

## Juvenile F/ Mannie Fresh

### "Up On Things"

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Uh.. Yeah..  
Walk with me west coast  
Yeah.. Uh..  
It's the coast to coast "g" on the check in  
Yeah.. Uh.. Ride.. Ride.. Ride.. Uh..

[Verse 1: Fabolous]

If you ain't up on things  
Fabolous is the name, street fam is the game  
Screamin' 718 while them hammers bang  
Like bludda ludda lacca bludda ludda lacca  
Kick game like I know a little bit of soccer  
Spic, dames, ass and a little bit of knockers  
Give them nick names and a little bit of vodka  
Then I'm game change.. (A very freaky girl)  
You know who got the gold like the kid from "The Last Dragon"  
You know who got the low on the spokes and the ass saggin'  
You know who got the gold that'll have your ass gaggin'  
You know who got the boat that'll have the task naggin'  
But I fuck bitches, and get money  
My truck switches like.. errrrr  
You got to duck bitches when you get twenties  
And plug switches that make you sit funny  
I'm a rider..

[Chorus: Snoop Dogg / Fabolous]

If you ain't up on things  
Don't come close to me  
Unless you ride like you supposed to be  
If you ain't up on things  
Don't come close to me  
Unless you pimpin' like you supposed to be  
If you ain't up on things  
Don't come close to me  
Unless you banging like you supposed to be  
If you ain't up on things  
Don't come close to me  
Unless you gangster like you supposed to be

[Verse 2: Fabolous]

C'mon.. you know its g's up C.O.'s down  
If I freeze up its kilos now  
Pick trees up its 3-4 pounds  
Fill the bees up 'til these bro's drown  
I snatch a few g's up and flea those towns  
Busta's freeze up when my "v" slow down  
I ease up with these 4 pounds  
Squeeze up to 3-4 rounds  
I pick these up its G code now  
Ya'll better call the D's up before I reload now  
I'm "The Boss" something like Springsteen  
I got something that bring green  
That look something like string beans  
I make sure the hustlers keep something to sling the  
fiends  
White, yellow, and a little something that bling green  
We going to blast if we going I been doing  
this since Jabbar was hooking off the glass in the forum  
(ghetto)  
Your grandparents has to assume  
cuz the face look like a magnifying glass on the poem  
(oh boy)

[Chorus: Snoop Dogg / Fabolous]

If you ain't up on things  
Don't come close to me  
Unless you ride like you supposed to be  
If you ain't up on things  
Don't come close to me  
Unless you pimpin' like you supposed to be

[Hook: Snoop Dogg]

So my niggas (niggas)  
They get money (money)  
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air (in the air)  
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck  
Let me hear y'all niggas scream oh yeah (oh yeah)  
And all my bitches (bitches)  
They get money (money)  
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air (in the air)  
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck  
Let me hear y'all bitches scream oh yeah (oh yeah)

[Verse 3: Fabolous]

It's the kid with the D. O. double G.  
After blowing 3-4 dubs of trees  
My eyes are below double g's  
After sipping pin-o bubbly skee-o rubbing me  
We'll probably go below publically

I'm a coast to coast G I keep the toast to mostly  
For those who pose to closely (backup)  
Keep a piece in the vest that's how we ride  
From the north to the south to the east to the west

[Hook: Fabolous]  
So my niggas (niggas)  
They get money (money)  
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air (in the air)  
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck  
Let me hear y'all niggas scream oh yeah (oh yeah)  
And all my bitches (bitches)  
They get money (money)  
Throw your motherfucking hand in the air (in the air)  
And if you up on things and you don't give a fuck  
Let me hear y'all bitches scream oh yeah (oh yeah)  
Uh..

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