

**DJ Skribble F/ B.G., Juvenile****"187"**

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[B.G.]

I'm a young nigga, go by tha name B.G.  
Don't stunt, nigga, my K hold fifty  
And I will use, in a minute you six feet  
I refuse to lose, I issue blues  
It'll be no clues  
When I strike, you lose  
I tip-toe light in Reebok shoes  
Your issue's.. where I hang  
You cannot stand without your pistol in your hand  
You ain't no man  
You get ran.. off tha set... like a bitch  
And if you stay.. it's trigga play  
Motherfucker, you get split  
And once it's on, it's on, you all in  
I'm comin' full force after tha hissinn'  
Stay off tha block.. 'cause everyday I spin tha ben  
Without a grin  
Hot Boy\$ I represent.. to tha end  
Just me and my girlfriend  
We out to win  
Still got ki's for ten  
I get from B  
Bring 'em straight in tha U.P.T.  
After tha pack it's chance for me off six deep  
I front a nigga  
Tried to play me, ain't playin' me  
Thought it was all gravy  
He got his issue

(Chorus4x [B.G.]

It's gon' be 187 after 187

It's gon' be blukah after blukah out my MAC-11

[Juvenile]

They got a lot of.. niggas tryin' ta.. get me killed  
But I done flipped.. tha fuckin' script.. and played it real  
Now I'm dippin'.. an Expedition.. around tha corner  
And can do.. just about.. whatever I want  
I'm money-rollin'.. and it's legal  
And ain't no quittin' in tha Regal

Behind tha tints.. my chopper's spittin'  
Me and Dougie.. fuck in (?), and showin' us in  
It's like a movie.. they wanna do me.. it's on again  
I know it's showin'.. how niggas scorin'.. I can hear ya  
talkin'  
Niggas knowin'.. now they hoin'.. to me for offers  
I can't holla.. don't have no powder.. until tomorrow  
But I got a.. couple of dollars.. that you can borrow  
Nigga, go  
You're 'round my door.. you're drawin' heat  
You can go.. but on this porch you destroyin' me  
No exception.. at disrespectin'.. can't let it happen  
Now you step in.. my fuckin' section.. talkin' 'bout jackin'

(Chorus4x)

[B.G.]

Duck.. nigga, duck  
Cuz when I come I gon' bust.. fifty-plus  
Don't give a fuck who in tha way  
It's on you.. when I spray  
Whoever hit, look here, it's on you  
Tha B.G. and Juvenile.. tear it down  
We get them pistols in our hand.. and act a clown  
Niggas fucked up don't know.. what to expect  
Cash Money liable to do anything next  
Fly around your set in a private jet  
Have your bitch next to me in a Corvette  
Or ridin' on the back of my motorbike  
Around the second line stun'n with the loud pipes  
(vroom vroom)

[Juvenile]

We showcasin', bodies erasin'.. we want it all  
Joe Killer.. told me be patient.. we gonna ball  
Seven figures.. me and my niggas.. we comin' up  
Gettin' rid of.. the garbage litter.. with fifty-plus  
Now we drainin'.. cuz that 'caine in-side of our nose  
Niggas playin' it.. the way we sayin' it.. to let you know

(Chorus6x)

[B.G.]

Juvenile and the B.G.  
Juvenile and the B.G.  
Juvenile and the B.G.  
Represent the U.P.T.  
The H.B., uh-huh  
Juvenile and the B.G.  
Represent Cash Money  
Juvenile and the B.G.

Playa haters can't fade me  
You can talk that shit if you wanna  
I'll spin your corner  
You'se a gonner

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