

# Juvenile "Enemy Turf"

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C'mon

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I bet if I pull a pistol and pop you, you goin' tell me  
where its at  
You see the blood shotted eyes with the taped up clips  
in the Mac  
Black hood with black gloves, bandana around the  
mouth  
A nigga posted up on every perimeter around your  
house  
And we didn't come here for one meeting or here to  
lose time  
We some niggas who wanna be eating better with due  
time  
Motherfuck leaving the block, it's better to use nines  
It ain't no secret, I'm cheap, however my jewels shines  
The prisons got way more niggas than the streets do  
Who average more than thirty murders a week  
(Nigga we do)  
It ain't a war thang, its a fuck me, fuck y'all thang  
And we got hoes that know how to sneak guns in the  
bar, man  
So think twice about leaving the gun in the car, man  
Nigga don't give a fuck by moon and sun in the war,  
man  
Ain't no everybody, it's for self in New Orleans  
If you paying draft you don't deserve to be balling

Its enemy turf that I'm on  
So I'm a play it how it go  
Cock the hollow points into my black Calico  
I'm a make all these bitch niggas respect me right  
Please let me hit another lick, I'm a be set for life

Its enemy turf that I'm on  
So I'm a play it how it go  
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Look I'm a solid one seventy, lips like Bill Bellamy

Fresh out of the court house from whipping the felony  
Didn't really want to hurt her, but you know how it is  
You better not ever disrespect me hoe in front of my  
kids

Ayo the cops be rolling, therefore I fucks with no one  
I went and copped me for guns, I'm 'bout to bust this  
open

To all you bitch niggas doubting the force, it goin' to  
get ugly

I'm that nigga that'll fuck you up quick, thats why the  
streets love me

Catch me posted on Louisiana and Robertson doin' it  
Niggas having problems with coke and we still movin' it  
Whatever's on the market I can work it

I ain't scared, I ain't nervous, give it to Juve dog and let  
me serve it

You holdin' on the coke now whats the purpose

Ray's gonna hook it up too

Nigga the scheme is perfect, ya heard me

Now why is you acting like it ain't worth it

So you gonna make me take it, nigga I gotta make it,  
what shit

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Say nigga, heard from that nigga Pickle lately darlin'

Heard the nigga got all kinda shit ever since he hit that  
lick

We don't want to fuck with a nigga, but look this what  
we gonna do man

I want you to go get your niggas man

And go find that motherfucka' do him in

Ain't nothing going on around this mutha fucka

If I ain't got my hands in it

I put a nigga on feet, this how you gonna treat a nigga  
?

But I promise, I put this on my babies, dog

We goin' get that motherfucka'

We don't care what he owes

They talking 'bout whipping a sting on me

'Cause they say I've been making too much  
Fuck what they talking 'bout, this how I grew up  
But this ain't nuthing new bruh, we been throwing this  
you up  
We had some altercations and things but they got blew  
up  
Nuhas and Curlyhead, them niggas dirty in the TC  
Shit that a G like me couldn't even tell you on a CD  
So I'm a make all of my enemies never forget me  
You looking at one of the realest niggas from Feret  
Street

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