

The Kingsmen

"Enemy Turf"

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[Verse 1: Juvenile]

C'mon..... C'mon...

I bet if I pull a pistol and pop you, you gon' tell me

where its at

you see the blood shotted eyes with the taped up clips

in the mac

black hood with black gloves, bandanna round the

mouth

a nigger posted up on every perimeter around your

house

and we didn't come here for a meeting, or here to

loose time

we some niggaz who wanna be eating better in due

time

muther fuck leaving the block, better to use nines

It ain't no secret I'm cheap, however my jewels shines

The prisons got way more niggaz than the streets do

who average more than 30 murders a week (nigger we

do)

It ain't a war thang, its a fuck me, fuck y'all thang

And we got hoes that know how to sneak guns in the

bars man

So think twice about leaving the gun in the car man

Nigger don't give a fuck about moving son on the wall

man

Ain't no everybody, its yourself and you all in

If you paying traps you don't deserve to be balling

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Its enemy turf that I'm on

so I'ma play it how it go

cock the hollow points into my black calico

I'ma make all these bitch niggaz respect me right

please let me hit another lick, I'ma be set for life

[Verse 2: Juvenile]

Look I'ma solid 170, lips like Bill Bellamy

Fresh out of the court house from whipping the felony

Didn't really want to hurt her, but you know how it is

You better not ever disrespect me hoe in front of my

kids

ayo the cops be rolling, therefore I fucks with no one
I went and copped me 4 guns, I'm bout to bust this
open
To all you bitch niggaz doubting the force, its gon' get
ugly
I'm that nigga that'll fuck you up quick, thats why the
streets love me
Catch me posted with Lil' Weezy, (?) I'm doing it
Niggaz having problems with coke but we still moving it
Whatever's on the market I can work it
I ain't scared, I ain't nervous, give it to Juve dog and
watch me serve it
You holding on the coke now whats the purpose, (?)
gon hook it up too
nigga the scheme is perfect, ya heard me
now why is you acting like it ain't worth it
you gon' make me take it, nigga I gotta make it

[Chorus]

[Talking]

Say nigga, heard a nigga picking (?)
Heard a nigga got all kinda shit ever since he hit that
lick he
don't want to fuck with a nigga, but look this what we
gonna do man
I want you to go get your niggaz and go find that
muther fucker do him in
ain't nuthing going on around this muther fucker if I
ain't got my hands in it
I put a nigga on his feet and this how he gonna treat a
nigga ?
I promise, I put this on my babies dawg, we gon get
that motherfucker

[Verse 3: Juvenile]

They talking bout' putting a sting on me cuz they say
I've been making too much
Fuck what they talking bout', this how I grew up
But this ain't nuthing new bruh, we been throwing this
"U" up
We had some altercations and things but they got blew
up
New has and Curly head them niggaz dirty in the TC
Shit that a G like me couldn't even tell you on a CD
So i'ma make all of my enemies never forget me
You looking at one of the realest niggaz from Feret
Street

[Chorus]

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