

# Juvenile

## "Da Magnolia"

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(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 insists  
Somebody wig get split...for ten G's of chips  
It's where the Feds'll dip through Â- 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.D. buckin' 'cause T.C. killin' ain't nothin'  
Tha blues try ta hit ya and you had to keep druggin'  
On New Year's, tha lights get shut 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 crowd, bruh  
Drug deal gone bad, one of them cats was sour  
Motherfuckers gettin' chopped up, and they have a...  
...Carbine aimed at your dome...for some powder  
I'ma do like your boy and hop in tha Eddie Bauer  
Get off seventeen, and, nigga, I'ma holla!

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

(Hook [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"  
And they be ragged up, twenty-five dollar bagged up  
Whole nickel tucked in tha 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 ballin' shot caller...is tha goal  
I'll hospitalize anybody...in the roll  
To make it there, you talk crazy, we take it there  
You'll feel like a steak, nigga: you medium-rare  
All these niggas wan' be tip-rats or tha man in charge  
With tha AK-47, it'll change you boys

(Hook [Mannie Fresh])

[Juvenile]

Clique up, load up...pistols, mask  
Ride through, slow down, jump out, blast  
Put 'bout...fifty...in your...ass  
Second...linin'...family...scared  
Go score, rock it, chop it, serve it  
Got a...deal for...fifty, twurk it  
Mission: riches, hittin'...switches,  
Twenty...inches, plenty...bitches  
All day, hustle Â– beaucoup...scuffle  
Niggas...huddle, AK...muffled  
Blood in...puddles, people...scatter  
Flying...pieces...of human...matter  
Police...don't know Â– probly...won't know  
Unless...it's they...shit, they...don't know  
Keep it...quiet, tell no...body  
Start no...shit and...stay in...silence  
Maintain...focus, stay off...porches  
Watch for...roaches, carry...toasters

(Hook [Mannie Fresh])

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Home...of tha soldiers  
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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?

[Mannie Fresh]

Where you goin', motherfucker, where you goin'?  
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?

I know where I'm goin' Â- to tha fuckin' Magnolia  
Believe that there  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Layin' it down, mm-hmm  
Layin' it down, mm-hmm, mm-hmm  
To 3000

(Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two...)

(...one)

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