

Juelz Santana

"Whatever You Want Call It"

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[Intro]

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

[Chorus]

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 building, my porch, my stoop
Whatever you wanna call it nigga

[Verse 1-Juelz Santana]

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 moving through dolo
Moving through solo, steel weapon, still reppin'...

[Chorus]

[Verse 2-Hell Rell]

Niggas always catchin' bodies in the hood (yup)
Stay shootin' up a party in the hood (Uhn Hunh)
Mafia ties, I'm like Gotti in the hood
Tear the hoopti or the black Mazaratti through the hood
Remember when we used to play karate in the hood
Now my rims look like ninja stars, nigga I been a star
I remember when I didn't have shit to borrow
Now I could lend you a couple of clips
You hungry homie, you could eat a couple of clips
Come through my strip, you gon' niggas G'd up
Cuz, we slingers, gang bangers, eastside
And when it come to squalie, we strangers
Plus, I keep my thug niggas, my thug niggas
I keep my blood niggas, my blood niggas
Spend it all, I aint no cheap ass nigga
I'm always gonna ride, cuz I'ma weeks ave nigga (yup)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3-Juelz Santana]

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 yeh0
We need to have a million man march again (yeah)
We need to have a million man march up in, the White
House
Start a million man arguement, like Bush why a million
man starving in
My city, my town, my hood, whatever you wanna call it
nigga whats 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...??????

[Chorus]

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