

Poison Clan "Juveniles"

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DEBONAIRE: Yo wussup my nigga where the fuck you been?

JT MONEY: Shit, I jus' came from round a bitch house
Tryin to get a lil pussy, y'know I'm sayin?

DEB: Oh, my nigga, I ????? to do the shit by myself!

JT: Shit, do what, what you bout to do, man?

DEB: Tell these people bout this muthafuckin juvenile situation.

JT: So what's stoppin you? Shit, I'm here!

DEB: Oh, oh you wit this my nigga?

JT: You damn right I'm wit it, nigga!

DEB: Aaight, so you know, we'll just fuck it up y'know I'm sayin?

JT: Well go ahead, fuck it up.

DEB: Aaight, boom, check this out:

[Debonaire]

I know by now you musta heard how wild we get
But now it's time to hear the juvenile shit
And talkin bout juveniles the Clan we must
'Cause everybody goes through what happened to us
See, everybody's gonna be or was a juvenile
Adults even know that these times are wild
Me and JT had to learn the hard way
'Cause hey, we couldn't trust what parents say
Like rubbers, I used to be too cool for 'em
Bitches askin bout 'em, I used to ignore 'em
Mother used to tell me but I had to learn
Some hoes'll give you a third degree burn
But no one's had the battle, and now I'm a stranger
To hoes that need a sign that says "Keep Out, Danger"

Yeah, I tell you, my nigga,
Them hoes'll burn a muthafucka y'know I'm sayin?
Fuckin round with them dog-ass hoes not usin no
rubbers

And all that crazy shit, y'know I'm sayin?

JT: True. But yo, Deb, check it out,

[JT Money]

Have you ever, had a girl you wanted to do it with,
But ain't know that somethin would ruin it?

Bust this, I had a girl willin
I was too, but Jimmy was chillin
Man, I mean this girl was sweaty and wet
But lil' JT just wouldn't erect
Oh shit! Why me? How could this be?
JT bein dissed by Jimbrowski?
Like I needed a sex instructor
When normally, there, I'da been fucked her
Sayin to myself, "Man, I don't know"
If wasn't shit wrong with me, somethin was wrong with
that hoe
Yo, I might've avoided maybe catchin AIDS
A day later, Trigga slayed her, now he's pissin razor
blades

DEB: Damn my nigga,
Trigga done fucked up for real this time, I tell you boy!
JT: You know it, shit, I'm glad I ain't fucked that hoe,
That'd be a raggedy-ass fuckin week!
DEB: ...'round here gettin burned
Them dusty ass hoes raggedy bitches ...
Anyway I tell you, my nigga, check this out -
My nigga, my parents, my nigga,
They be jockin me like a muthafucka y'know I'm sayin?
JT: For what?
DEB: 'Bout school and all that crazy shit!
JT: Oh, oh, shit, you ain't sayin nothin,
My ol' gran'm talkin bout the same shit!
DEB: Well anyway check this out:

[Debonaire]
I'm a juvenile, tired of adults
Talkin bout consequences and results
'Cause through it all I make the same choice which is
Sayin FUCK SCHOOL to take home the bitches
I took a hoe to the crib, and yo, bust it
I used my last rubber, knowin I could trust it
But goin up in this bitch, I could barely breathe
Now that's some abuse to receive
I was nearly unconscious on the verge of death
When I could no longer hold my breath
I just about fell out from inhaling the fumes
I woke up in the mornin, aired out the rooms
And now because of this bitch, I'ma kill
The next hoe to disregard the Messengil

Oh lawd my nigga I tell you, that pussy was stinky as a
muthafucka!
Fuck that bitch if she ever come around me again!
JT: Damn that ??????
What the fuck you fuckin with them stank hoes for?

[JT Money]

Check this out, I was loungin, coolin by the Brougham
A bitch comes up talkin bout, take her home
Yo, at first, I wasn't wit it
I saw the ass on that bitch, and I did it
Now stuff like this happens all the time
Nuttin but sex goin through my mind
From the suspense I don't know how I survived
My dick was so hard we went in overdrive
Pulled up to a crib, saw a Caddy Brougham
I got no sex 'cause her daddy was home

DEB: Damn, man that's fucked up man,
For real, I'll tell you though, ??????

JT: 'ey that bitch faked me up man
I don't fuck wit the hoe no more, ?????

DEB: True. Aiiyo check this out man,
My nigga, man, I be gettin my report cards y'know I'm
sayin?

Daddy'll think a tough guy weak or somethin
My nigga, be tryin to front on me y'know I'm sayin?

JT: I bet he be kickin yo ass.

DEB: You got me fucked up, I ain't havin that shit!

JT: I bet he bust yo ass, I bet he bust yo ass.

DEB: Yo, yo check this out my nigga ...

JT: Wussup?

[Debonaire]

Yo, every report card I get all F's
Goin tow to tow with dad, yo, without no rest
Every time I get a card he always seems to know
'Cause he greets me at the door with a knockout blow
So, I said MMMMM, and got hip to it
The next report card came, Daddy-o knew it
And waitin by the door to put a blitz in effect
But Daddy-o forgot to make a situation check
I creeped up behind him with a four-by-four
Tapped him on the shoulder, and wired his jaw
He musta learned a lesson of being convinced
'Cause he ain't ask about my report cards since

Yeah, that nigga know what time it is now!
Hadda fuck that old nigga up, I mean,
Playa ain't gonna swing on his own son y'know I'm
sayin?

I hadda get some straighenin!

JT: Goddamn boy, I thought I was wild!

Yo, check this shit out right here:

[JT Money]

I'm a menace to society, juvenile delinquent
Can't stand school 'cause I'm in trouble frequent
Livin in the office like it's my class
See, if school's about trouble, maybe then I'll pass
Suckas be frontin tryin to pull my card
I just drop 'em and dip, but not from them, they're
security guards
Comin like ???, hot on my trail
Realized, got wise and broke like hell
They finally caught up, took me down to the office

[Mr. Mixx as the Principal]

Say boayyy, you know you can't get off this
JT, you're a fuckin disgrace!
Get yo muthafuckin ass outta my goddamn place!

DEB: Aww man, they tried you, man, you got
suspended, man!

JT: I don't give a fuck about no suspension, no
muthafuckin,

Fuck school, man, I don't need that shit, I'm the Mack
Daddy,

Y'know I'm sayin, I'm gettin paid, I'm bankin!

DEB: True, my nigga, we, you know, you livin like a
villain,

Y'know I'm sayin, Debonaire's bad, the Devil's Dad,
y'know I'm sayin!

JT: Hold up Deb, hold up Deb, you got people listenin to
you and shit!

Hey y'all, y'all don't do as we do, we two low life
muthafuckas,

We livin like villains, y'know I'm sayin?

DEB: That's what I'm sayin, you know, my nigga, shit,
My man Drugz, my nigga ain't go to school since like
third grade,

We just don't give a fuck, y'know I'm sayin?

JT: Hey, but shit, see it ain't like that, see I tried to do
shit right,

Even though I wouldn't, but the shit ain't happened!

DEB: Now that's a muthafuckin lie, y'know I'm sayin?

JT: Hey, I'm tryin to go to school, y'know,
But I'm down with ????? fuckin me up!

DEB: We, yo, put it this way,

We two goddamn bad influence muthafuckas,

JT: I'm not ...

DEB: don't do shit like us, don't try this shit at home.

JT: Hey, I'll go - hey, fuck it, I'll go to school.

DEB: Hey, anyway, my nigga, yo,

We outta here, y'know I'm sayin, we outie!

JT: Peace.

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