

## **Juvenile F/ Lil Wayne, Turk**

### **"Hide Out or Ride Out"**

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[Lil Wayne]

I strike a load you get served I ain't to be joked with  
Fake Buster get smoked with, you provoke it  
I explode it, unload it, reload it, unload again and  
Put another clip in, 50 Shots to win I can't lose its  
Impossible  
Plus I got a Chopper 50 Shots bout to be droppin' you  
I be bout straight hittin' the beef kicker the set then  
Leave the set and leave a beef kicker wet  
Jet off the scene with the Uptown Fighters  
Red Dot Sighers, all week Night Flighters  
I'ma get 'cha when ya least expect it  
Cock the Glock check it, a Vase can't protect it boy  
Is ya ready? I leave yo set wetty  
Slugs flyin' high got ya body real heavy  
Ya can't move, ya got bucked now ya stuck  
Left wet on the set, tell yo boys to pick ya up  
Out cold, head swole, eyes drove  
I know Fa'sho you ain't gone test me no more  
Yo block tore, yo Family in black clothes  
You got blowed, and in yo chest is many holes  
This goes, A Lot of rounds of Ammo  
I show how Uptown Niggas drove  
Ya fake boy, me and my niggas did it to ya  
Automatic, Black Chopper Trigger Pullers  
That's how we be, loadin' clips then release  
Eight deep, in the 300 E, leather seats, and in the trunk  
atiliary  
Up the street, where I score shoul ain't for me  
The B.G. that's the name I go by  
Test me? You die ask Kangol bout it  
Hide Out, if ya clip slide out, Ride Out  
Yo block bout to die out  
Move yo People I'm burnin' down the whole street  
The Night Creepers, bout to heat our enemy  
Lights Off, Mask On Creep Silent  
Life's gone we don't left yo block quiet  
Retaliate wait, know you not boy  
Cause I'm a Hot Boy, Nine-Milli Cock Boy  
Chopper gunnin' you scared, you see us runnin'  
Start movin' me and Juvey when we comin'

[Juvenile]

In yo lap yo brain sit, got a Chopper splittin' through  
bricks

A you Black Crucifix, up in the dirt I be knockin' dicks  
Smooth and Beretically, my pocket rockin' to Six  
Figures

I'm polverizin' niggas pullin' K-F's with two triggers

On my body theres a side of me

It only come out at night though

Them Demons got me on a flight

Duck Tape'N and takin' life, or even worse

It could be Three O'clock, on a Sunday by Church

Yo brains I'ma have to burst

You shouldn't have fucked with me first

Gettin' full of some Malcolm, Adams Apple I scalp 'em

Got Richard Penatin callin' for National Guards to come  
help him

Very seldom when ya see, when you do what do you  
do?

Bust back, better be a head shot, if not then it's  
through

I'm comin' around the corner bout to pull a Meatball on  
ya

Fully dressed like a hoe, and in my purse is a Calico  
Me and Lil Turk if you heard of a merger on a murder  
50 G'z on his head, what the fuck did you say?

50 G'z Fa'sho that nigga live next door

Call the man, give him a rang, left the sucker change

Look I fuck with that rap shit, but acts a donkey on the  
low

A Hot Boy representin' this bitch like Black and Moe

[Turk]

I start to poppin' niggas start to droppin'

I'm havin' fatal thoughts I think I'm fuckin' Shell  
Shockin'

Niggas bangin' Four, Five rangin' in my ear

I'm not scared, cause I'm Soldier, and Soldiers have no  
fuckin' fear

In my sleep at night, I'm seein' war fights

Wakin' up thinkin' a nigga took my fuckin' life

Unnecessary shit, mind clickin' like a light switch

Who picked you up on any nigga or any bitch

Don't give a fuck, steady bangin' in dodgin'  
camoflaguin'

With my Mack- Elivin' , Hot Boy\$, that whole Ca\$h  
Money Click

Don't fuck with, unless we known to get in yo shit

I'm Shell Shock bitch, only thing on my mind

Kill a nigga with that fuckin' Chrome-9

Don't have time for them dog hoes  
Goin' through a stage with that Chopper and that 4-4

[Juvenile]

What's this shit I hear about you boys Partners-N-Crime  
You think you U.N.L.V. punished you bitches the last  
time  
Now you gonna shine, let me put somethin' on yo mind  
Look I was born in this bitch for taken hits, and  
protectin' shit  
Its a Fa'sho thing, I'ma bring drama or I'ma wet 'cha  
Ya bests be bout ya Issue, if not God bless ya  
What make you think 2-2-6 wasn't strong?  
That's what we do, you wrong  
They both com and they gone  
Off Toppers, I'ma deal with you and yo Partners  
T.C. , L.D. , Willard Street with Choppers  
Drama is the need for Ca\$h, we play it right though  
I'm comin' to get a nigga ass, like I'm them white folks  
Look, better be bout it, if not better be rowdy  
It's all in yo mind ha?, You gone shine, ha  
I doubt it

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