

Juelz Santana "Whatever U Wanna Call It"

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Ooh, ooh
Roll call time again baby
I'm back in the, back in the, back in the buildin'
Juelz Santana, Dipset bitch
(Aye)
I need all my soldiers and my block, man to stand up
for me
It's about that time, ya know

My hood, my city, my side
Whatever you wanna call it, nigga, I ride
My town, my color, my block
Whatever you wanna call it, nigga, I rock

My state, my strip, my ave
Whatever you wanna call it, nigga, I'm bad
My buildin', my porch, my stoop
Whatever you wanna call it, nigga, I'm Bruce

Straight for paper, paper chaser
Gangsta, gangsta, gangsta, gangsta
I know my block is a crazy zoo but it got me crazy glued
(Stuck)

I got to make these moves
So I hustle the hardest
(Drugs)
I got no team just a connect and a couple of partners

I keep my street niggas, my street niggas
(Yup)
I keep my cheese niggas, my cheese niggas
(Yup)

I keep my beef niggas, my beef niggas
(Yup)
And I keep my weed niggas, my weed niggas
Keep business, business, keep pleasure, pleasure
And I never mix it, ever, ever

Yeah, the code of the street, eyes open, don't sleep
Whoop, whoop, whoop, whoop, there go the police

That's why you catch me movin' through dolo
Movin' through solo, steel weapon, still reppin'

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Niggas always catchin' bodies in the hood
(Yup)
Stay shootin' up a party in the hood
(Huh)
Mafia ties, I'm like Gotti in the hood
Tear the hoopti or the black Mazaratti through the hood
(Woo)

Remember when we used to play karate in the hood
(Yo)
Now my rims look like ninja stars
Nigga I been a star
(Been a star)
I remember when I didn't have shit to borrow
(I ain't have shit)
Now I could lend you a couple of clips

You hungry homie, you could eat a couple of clips
(Bloah, bloah)
Come through my strip, you gon' niggas G'd up
'Cuz, we slingers, gang bangers
(Slingers, east side)
And when it come to squalie, we strangers

Plus, I keep my thug niggas, my thug niggas
(What up thug?)
I keep my blood niggas, my blood niggas
(What up blood?)
Spend it all, I ain't no cheap ass nigga
(Nope)
I'm always gonna ride 'cuz I'ma weeks ave nigga
(Yup)

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I represent mine to the fullest
(Oh yeah)
I represent the grind to the fullest
(Oh yeah)
I represent scar time, bar time, hard times
(Yeah)
Hard times to the fullest
(Oh yeah)

We need to have a million man march again
(Yeah)
We need to have a million man march up in
(Yeah)
The White House
Start a million man argument, like Bush why a million
man starvin' in

My city, my town, my hood
(Whatever you wanna call it)
Nigga what's good
We ridahs, we rollers, we survivors, we soldiers

We don't crack under pressure, we relax under
pressure
Most of all we don't rat under pressure
(We bang)
And we pitch this crack till the cops shut us down
Or our whips twist back

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