

## Juvenile F/ Bullet Proof, Hot Boys "Da Squad"

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[ Rob Quest ]

Rollin in my man's white 'Lac with a 40oz of brew  
Smokin on some herb, trackin down fools  
And everything's alright cause this party is live  
Damn skippy, I'ma do it like this to the day I die (Odd Squad!)

But on the real, I thought you knew, hoe  
I gots the Mad Flava with a touch of that Gumbo  
Ill freakin the funk every goddamn week  
So watch me bang-bang boogie to this funky beat  
Rob hits this track like a dime bag of weed ( ? )  
Yeah, I can't believe them niggas up on the ave that  
tried to get with the  
Q to the u to the e-s-t  
Down with the O-double to the muthafuckin d  
It's like that and it always will  
For them niggas who talk that shit, you hoes ain't never  
seen skills  
This ain't no gang or a crew or a high-cappin clique  
No combat boots or baggy pants, dreadlocks - none of  
that shit  
So let me hear it one time for the Coughee Brothers  
(yeah)  
Peace to my homies and moms duke, yeah, much love  
to ya  
And one more thing before I'm out  
I'm here to let you niggas know I'm down with the  
Squad

[ Jugg Mugg ]

Well it's the nigga they call the Jugg from the Squad  
kickin it Odd, shit  
You taste it first so that mean you got to pause it  
Just a group of real g's who makes you buckle to your  
knees  
I'm pullin swisher sweets from my sleeves  
Stuffin it full of coughee every day for the fun of it  
I love to clock the paper, get the pussy and get blunted  
So listen to the nigga they call the J to the u to the  
double g  
Chillin with these niggas I call my family

That's my brother D who writes the lyrics about the  
pussy  
Next to me is C-Ray with the spliff, now pass it to me  
That's my brother Rob Mac who makes the funky fat  
track  
And hey Chris, P-Black who watches a nigga back  
And we're the Coughie Brothers, just some down  
muthafuckas  
Whoever possess the sess, yo, we share it with each  
other  
It's like that y'all (that y'all) it's like that y'all (that y'all)  
And today I got the dime and it's fat y'all (fat y'all)  
I'm with the Squad

[ Devin ]

Well it's the Odd Squad, Jugg Mugg, Devin and Rob  
And we're steady gettin drunk on the job  
Everybody might know us for smokin that weed and  
feelin fine  
Gettin full, drinkin Bull, buyin dime after dime but it's  
time  
Cause hell, we been writin rhymes since '89  
Tell em y'all (yeah, you know we ain't lyin)  
But some people say we cuss too much and that is not  
the way to go  
Tellin us to make the album strictly for the radio  
But yeah-heh, this just ain't no comedy act  
Just some brothers with rubbers stickin they dick in your  
back  
Bitch and don't get offended when there's a different  
dick in your mouth  
Every thirty minutes when you're fuckin with the Squad

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