Juvenile
"How's It Go (Remix Of G-Code)"

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Lil Wayne:
I ain't terrified from nuthin'
I'm young wild crazy and disgustin'
Better watch me 'cause I'm coming
With a oven by my stomach
I'm scramblin' for the money
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Call ya people and tell 'em
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
I'm runnin' hidin' and duckin'
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Lovin, lyin' and lustin'
Stealin' killin' and rapin
Runnin' climbin and chasin
Strugglin hustin' to make
Get it got it I take it
Watch ya Chevy mister
Move ya purse miss
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
And man they burst quick
It's too late to hesitate
I was told there'd be better days
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em badAnd still I
haven't ate
But dog that's how ya labor when ya bein' a thug
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Can't hide it though
I represent the 17th Carrollton Hollygrove
That's my G-code

Chorus (Lil Wayne):
Now put ya box in the mud
Get ya glocks in ya gloves
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
We gon' live by that
Make the snitches catch a cut
Soldier pistol nigga what
Hit the block and open up
We gon' die by that
(repeat)

Juvenile:

We raised up lookin' at trees and brick walls
Foreign properties and pack some menthals
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Got jammed with this broad that rent cars
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Snatch all the hoes and 'bauds and ree' tennis
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Jack niggas to get some cheap linen
The ones that refuse we put 'em to sleep in it
Got up in the mornin' for class and play hookie
Some of us is veteran some of 'em stay rookie
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Police drew causes and tried to cross lines
We stuck to the code we lived and died by it

Chorus

Juvenile:
If war ever came we held the fort down
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Stayed on point to make some more green
Get our stash away from dope fiends
Nigga had a habit he supplied his own
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
We kept a little work for the ki's and bones
Crowds draw heat so we be's alone
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Them other motherfuckers fall off the block
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad
Poopy pants kept comin' so we made more fetti
Police drew causes and tried to cross lines
Poop my pants and then i poop 'em bad

Chorus x 2