

## Juvenile

### "Imma Get Rich"

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[Hook x2]

Imma get rich or die trying like Phiddy  
All life long pop bottles like Diddy  
Bitch, you're only visiting, 'cause this is my city  
Blame it on your hoes just to say that I did it

[Verse 1]

I'm official like black and white stripes  
That bitch you're calling your wife, I've been handle  
that twice  
I see you're watching, nigger, analyze wise  
Observe, I'm about to resatelite heights  
I live my fucking life down, I don't take the shit  
The right bottles on the table, I don't drink this shit  
No disrespect the Diddy, I do it for the hoes  
Caramels in this bitch, we shoot Juv' exposed  
I'm killing your momma, my Louis and Dior shit  
Juvi', you're winner, all your haters better fall grip.  
I need a big invelous cash, not a kind of pity  
Ain't got that rustles in them money, but I'm gonna get  
it  
Who, me? I'm tryin' to be a nigger rude group  
I'm about to drop my own Juvenile proud juice  
Pull off, I act like hoe and get a shoe deal  
Fuck the world, at first day I ship through meal.

[Hook x2]

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[Verse 2]

Customized French suits, crocodile shoes,  
I'm elevated, it's all the conversation about you  
I see you nigger living like you're seeing in a dream  
'Cause I got translation imagination in a grin  
So why the contracts that I'm trying to get paid  
I got homes, I can say you anything and and say you're  
here from  
Fly in the motherfucker swag, I got wheez

And I'm running like a company like Jimmy AV  
You know you're getting money when you bitch are in  
Forbes  
And you ain't gonna say a shit to get a bitch under the  
folds  
And in the fin, the life it's gonna take it's own course  
Nobody helping me and we open his own doors.  
Making too much money to be worried about credit  
We're tired in my city as we're chatting like Betty's  
Niggers don't get it and they act like it's a game torn  
They won't mean the telethon, how could I explain it to  
them?

[Hook x2]

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