

P. Diddy

"Da Magnolia"

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(Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one)

[Juvenile]

Welcome to tha section where it's hotter than a bitch
Niggas breakin' up bricks, niggas tryin' ta be rich
Dope ounce get hit, armed 'rilla insists
somebody wig get split...for ten G's of chips
It's where the Feds'll dip through - enemies get you
Catch you at tha second line, niggas'll flip you
Kids get outta school, they swingin' they fists, too
Jump one of them children and they bringin' they
clique, too
L.D. buckin' 'cause T.C. killin' ain't nothin'
Tha blues try ta hit ya and you had to keep druggin'
On New Year's, tha lights get shut out at six o'clock
Four or five o'clock in tha mornin' you gon' be gettin'
shot!
Niggas gettin' chopped, gettin' shot in tha crowd, bruh
Drug deal gone bad, one of them cats was sour
Motherfuckers gettin' chopped up, and they have a...
...Carbine aimed at your dome...for some powder
I'ma do like your boy and hop in tha Eddie Bauer
Get off seventeen, and, nigga, I'ma holla!

(Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one)

(Hook [Mannie Fresh])

Da...Magnolia
Home...of tha soldiers
Da...Magnolia
Home...of tha soldiers
Now, where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?

[Juvenile]

Is ya ready for it? Better be over-prepared
When ya enter ya see a sign, say, "SOLDIERS BEWARE"
And they be ragged up, twenty-five dollar bagged up
Whole nickel tucked in tha back of his 'Baud cuffs

Well aware on the route that he's gonna duck...
...if somebody thinkin' 'bout jammin' him up
If a bitch with him, she better be smart, or tough luck
'cause he gon' break and bust; she gon' be fucked up
Mind your business is a code, too, I never told...
...ever since a nigga was a million years old
Bein' a ballin' shot caller...is tha goal
I'll hospitalize anybody...in the roll
To make it there, you talk crazy, we take it there
You'll feel like a steak, nigga: you medium-rare
All these niggas wan' be tip-rats or tha man in charge
With tha AK-47, it'll change you boys

(Hook [Mannie Fresh])

[Juvenile]

Clique up, load up...pistols, mask
Ride through, slow down, jump out, blast
Put 'bout...fifty...in your...ass
Second...linin'...family...scared
Go score, rock it, chop it, serve it
Got a...deal for...fifty, twerk it
Mission: riches, hittin'...switches,
twenty...inches, plenty...bitches
All day, hustle - beaucoup...scuffle
Niggas...huddle, AK...muffled
Blood in...puddles, people...scatter
Flying...pieces...of human...matter
Police...don't know - probly...won't know
Unless...it's they...shit, they...don't know
Keep it...quiet, tell no...body
Start no...shit and...stay in...silence
Maintain...focus, stay off...porches
Watch for...roaches, carry...toasters

(Hook [Mannie Fresh])

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Home...of tha soldiers
Now, where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?

[Mannie Fresh]

Where you goin', motherfucker, where you goin'?

Where you from, motherfucker, where you from?
I know where I'm goin' - to tha fuckin' Magnolia
Believe that there
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Layin' it down, mm-hmm
Layin' it down, mm-hmm, mm-hmm
To 3000

(Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two...)

(...one)

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