

# Juvenile

## "Da Magnolia"

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### "Da Magnolia"

(feat. Mannie Fresh)

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one

*[Juvenile]*

Welcome to tha section where it's hotter than a bitch  
Niggas breakin' up bricks.. niggas tryin' ta be rich  
Dope ounce, get hit.. armed 'rilla and six  
Somebody wig get split for ten g's of chips  
It's where the Feds'll dip through  
Enemies get you  
Catch you at tha second line, niggas'll flip you  
Kids get outta school, they swingin' they fists, too  
Jump one of them children and they bringin' they  
clique, too  
L.V. buckin' 'cause T.C. killin' ain't nothin'  
Them blues try ta hit ya, and your head'll get druggin'  
On New Year's tha lights get shot out at six o'clock  
Four or five o'clock in tha mornin' you gon' be gettin'  
shot  
Niggas gettin' chopped, gettin' shot in tha cro'(tch),  
bruh  
Drug deal gone bad, one of them cats is sour  
Motherfuckers gettin' chopped up and they holla  
(?) beam aimed at your dome... for some powder  
I'ma do like your boy and hop in tha Eddie Bauer  
Get all seventeen and, nigga, I'ma holla

*[Chorus - Mannie Fresh]*

Da... Magnolia  
Home... of tha soldiers  
Da... Magnolia  
Home... of tha soldiers  
Now where you from, motherfucker, where you from  
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from  
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from  
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from

*[Juvenile]*

Is ya ready for it? Better be over-prepared  
When ya enter ya see a sign, say, "SOLDIERS BEWARE"

They be ragged up, twenty-five dollars bagged up  
Old nickel tucked in the back of his 'Baud cuffs  
Well aware on the route that he's gonna duck  
If somebody thinkin' 'bout jammin' him up  
If a bitch with him, she better be smart, or tough luck  
'Cause he gon' break and bust, she gon' be fucked up  
Mind your business is a code, too, I never told  
Ever since a nigga was a million years old  
Bein' a baller.. shot caller.. is tha goal  
I'll hospitalize anybody... in the ward  
Ta make it there, you talk crazy, we take it there  
You'll be like a steak, nigga, you medium-rare  
All these niggas wanna be (?) or tha man in charge  
With tha AK-47 it'll change you boys

*[Chorus:]*

*[Juvenile]*

Click up.. load up.. pistols.. mask  
Ride through.. slow down.. jump out.. blast  
Put about.. fifty.. in your.. ass  
Second.. linin'.. family.. scared  
(?) scope.. lock it.. chop it.. serve it  
Got a.. deal for.. fifty.. ta work it  
Mission.. bitches.. hittin'.. switches  
Twenty.. inches.. plenty.. bitches  
All day.. hustle.. beaucoup.. scuffle  
Niggas.. huddle.. AK.. muffled  
Blood in.. puddles.. people.. scatter  
Flying.. pieces.. of human.. matter  
Police.. don't know.. probly.. won't know  
Unless.

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