

## Jim Crow "Flaw Boyz"

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f/ Juvenile

[ INTRO: Juvenile ]

What's up whodie?

This Juvenile Nino, Cash Money Millionaire

Doin this here

My boys from the ATL, Jim Crow

And we all should say to all you playa-hatin  
muthafuckas

Y'all better respect the South

We on a come-up, nigga

And we did this shit for the hoodrats, the hot girls,

The hot boys, the three-time losers, the drug-abusers

I don't give a fuck what you do, nigga

Stick to what you do

[ CHORUS ]

It be them Flaw Boyz, ????

Thinkin we was country on some hee-hi-haw

We like Kane in the Eighties, we RAW, boy

Fuck around and make me come up in your jaw, boy

[ VERSE 1: Mr. Mo ]

I say no more talk, my liquor is malt

A nigga never went to jail cause I ain't never got caught

Now see it ain't my fault your boys sketched in chalk

???? shoulda learned the game that you bark

See some niggas, they make me mad

These hoes, they got it bad

They ain't recognize, do the math

And you will see they all bitch-made, lemonade

Grown as hell but they actin like they 8th grade

You need to play with a full deck

Work a sweat, break a bitch and all I want is my check

Is that bad to flex, is your girlfriend next?

To get spiced up late night, Frapper's Delight

(Nigga, whatever you like)

[ VERSE 2: Cutty Cartel ]

On point like they droppin a beat, let's be discrete

About these bullshit stories you hear up in the street

I'm down to my last sheet, no mo' chance to roll

Control everything I do, now how 'bout you?

Me, he and even she

Whoever who, no debate, I can't wait

On shortie, to see what they do

When they lose it all and ball, no flaw

While you lickin all off on her bra

We lickin for the cheese in the cash drawer

With the safe unlocked, over a boy that got got

And it's some foolish-ass spot, the back of the room

Not knowin that his last breath has been consumed

He done ballin

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Polow ]

Ha-ha-ha (Yo, who the fuck is he?) Shawty Pimp

The nigga that gives a damn 'bout a b

Roaddogs run the streets, keep a beetch on a leash

Eat good for the free, Fleetwood, a Caprice

That's what we ride in, hide in from no enemy

Preacher daughters freakin me, so-called players envy  
me

Hennessy has the tendency to make a nigga stupid

Can't whup my ass and all the alcohol said you can do  
it

But you clueless thinkin that drink make you ruthless

Now you're toothless runnin around town lookin stupid

Cause cupid got your heart, gave your bitch a credit  
card

But she still fuck around with them players on  
boulevard

I don't care how hard the sound on your record

You don't want nann ?? Shawty Pimp, not one second

Huh? Not one second, bitch, not one second

Now praise the Lord for these lyrical blessing

[ VERSE 4: Juvenile ]

Direct your shit at Juvenile cause I'm the nigga that you  
hate

Don't try to throw a brick from a distance, then hide

your faces

See, the places that I been you can't hang

Unless I took you under my wing and I put you in the  
game

Ever since I been walkin on this Converse soil

Bitches been joining forces and makin blood boil

But I'm here to spoil the whole royal

??? stop ??? whores from playin

Over no, you must be crazy, ha, is ya?

Boy, listen to me when I'm talkin before I get witcha

Whip ya, rip your little dreams apart

Take that same rhyme you bought it from me and then  
let it spark

Depart before your people talkin seekin vengeance

That's how I'ma handle business, fuck what's the  
consequences

Hittin your residence with Russian-made instruments

Your neighbors hollerin, run, trippin and call for the  
President

[ CHORUS ]

Boy, we be serious round this shit, dirty

Ain't nobody fuckin with the South

[ Juvenile ]

What's up

The HB's done hooked up with them Jim Crows, ya  
heard me?

And guess what, we ain't no hoes, nigga

CMR, ATL there's no tomorrow, nigga

Cash Money Millionaires in this muthafucka

My nigga B-32

My nigga B.G. is here

My nigga Lil Wayne, my nigga Lil Turk

My nigga Mannie Freezie

Fuck it, nigga

Down South

(Down South)

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