

## Juvenile

### "Betcha I Don't Cry No More"

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Southern Smoke  
Southern Smoke you motherfucker you

Betcha I don't cry no more  
Betcha I don't cry no more  
Betcha I don't cry no more  
Betcha I don't cry no more  
Betcha betcha betcha I don't cry no more  
Betcha I don't cry no more  
Betcha I don't cry no more

At seven years old I had my first fight  
It was with a bully, but over my bike  
He was like let me take a ride  
You wanna go wait inside  
See I was young  
But I wasn't trying to get jacked  
Last week he took Joe's bike and he never come back  
I'll be damned if I get played like that  
So I stood him off  
Then he put his hand on my handlebars  
I rolled my fist and I started swinging  
Yea I was crying to screaming  
Scared to death but better yet  
I landed 'bout six shots  
He fell dead on his ass, shit stopped  
I bet you know what time it is now, tic tock  
My knuckle's bled, I got blood on my wrist watch  
It was a murder Alfred Hitchcock  
Running 'round like this the Daytona pit stop

Sticks and stones may break your bones  
But words will never hurt you  
And if you lie or steal  
If he steal your kill  
Then patience is a virtue  
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In the year of '98 I lost my brother and my father  
And my grandfather  
Life got harder  
So I just suck it up and open up a new carter  
Seven years later Carter hit my water  
So I ate that too  
I had to grind a little smarter  
Mama need a house to slim down her new daughter  
Slim couldn't land a job in the eight for three years  
Stressed him out real bad  
Broke him down into tears  
Talking man you better see me  
Cause I'm always on the road  
And even if we go home  
I still am always on the go  
No other than my little Shorty says she 'bout to let me  
go  
But you know me or the more be  
I gotta go and get the zone  
And the fans keep axing 'bout skipping juvy  
I say we rack together and we making movie  
And half of the world hate it  
The other half love it  
But who the fuck cares?  
Two tears in the bucket

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Sothern Smoke

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