

# Juvenile "Pop U"

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You gon' make me pop you  
I'ma have to pop u  
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Who that nigga is  
What that nigga claim  
Juve wild magnolia  
It's an uptown thing

Soulja watchin' over me  
So I'ma let it rain  
Just give me the weed, the mic  
And I'ma let it off the chain

Y'all actin' like, that nigga lost it, I ain't have no money  
Now I'm back, what the cost is  
[Incomprehensible] on my wrist lookin' gooey  
These ain't Birdman's, these is real Gucci's

Turn around the corner  
Motherfucker tryin' to sue me  
Talkin' shit to me so I can hit him with a two-piece  
We rock, we he roll, where he got control

Me and my mans and them  
Get the brains out these hoes  
If she can dance, then  
She can romance nice and slow

Be in a trance like it was  
Your man's pipe in the hole  
I've been sippin' a little somethin'  
Just stop servin' the game  
It feel good to be an OG, I'm deservin' it mayne

I'm the nigga, nigga

The nigga, nigga, the nigga  
The nigga, nigga, Ju-a-vey  
I'm the nigga, nigga  
The nigga, the nigga, nigga  
The nigga, nigga, nigga, Ju-a-vey

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Now ain't no tellin' where I might be  
'Cause there's a million other creeps  
Prancin' around these streets lookin' like me  
Call 'em my stunt doubles

So if you think you hit Luda' with the Krueger  
I'm up in Cuba blowin' blunt bubbles  
On the double, lookin' for trouble we started  
The eye on my gat is cocked it's retarded

I'm sippin' lean, smokin' green and I'm so hot  
I told machine's people call me 'I Robot'  
Bang to the boogey boogey, bang bang  
Let my little partner borrow my necklace  
And hit bitches with the same chain

Its not computer love, I'm gettin' great brain  
Got a hard drive but they blow me out my mainframe

Now how you like that?  
I got your momma pitchin' quarters  
On the corner gettin' cornered  
And come right back

I'm makin' tight stacks so if it ain't Juve or Luda  
Then can it nigga, we don't even like rap

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Got the Mack in the grass  
And the nine in the dumpster  
Duck when they pass  
One time wanna dump ya'

Hunger, that's what I got in my veins  
Take shots from the Henny  
Just to straighten my aim

Now, I raise my middle finger, "Fuck the world"  
And them donuts in that car better make ya' hurl  
Yeah, I'm 'bout my paper mayne  
I'm fully loaded like them niggaz in Jamaica mayne

I know you know this is Crack  
And he's back and you mad  
'Cause we did and they yack-ity yak

In the sack when we slid in  
Mommy shakin' they ass  
She want some big bills  
Tip drill, she wants a tip drill

It's ya' nigga crack  
Live with some fresh cut  
Side of the highway  
Ridin' that's the best fuck

And you can keep them hotel keys  
'Cause we gon' fuck these bitches  
Wherever we please

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