

# Juvenile

## "What's Happenin'"

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We the only ones with work in the middle of the drought  
Then them niggaz 'round the corner, come and see what we about  
But we don't know they face so we don't want them by the house  
But Skipper started bustin' when he saw them pullin' out

We did them niggaz dirty for fuckin' up our vibe  
We packed up all our shit and moved it to the other side  
He visited our spot, this girl was on my dick  
She said, "I love you, Juvenile but you know you the shit"

I grabbed on my glock, it's where the fools hang out  
I'm only tryin' to hustle another change route  
But they ain't gettin' nothin' if I ain't on beam  
I'ma leave them niggaz sufferin' to find they own things

Workin' with plenty for talkin' 'bout hoes  
I don't give them a penny, they comin' out they clothes  
Grabbin' on my jimmy to see if nigga swole  
Have to get it right with this big 'ol totem pole

Yes, I'm thuggin', yes, I'm clubbin'  
I ain't trippin' on you look, bitch, I'm buzzin'  
Hoes and niggaz, I'm not lovin'  
Fuck what you gettin' if I ain't got nothin'

What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'  
with that?  
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'  
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what's happenin'?  
What's happenin', what's happenin', what's happenin'  
with that?

We pull up in front the club and my rims was lookin'

nice

The sub woofers bumpin', I need it in my life  
We had a couple of fellas, was stuntin' with they eyes  
We jump out of the Lexus and got they mind right

See, I ain't gotta rep 'cause they know I got chains  
You can catch me in that dro, boy that money green  
thang  
Get a fish and shrimp po', boy, and go sit on St. James  
I'm a playa like my ole boy that's where I get game

Hoes start passin' 'cause they want me to see 'em  
Ain't givin' no action if they want some per diem  
And I keep a soldier rag from the am to the pm  
My heater in my lap lookin' great up in the B-M

I know them niggaz watchin' 'cause they know that I'm  
buck  
But they can catch a hot one for fuckin' with a thug  
Nothin' was poppin' so we went in the club  
All the hoes started jockin' 'cause they knew who we  
was

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The owner wasn't trippin', he let a nigga in and  
The place was jumpin' and the hoes was grinnin'  
Not at us though, it was at the other women  
Some was butterscotch, some yellow like lemon

Had a couple of foul ones, chicken and pigeons  
Some was kinda fine but them bitches didn't listen  
Told them meet us outside and hoes got missin'  
Put it in reverse and went back for more women

Everybody's rollin' and you can really see it  
Look at how they scopin' for somebody to be with  
I ain't on shit and I've been G'in since the 80's  
Ain't about goin' somewhere, probably then "Beat It"

You already knowin' the way that I'm rockin'  
If you ain't goin' then ain't nothin' poppin'  
Now I'm about to leave 'cause these niggaz  
eavesdroppin'  
I got my heater on me now an I don't have to cock it

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