

# Juvenile

## "Ha"

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You better run for it, run for it, run  
Run for it, run for it, run  
Run for it, run for it, run

You been known for fuckin' it up, ha  
Them bad-ass 20's on your truck, ha, cost seven and  
up, ha  
You tryin' to stay from out that place, ha  
Make sure you got your money straight ha, before it's  
too late ha

You want your Momma livin' good ha  
Move your children out the hood ha, to up in the woods,  
ha  
Baby post seventy off the hook, ha  
Manny Fresh has possession, supposed to be up in the  
book, ha

Juvenile got them looks, ha, but you too scared to fuck  
with him  
'Cause he be runnin' with them crooks, ha, I'm the one,  
ha  
Stick a fork in that nigga 'cause he's done, ha  
For flippin' the tongue, ha

You got a probation hole, ha  
You got money for bail so now you ready to roll, ha  
You 'bout to buy you a car ha, a ninety-nine ha  
One that look somethin' like mine, ha

You a paper chaser, you got your block on fire  
Remainin' a G, until the moment you expire  
You know what it is to make nothin' out of somethin'  
You handle your biz and don't be cryin' and sufferin'

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We got this thing locked, ha  
Cash Money can't be stopped ha, them Hot Boys too

hot, ha  
And you like my Rolex watch, ha  
And the way I hit the block ha, in camouflage with  
glocks, ha

And you like it when we stunt, ha, smokin' blunts, ha  
You be lovin' them gold fronts, ha we millionaires, ha  
Not far from billionaires, ha  
Got different broads everywhere, ha

You heard 'bout Lil' Wayne, H O T B O Y, ha  
Shorty with the braids for Cash Money gon' pop, ha-uh  
I burn, ha, the hammer sits, ha, here come the blitz, ha  
A remix, ha

They from the Nolia, I'm from the Grove, ha  
And you can catch me with Tolie and Mario, ha  
I represent the 2 uh 2-6, ha, it's guaranteed to be  
foolish, ha

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You niggaz know I'm 'bout my biz, ha  
You niggaz scared for me to be in the presence of your  
bitch, ha  
You know I would raw dick her ha, take naked pictures  
ha  
Then call up my clique and straight flip her ha

You know my click number-one stunters, ha  
You know we 'bout it, flexin' Lex's, Benz's and  
Hummers, ha  
You know you fuck with me, you're dead, ha  
But don't lie, I fucked your baby-momma, and you feel  
played, ha

You know that jail house is somethin', ha  
Bitch niggaz buckin' but when it go down, they run to  
the button, ha  
You know the B.G. ain't right ha, you love you hoe  
But she don't wanna get it right, and keep it right, ha

It's goin' down in '99, ha

You know fo' sho' that it Cash Money time to shine, ha  
You know I play the game raw, ha  
You know you slip up, I'ma take this beef shit too far, ha

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Let's say you're at a DJ and them boys pullin' guns  
You better run for it, run for it, run  
You in the Magnolia and my people pullin' guns  
You better run for it, run for it, run  
Run for it, run for it, run  
Run for it, run for it, run

We'll grab the MAC-11 when we march, nigga step  
Fuck with CMR, we gon' march, nigga step  
Play with Manny Fresh, we gon' march, nigga step  
Play with my nigga, Baby, we gon' march, nigga step

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