

# Juvenile "Be Gone"

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Feat. Big Tymers

[Chorus Â 3x] (Sung)

Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone

Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'

[Mannie Fresh]

He told me number three was cheap

Wit a chick, wit a stick, yeah them girls be freakin'

Checkin' in motels every other weekend

Say brah Â I can't picture lil' one eatin'

Boy you ain't know Â fo' sho' she creepin'

While she been tellin' me dog, she goin' to meetings

Meeting Kitty wit her mouth

That's what yo' chick 'bout

Man, pass me my asthma pump, put lil' one out

Sometimes I be likin' Â when seenin' chicks dykin'

Pissin' on each other, mud wrestling, and fightin'

Hair everywhere, sratchin' and bitin'

Pass me my asthma pump again man, this shit exciting

I be like, "let's get jumped" like a game of checkers

And I done cheat more chicks, than Nelly sold records

E.I, C.I, turn a chick out

Then give it to another chick and leave it up in her

mouth

[Chorus Â 2x] (Sung)

Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone

Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'

[Baby]

There's a story about a bitch named Sally

A hot girl, lived in that rat-hoe alley

She stayed sharp, stayed rockin' Balance

And a fat pussy, laid down in the Cadi'

Back of the seat or back of the Palace

I'm a Hot Boy Â it really don't matter

My brother K.C plays them tellers

That'll jump off, hit a stepper, whatever

Michael Kipper, James Peter got a big better

Dick gotta a bitch in Miami Â a dick-sweater

Like Delores from A.T.L, "The Freak of the Week"

She did me, Slim, Joe, and Tiki

I don't care, bitch just ride  
Shake yo' pussy, and shake yo' thigh  
Get yo' hat, get yo' coat, it's time to ride  
Baby girl lookin' at me like she surprise

[Chorus Â 2x] (Sung)

Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone  
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'

[Mannie Fresh]

Let me tell you about another one of my lovers  
I caught the ignorant chick pokin' holes in rubbers  
Talkin' 'bout she late, sorry no wait  
Girl you fucked me, Mike Tyson, and O.J

[Baby]

These hoes be pullin' they raw tactics  
Baby makin' and jaw-jackin'  
Mami suck dick like a lowrider  
Ooh-wee, don't stop her

[Mannie Fresh]

Thinkin' that I'ma claim that baby  
Girl you coo-coo, stupid, dumb, and crazy  
His eyes green, and his hair wavy  
Thought you had me huh?, got me, playin' me

[Baby]

She movin' like a nigga hittin' switches  
But I bet I'd hit that old shitty  
She a popper, H.G non-stopper  
She from Uptown, baby girl don't knock her

[Chorus Â till end] (Sung)

Bag gone, hat gone, coat gone  
Why don't cha get the hell on out the do'

[Mannie Fresh Â over chorus] (Talking)

Nah shawty, don't cry now  
Get them old ass iron skates you left up under the bed  
And them old ass pro cases that you had, and all them  
beta tapes  
And get your old ass beeper  
You know that beeper that look like a garage opener  
The one that you had, get that shit up out my drawer  
And get on out of here  
Yeah you got to leave, got to go  
Get that rat coat, that old ass coat that you said was a  
mink  
Shit ain't nothin' but a big ass nutria rat  
Oh yeah, and get your cell phone

That big ass cell phone wit the car battery hooked up to  
it  
The one that be causin' Cancer, you know that big ass  
Football you wear on your face, hurtin' and shit  
Get your old ass cell phone  
And get them Chic Jeans, that Jamaica Joe shirt, and  
Them Hearochees that yo' ass was wearing when you  
came here  
And them big fake ass "Salt-N-Peppa" earrings  
You know them earrings Salt-N-Peppa had in the 80's  
You better get them bitches up outta here too  
And get them footy socks, the ones wit the balls in the  
back  
That's yours too, you need to get that, get on outta  
here  
You know what i'm sayin', I use to love you, I don't love  
you no more  
Don't like you no more, none of that, you know what I'm  
sayin'  
And get your Cutlass keys  
Get your old ass Cutlass, the one that we parked off  
the block  
You know what I'm sayin', 'cause I didn't want it in my  
driveway  
'cause it was leakin' oil  
Get your old ass Cutlass key's and get in your Cutlass  
and ride out  
Yeah, you hood roach, you ain't even a rat, you a roach  
Yeah!

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