

## Juvenile F/ B.G., Bulletproof "Whatcha Gonna Do Remix"

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[Jayo]

Def Jam, the remix! Yeah!

Come along!

Uh huh huh huh, uh

Uh huh huh huh, what

Uh huh huh huh, uh

[Chorus (Jayo)]

I said, I could give it to ya but whatcha gon do with it?

I could give it to ya but whatcha gon do?

I could give it to ya but whatcha gon do with it?

I could give it to ya but what wha-what what!

[Jayo]

I could give it to ya but whatcha gon do with it?

When I'm in Daygo I'm bumpin my music

With my dog and dogettes we loop loop

Me and lil Trook like book and Luke duke

Now come see me get me Lex coupe

Cuz this song'll be bigger than there it is Whoop Whoop

Whatcha gon do with it baby when I give you some?

Uh uh huh huh huh uh huh, uh

Wha-wha-what what what, hit him in the gut

If you don't know the scoop then keep your mouth shut

Flow what? Flow, cuz I got flow

See me walkin on the moon by 2004

Party with the o.g.'s spaceships and gold D's

If they don't make no songs like these, plow plow!

Cuz it's my style when I flex, go next, flow next

[Chorus]

[Jayo] X 2

I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin hood, hood!

I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin lowrida!

[Redman]

Yo, place your order for slaughter

You got balls to walk up, you leave on the walker

You oughta, be hittin more tracks than Nauta  
My little friend barks like Roof! that's why I brought her  
Brooklynese, headcheese and charge  
When you see me, cock it back, squeeze it hard  
Or I scare the shit out ya, bring the bitch out ya  
X start your rhyme until you're puttin your house up  
Niggas in the hood no doubt could blow the trial  
I'm so cool I be shoppin in the frozen aisle  
Gimme that mic, you don't got no wheels  
Look through the periscope, that locked you in  
Started bustin like the white boy in Higher Learning  
Stick you up more than hair when you put perm in  
Die, be a kleptomaniac in disguise  
I even take eyes outta seven thirty fives  
Dub, Mack 10 (Wha-what wha-what what?)  
I'm bout to tear a chicken head gu-gut gu-gut gut

[Chorus]

[Jayo] X 2

I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin hood, hood!  
I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin lowrida!

[Mack 10]

Jayo say what what, I say whoop whoop  
Bangin through the Wood in the 84 coupe  
When it come to gangsta raps, you know Mack got em  
Still saggin in khakis with the cuff on the bottom  
Hip hop or yayo, you don't roll like 1-0  
Twenty chrome on the Benz, Thirteen gold on the Four  
>From the way I twist my fingers, you know I'm from  
So much ice on my wrist that my hand feels numb  
I start flippin of sherm or the green that be stickin  
Though I rock the microphone, I can still sell a chicken  
Hoo Bangin affiliates from the W-S-C  
Mack 10, Young G with the Recipe

[WC]

Hit em again, hit em again  
Who's the triple braided beard (...?...)  
WC, clatter for chatter clearin the section  
Bangin a bandana slangin the Westside Connection  
Testin, microphone checkin, check out my melons  
Smashin misdemeanors, mashin with Jayo Felony  
Steadily, chasin them ends wreckin the mirrors slow  
Loc, I'm too sexy for my fuckin Benzo

[Chorus]

[Jayo] X 2

I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin hood, hood!

I'm too sexy for my motherfuckin lowrida!

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