

Juvenile

"Gutta Shit"

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(Verse)

You think you baa but bitch, I'm better
I'm you high, you need a ladder
Chopper, bullets in my matter, and your dreams you
gotta shatter
Mama told me 'bout my manners, found my weed and
went bananas
Told me leave, I got no handles
Took my piece and my bandana

(Verse)

I am so Louisiana, country talk is in my grammar
Play me conference, play me cameras, this white
chocolate is the slammer
Niggas bark and get the hammers
The result is an example of a nigga with no ammo
He got crowded, he jam-o

(Verse)

I play chances with my barrels, around these snakes
without parole
Only deep I got his cattle, if I got it I don't tattle
Be like I was in Seattle, bitch you know I like to travel
I don't own a double barrel, I was by own Kadaro

(Hook x2)

Hey oh, hey oh
As I'm rockin, I know you watchin
You know I'm ridin, that's why you hidin

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