

Juvenile

"400 Degrees"

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(Electronic Voice)

400 degreeez...

Ya' see me, I eat, sleep, shit, and talk rap,
You see that '98 Mercedes on TV, I bought that,
I had some felony charges, I fought that,
Been sent to no return, but still was ball back,
Nigga threw some slangs at me, Whodi, I caught that,
I punished them lil' bitches before they get car jack,
Now I'm lookin' for they family and padnuh's to war
back,
If I ain't a Hot Boy, then what do you call that?
Nigga disrespect me, I'ma be in all black.
'Companied by some niggas bout killin' and all that,
Me, Cory, and Mer-C, gettin' ducked off,
Ride top down, so we let the trucks pause,
In the Jeep, ridin' four deep,
I booted up at these niggas claimin' they know me.
Huh?

(Hook)

(Electronic Voice)

You don't want to fuck with me....

You don't want to fuck with me....

Hot Boyz, Hot Boyz...

Bitch, what? I'll bust ya' ass up,
Don't even go there, Whodi, cause I'm ready to mask
up,
I heard about the money, that's some nice change...
For the right price, I'll bust the right brain...
If must a nigga try, I can't do the right thing...
Only God knows what the future might bring...
Nigga might be shot, nigga might be tri-flamed...
Nigga might survive, if he bout that right flame...
With somethin' that'll stop a nigga from playin',
Somethin' like a chopper or a grenade in his hand,
Boy, look, nigga don't play no games no mo..
Nigga'll bust ya' head if you bang his ho..
Attitude adjustments, do y'all need,
Don't call in the enforcements, nigga call me,
I bet'cha I'll get them niggas off yo block,

I bet'cha I'll show them niggas this boy hot...

(Hook)

(Electronic Voice)

You don't want to fuck with me....

Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy, Hot, Hot,

Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy,...

Alright stop it, cause I done had enough,
When it comes to my pockets, I'm ready to bust,
Baby, let me get the keys to the Rover truck,
Man, let me get this beef shit over, brah.
Ain't no bitches here, I'm from the 'Nolia, brah.
Bust yo' beef's head, is what was told to us.
How I'ma be runnin' with these killa's and backin' down,
How I'ma look in front of my people, like a clown,
The G-Code is what we live by and we die by,
The book is what we will never abide by,
Niggas drive by, gettin loose,
Beefin' with each other like a checker board in use,
Up in Compton or the Watts, nigga..
Up in New York, ya keep'em open watch nigga..
Fo' ya'll played by a hit or retaliation,
All fine young black females stallions,
Give me the keys to yo' car and ya medallion,
You far away from ya home, you's a alien (alien)...

(Hook)

(Electronic Voice) Seeeee.....

You don't want to fuck with me....

(Hot, Hot, Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy,)

You don't want to fuck with me....

(Hot, Hot, Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy,)

You don't want to fuck with me....

Hot, Hot, Hot Boy, Hot, Hot, Hot Boy,

(You don't want to fuck with me.... with me....)

(Electronic Voice)

400 Degreez...

400 Degreez...

400 Degreez...

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