

Juvenile

"Money On The Couch"

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I went through with the plan, now the man sendin' me
grams

My coke organization still infestin' the land
No joke, built my Mama an estate in the Bahamas
Crops of marijuana protected by Big Timers

Hand, full of ice, it's gangsta's paradise
Expensive merchandise, I had to sacrifice for the
glamorous life
Don P. for breakfast, Benz, stretches and Lexus
Distribution of coke from Louisiana to Texas

Some fabricated but fascinated by the way that I made
it
Now my name is implicated with the greatest
Wearin' the latest, leather fatigues and B.B.H.
Brand new Mercedes, parked in front of my new estate

Twelve o'clock we gave him, caviar, is what we ate
Party with killas, paraphernalia full of projects
Dope snorters or prospects, the rob your shop necks
But I gets pissed and send hits, don't fuck with my shit

Wig split, the heel, whoever he roll with
Admit it, you did it, tongue too tied? Well say somethin'
Nine's bustin', bringin' your platoon to destruction
Continue to hustlin', givin' up nothin' where the dope
at?

Crackers can get the Bauds at because I'm pro Black
Think I'm a foreigner, he wasn't holdin' up his side of
his deal
Alien gotta be killed, sent to the coroner
I'm sure he would have gone before the judge

With somethin' concrete, to send me 'cuz
He was holdin' a grudge, fuckin' over a thug
Told my bitch I want him dead
Bring me his head, fill him with lead

Heard what I said? Don't betray me
I'll put you on the streets and make you weak

With carrots and stones up on fingers and your teeth
And built you a home next to the beach and luxury cars
we creep
Here's the nine, I don't have time, make it discreet

Money on the couch, nigga
Gimme everything, I'll pay your house, nigga
Shut'cha mouth, nigga
Put the money on the couch, nigga

Gimme everything, I'll pay your house, nigga
Shut'cha mouth, nigga
Put the money on the couch shut'cha mouth, nigga

I know that my cousin Lil' Kerzaw
He sold up outta his backyard
And sold up shit, from the seventeen all the way up to
the Ninth Ward
You know he rolls up in the caddy

It's about that time to go roasts and vogue
I'ma go on the passenger side, fuckin' with every last
hoe
Nigga Russ was up in that car shop
Ready to get all the seats fixed

Let me go scope me a knee fit, so I can go out to the
Freaknik
Shit, I'm the lyrical genius
Drop down on your knees to the penis
The nigga be talkin' the shit about my family but I never
did see it

I'm larger than large, if you came home with two heroin
charges
And I still got somethin' stashed in the garages
Y'all is petty, it's gone take two to fill my stamina
When I pass the camera, flash, fuck the amateurs

Ya better be top notch
Or I'ma cock my rhyme glock
To wound ya, and paint your death
With my autograph on your tumor

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I'm straight from the ghetto, the Mac they make the
foes shake
Then I left that spot and I went to the T where the triflin'
hoes play
They comin' to me and they blowin' that funky fire
I'm grabbin' a beer and them blunts be gettin' me
higher

Due to my clique, I walked to the front door
Hope it ain't them po-po's
I looked through the blinds, it went through my mind
"What I have to run for?"

Nobody would want to test me, especially comin' to
arrest me
Old body and soul, it's a must I leave you cold
Keep it chilly, chilly when I'm jigglin' jigglin' money
Some niggas say okay, but you can say no way

I'm drinkin' for honey
If I wouldn't be kickin' these rhymes so funky
You and your crew would never have bought
My shit like junkies

A part of a, "Ki" is all that I need
To get on my feet, up outta the weed
The capital "C", I do it for weed and even a "G" for
slangin' them kis,
I'm puttin' in it your face, Juvenile lookin' for a bitch now

Don't have no time for no foreplay
I'm simply gonna lay this dick down
Niggas be comin' with dope lines
Gimme the chance I'ma flow mine

I'm tearin' this bitch up in no time
No fuckin' ya up 'cuz you know I'm
Funky like a club that's filled up with fat men fartin'
And never a bad thought in my mind 'cuz I'm steadily
plottin'

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