

# Juvenile

## "I Did That"

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*[Juvenile]*

Them Hot Boys out here, ya heard me?  
The B.G., headbussin' Moe, fa sho  
Bout to make it happen,  
Magnolia bout that gafflin'  
Valence & Magnolia

*[First Verse [Juvenile]:]*

I'm in the jungle, of niggas that's lookin' for static,  
Two niggas stuck and jackin' just to support his habit,  
Them people rollin', so I gotta do what I can,  
I gotta pound of that sand I picked up from the man,  
The luxuries I gotta have it, black savage,  
He's in the streets holdin' up traffic,  
With the plastic, Desert Eagle .45 automatic,  
My glass is, filled with J.D. and coca-cola classic,  
And niggas that playa-hate I got somethin' for yo asses  
I'ma act a donkey, boy you best not run up on me,  
You niggas phony, that's why I did that to your homie,  
For instance, when the Mac-9 will erase your existence  
So distance, yourself from me cuz my conscience be  
clickin',  
Niggas be paranoid when they see I be dippin',  
Sayin', man let me go, he bout to stomp on that trigger,  
Somebodies wig get split in the middle of the street,  
I got your brains to show you bitches, stop playin' with  
me,  
And ain't no thing I got my ruger and I aint' scared to  
die,  
Cross that line and I'ma shoot'cha and tell your Mommy  
bye-bye,  
Hungry for money, like vampires hungry for blood,  
Better get to runnin', solja reeboks is in the mud

*[Chorus [Bulletproof]:]*

Phase, a blast of foolishness went through his head,  
With a strap hollerin' "Nigga what you said?"  
That iron again is mine right? Snatchin' for a kidnap,  
People out that project say Juvenile you did that?

That iron again is mine right? Snatchin' for a kidnap,  
People out that project say Juvenile you did that?  
Man, Juvenile you did that..

*[Second Verse [Big Moe]:]*

Don't get caught up fools, in the wrong way,  
Cuz them niggas out that Lio stay totin' them A.K.'s  
The baddest triggas happy niggas I ever saw,  
Calliope niggas play the muthafuckin' game raw,  
So don't get'cha self in a jam,  
Cuz these niggas I hang with really don't give a damn,  
With the quickness, nigga they put them K's to use,  
Niggas like Wango, Wine, Spig, and my boy Deuce,  
So any nigga want some drama get strapped,  
So I can put your bitch ass in my Rest In Peace wrap  
Cuz dead, yeah, is what'cha gonna be,  
If you fuck with this nigga from that C-P 3,  
So don't be fuckin' with me,  
Cuz you'll be lookin' down the barrel of a nine double  
M, homie  
And with a nigga like me, holdin' the gat,  
I'ma pull the fuckin' trigger and bust ya head to the fat,

Then watch your brain run down the city drain,  
And after that, leave the spot cuz Frank Mignon's  
comin' to get the remains,  
So all you gangsta ass niggas tilt your hat,  
And plus that bullshit y'all niggas out here are tryin' to  
do?  
I fuckin' been there and done that

*[Chorus [Bulletproof]:]*

Phase, a blast of foolishness went through his head,  
With a strap hollerin' "Nigga what you said?"  
That iron again is mine right? Snatchin' for a kidnap,  
People out that project say Big Moe you did that?  
That iron again is mine right? Snatchin' for a kidnap,  
People out that project say Big Moe you did that?

*[Third Verse [B.G.]:]*

Don't make me pull my pistol nigga, cuz fa-shiggidy  
I'ma use it  
This life you strugglin' through you gone lose it,  
I come through actin' foolish, with semi-automatics,  
Shit get hectic, blast, or get blasted,  
I'ma a Baby Gangsta bout drama, bout buckin',  
Full of that dustin', you bust, I'm bustin',  
You shoot, I shoot

You miss, I hit,  
Hot Boy representin' that gangsta shit,  
Stop playin' with the young soldier, believe,  
You jeopardizin' what's on your shoulder, you shoot at  
me  
Take it to the streets, you ain't bout that action,  
Packin' two twenty-three's, sweepers knock you off your  
feet,  
St. Thomas still got them bags for twenty-five,  
Before I go on the pride, I'm full of that Worldwide,  
Goin' for crime I'll spank them, can't swim with the  
sharks,  
Through this water, muthafucka I'll spank'em,  
Get'cha mind right, nigga, fuckin' with me,  
Think twice I tote iron I'ma a true B.G.,  
Fuckin' right, I split hats, and I tote Mac's,  
I be fuckin' with silver packs, now what you know about  
that?  
Got the all black fit, ready to put in work,  
But niggas actin' like jerks, I put dicks in the dirt,  
I run with Juvenile, cuz he's a gangsta ass nigga,  
Niggas huntin' like they bout it, but I'll spank that ass  
nigga,  
So who wants some beef? Let me show you I don't play,  
Told ya I'm that type that'll hit'cha block everyday,  
If you're real, you'll bust back,  
But if you fake, I got'cha warning in all-black,  
It's no escape, I did that

*[Chorus [Bulletproof]:]*

Phase, a blast of foolishness went through his head,  
With a strap hollerin' "Nigga what you said?"  
That iron again is mine right? Snatchin' for a kidnap,  
People out that project say B.G. you did that?  
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