

# Juvenile

## "Something Got 2 Shake"

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*[Juvenile:]*

I put my trust in myself and my 9 first  
Y'all niggaz second, third, and fourth because I'm first  
Can't you tell I never had nothin'  
Down to my last 5 dollars, ready to snatch somethin'  
If them people catch me I'm goin' to jail fo' sho'  
My old lady ain't gon' be sendin' me no mail no mo'  
While I be askin' my lawyers, "When they gon' let me  
go?"  
He be tellin' me, "Just be cool until you go to court"  
Get out, back to the bricks, it's the same old shit  
Niggaz got 2.50 a piece goin' half on a nick  
Back and forth to keys, but the Lil Weezy handle  
purchase  
Popeye's for the ballers, the ghetto eatin' Church's  
Shop always open 'cause nobody never closes  
Some of 'em like that needle, some play with they  
noses  
I ain't nothin' like a candle light dinner, wine and roses  
Niggaz tryin' to run through they packets to get some  
mo' shit

*[Chorus: [Manny Fresh (4x)]]*

Somethin' gotta shke nigga  
I'ma bake a cake nigga  
Run with all the reall niggaz  
Jack all of the fake niggaz

*[Juvenile:]*

My hallways full of piss  
Nigga say he gon' break me off, he full of shit  
That's why I got that chopper in the back full of clips  
About to go and hit a whole stash full of bricks  
All my niggaz gone, I'm the last in the click  
I gotta get my hands on some cash and a whip  
I gotta do somethin', look  
Cause this ain't gonna last long, gotta get my cash on  
Come upon a superfire lick and get my ass home  
Ain't thinkin' about jumpin' out Lex's and Benzes

With the TV's, and the CD's, and 20 inch 'renzes  
Look here, my situation ain't the best in the world

I'm a snake like the rest of you niggaz, full of that Guerl  
Wodie, c'mon and get your skull cracked, tryin' to  
erase me  
I got iron ready to warbat, and it's all for safety  
Muthafucka might come, but he better come correct  
Cause I ain't aimin' at nothin' else but you' head and yo'  
chest

*[Chorus: (4x)]*

*[Baby:]*

Put a hit on a bitch, ain't got no time for no bullshit  
Nigga outta line, we kill'd the bitch  
Now, in my city, they burn, baby burn  
4 found dead, and they burn, baby burn  
I don't have no question, we all must learn  
To tote a .45, keep your eyes on the churn  
I got that work nigga, all y'all know the rules  
I don't play, I'm a mastermind, it's a Big Tymer, fool  
Pay up when you been fronted work, that's the rule  
Rolls parked, I play this game with no law  
Red Beam, hot ones pointed straight to your jaw  
A nigga must pay, I'm tryin' to see a better day  
Went to Miami bought that Azora anyway  
Three time loser totin' tools, nigga that's the rules  
Just the chance I gotta take on these streets fool  
Flippin' chickens, corner spitin', hardtimes a fool

*[Chorus: (6x)]*

Manny Fresh:  
Somethin' gotta shake nigga  
I'ma bake a cake nigga  
Run with all the real niggaz  
Click-Clack all of the fake niggaz  
Lay it down  
2G  
You know me

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