

Juvenile

"Juve "the Great""

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Uh, uh, uh I took my first break in seventy-five
I tell the story like yesterday when [Incomprehensible]
was alive
Didn't do shit with my brothers without makin' 'em mad
Couldn't get along with nobody so I just ran with my
Dad

He took me right there where the killas be
Across the court from Mileton between Clarion and
Wilistry
We shot ball on crates tryna get paid by all means
Started snatchin' purses by Wall Greens

Seen Titey get hit up in the melt when I was young
Paramedics couldn't even find his tongue
That's when I started totin' my heat to call a G
My family was deep but wasn't goin' in that water with
me

Right after Mr. Martin's class [Incomprehensible] and
me
Straight to Barret think I was worried 'bout the trulency,
please
Got paid for them old timers puttin' in work
Like Mr. Frank he sold fruit, watermelons and herbs

Even though the times was hard
I didn't fear no man but God
You lookin' at New Orleans crime rate
Right up in the place, soulja's beware this is Juve the
great

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Mama thought her son was really doin' it tight
When I was the one out here not doin' it right
Until she found my stash, she couldn't believe all the
weed she found
Shit it must've been a half a pound

I was thirteen then back when Yoga was caddillac'n it
My campaign was let a lil' nigga get a crack at it
Far from a gangsta but was learnin' a lot
Ain't just be the one that earnin' the pot

After the turn of the clock I started bankin' on the low
with the dope
Got slugged up so hoes'll notice me mo'
Tee's, Reeboks and Girbauds I had a few
[Incomprehensible] to write
Regular hood shit the average niggaz go through in life

Wanted to be a lil gorilla, and more day killas
[Incomprehensible] and we ball I know they'll flip ya
I stayed away from them cats who didn't communicate
well
'Cause them was them niggaz that would've had me in
jail

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At fifteen I carried a lot of weight on my back
Me and my brother infact, I kept my money intact
I mad my real power moves soon as Juv' got one
Headed straight to the Irish counter nigga who got
guns?

Shit my people Bobby and survival got hit too
And I heard my name was poppin' up in some shit too
Wasn't no cool cans off googlin' no more
It was either cry like a bitch or go sell it and score

My first case wanted my respect in the worst way
Couldn't tell me shit when I was hungry and thirsty
Have a nigga way out his religion ya heard me
I guess it's punishment to who and never was worthy

Every since I learned about guns and coke
I made a vow to myself that I would never go broke
Do what I gotta do to eat
I probably can't play no sports but I can work these
streets

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