day one you betta check yo muthafuckin

Self nigga fuck you bitches

Cross ass no good sorry excuse For A Real Nigga!

[Chorus - 2X]

We gettin wild in da club maine they can't control us
young niggaz

We gettin buck in da club maine they can't control us
young niggaz

We gettin crazy in da club maine they can't control us
young niggaz

We gettin krunk in da club maine they can't control us
young niggaz

[Frayser Boy]

I got a ass whoopin recipe if you next to me

It can get real messy G if you testin me

Imma grown maine can't nothin earn the respect life
my tone can

Young niggaz in the club sippin on some bud

Throwin chairs maine not giving a fuck

Frayser Boy all in this bitch nigga I don't give a shit

Leave bleeding breathin on the floor wit yo wig split so-
uh

Sippin on this cron this time I'm not so friskay

Im bout to bust a cowards head nigga don't you tempt
mae

Drunk as fuck they why I'm buck my attitude is shittay

Reppin Bay so don't you play Memphis is the citay

Take a bitch beat a bitch drama Imma handle it

Juicy J and Frayser Boy nothin is more scandalous

Have you in some bandages
When you in the poppin shot
If they pulled me out the club I buck em in the parking
lot

[Chorus]

[Juicy J]

Once again its yo friend mixin orange juice with gin
On the slabs shootin dice makin money choppin ends
Who dat boy who that bitch who da one I know is lame
Who da one that took my checks but in the street he
down my name
Yes its real and I wanna appeal Juicy J fufill
Niggaz dreams gave them level steems whats the deal
Why yo skill is to take me out bitch I'm like a shield
Made of steel and I will kill but I'm bout this meal
Is it cash cause the fast cash got you niggaz mad
Got you ridin lookin for this pimp betta check yo nav
You gon mildew a barbecue what is stoppin you but you
kno I carry a tone or
two shouldnt been robin you just forgot what me you
had something I would push
the gate back you push my last button
ain nigga scared boy I ain't neva ran back down from
you crossers
bitch I never can

[Chorus]

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