

Juvenile

"Who The F*ck is You"

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(Intro)

Who you?

No, I don't know you homie, you don't look familiar to me

You gotta move from around here fam

(Hook)

Bitch I'm married to the block

She said I do, I said I do

I'm the man around this area

Now who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

I don't know your give around me

Nigga, who the fuck is you?

You get you money in the gutter

Bitch, I'm from the gutter too

I ain't stutter when the action

Nigga, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

I don't know your give around me

Nigga, who the fuck is you?

(Verse1)

I told you niggas I was built for it (built for it)

These other niggas couldn't kill for it (kill for it)

My pockets painted and they 'bout to pop

These 36's ain't even big enough to hold my guap

True religion G bustin' at the scene

Just tell me what you need cuz I got everything

I spend it on my ho, she Halle Berry fine

She wanted dome of them shoes, I bought 'er every kind

I'm getting money, now you kissin' ass

I Photoshop you niggas out the picture fast

I grew up round here, you just cuttin' through

I know who I am, now who the fuck are you?

(Hook)

Bitch I'm married to the block

She said I do, I said I do
I'm the man around this area
Now who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
I don't know your give around me
Nigga, who the fuck is you?
You get you money in the gutter
Bitch, I'm from the gutter too
I ain't stutter when the action
Nigga, who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
I don't know your give around me
Nigga, who the fuck is you?

(Verse 2)

I'm married to it, I'm talkin' matrimony
And we don't talk about the ball so payin' alimony
How I speak? 1-20 on the autometer
I got the cheese without the sip, don't need a odor
heater
It seems to me you follow when you own the liter
I give the bitch a upper hand, trigger the whole meter
A soldier feeder always take care of his army
And I got enough to share on my area only
Tyler down according to the death of me
You man the palace, bitch I got the recipe
So what you water for 'em? Got the proof
Niggas know me running fists, now who the fuck are
you?

(Hook)

Bitch I'm married to the block
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I'm the man around this area
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Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
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(Interlude)

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me
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(Hook)
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