

C-Note f/ Baby, Juvenile

"Nah"

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(*talking*)

Cook and cut, nigga

Ice believe it, playboy #1 Stunner nigga

[Baby]

These niggaz got Atrice, fucked up

My shit came, but my package bust up

Whoever did it to me, they hiding out

I'ma kill him, if I find out

What I gotta lie about, I done been through it

We'll do it in a minute, CF-5 with the windows tinted

My whole wardrobe, Jabos and Reeboks tennis

Before it's over, all my people gon be up in it

[Juvenile]

You might see me up in Popeye's, trying to get me
some grub

You might see me bat this bitch up, cause she went to
the club

You might see me following behind, C-Note on dubs

You might see me leading it, one of these hoes wan'
fuck

I'm not a number one stunner, but I'm still in the race

Baby holding it down, I'm just pleading my case

I want's my position, nigga leave me some space

They gotta let me do this, cause I know what it takes

[Hook]

Now if you rolling in the club, and you sitting on dubs

Let me hear you say (nah, nah)

You got that ice up on your wrist, and you know you the
shit

Let me hear you say (nah, nah)

You scratching haters off your list, hollin' Screwed Up
Click

Let me hear you say (nah, nah)

[C-Note]

C-Note I know you loving my style, I'm like I'm child

And Juvenile, got these hoes running wild

Botany Boys/Hot Boys, we be nothing but soldiers

Putting it down from that Clover, all the way to that
Nolia
Got these tats up on my arm, R.I.P. to that Gator
Two straps up in my palm, bust on all of you haters
Trying to put twenty karats, up around my throat
I'm trying to put living lavish, all up on my boat
Third Coast down South, we be living real lovely
Rolls Royce with that grill, got me looking real bubbly
And I just spent another mill, on my new-new home
Cause you looking at my rims, cause they two-two
chrome
And them boys put they candy, on them S.U.V.'s
Full equipped Playstation, with the DVD's
And I just put plenty platinum, up on my Hummer
I roll around in Houston Texas, with the #1 Stunner the
#1 Stunner

[Hook]

If you the type of boy, that put the rocks in your grill
Let me hear you say (nah, nah)
If you the type of boy, that put the mansion on the hill
Let me hear you say (nah, nah)
Spent 300 on your cars, cause we ghetto stars
Let me hear you say (nah, nah)
Steady blowing on them gars, got the mansion with
bars
Let me hear you say (nah, nah)

[C-Note]

Now who feared by niggaz, and loved by broads
Love driving fast cars, playing with expensive toys
Acting bad haters mad, we in a Testerosa
Nigga shine like them diamonds, on the Botany poster
Homie best to get your roll on, like Baby and Fresh
Haters wanna try to test, they catch three to they flesh
Cause we bling-blinging, and got the glock five sing-
singing
My bank account X amount, got me ching-chinging
It's gonna take you plenty years, to pefect my style
I been doing this for years, I protect my child
Ask Baby and Juvenile, mayn they know what's up
I keep them Roley's iced up, filled with princess cuts

(*talking*)

How you love that nigga, another platinum hit
Know I'm saying, Screwed Up Click we in this bitch thick
You know Mr. Lucky Luchiano, Juvenile
Nigga Baby the #1 Stunner, in your face nigga
Big Shots/Cash Money, better realized you harmonized
nigga

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