

## Juvenile f/ Skip

### "Why Not"

Visit "[Why Not](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Juvenile + Skip]

You can find me in the parking lot  
By the car lot-where we spark a lot  
Up in the hallway it be dark a lot  
We don't talk to cops cause we all be hot

Homey you need to get you somethin new (why not)  
Shit I'm ridin somethin green, somethin blue (why not)  
They gon' respect it when a gangsta come through  
(why not)  
They doin numbers, we'll do somethin too (why not)

[Juvenile]

Is you doin ya dirt, they really know ya bout ya work  
if they scopin ya turf you goin out there head first  
do you know the rules when you got beef with a fool  
can you stick and move and do you sleep with the tool  
you in the camp you bout to make you an examp  
so when they see the stamp they gon'respect it like a  
champ  
you light in the ass but kind of heavy with the cash  
be rollin the grass you still totin the solider rag  
you been out there on the grind spendin most of ya  
time  
in a section full of nobody's so you gotta shine  
will you bust a head, know how to do it-how to play it  
bet a hundred in the field and parlay  
can you flip a Z, go back and get a Quater ki  
when you rid of that call Rico up and order three  
put ya people in it cause that's the way you gotta see it  
if you wanna be respected as the G'est

[Chorus: Juvenile + Skip]

Homey you need to get you somethin new (why not)  
Shit I'm ridin somethin green, somethin blue (why not)  
They gon' respect it when a gangsta come through  
(why not)  
They doin numbers, we'll do somethin too (why not)

You can find me in the parking lot  
By the car lot-where we spark a lot

Up in the hallway it be dark a lot  
We don't talk to cops cause we all be hot

[Juvenile]

You like states with pretty hoes in ya face  
you hate checks, you just come home on a case  
can you make a name-will you be patient in the game  
can you state ya claim, and reputation stay the same  
will you hold it down when ya lil'homies ain't around  
will you hold ya ground like you the only one in town  
is you feelin this, you listen to it when you creep  
you real in the streets all in the hood with the heat  
you ain't tryna joke gotta be real for ya folks  
is ya people broke they aggravate you on the porch  
do you sell weed and you don't never make a profit  
do you blow big until it hurt you in ya pocket  
you just scared to lose cause you a winner all the time  
you gotta lot to prove lil'sinner on the grind  
put ya people in it cause that's the way you gotta see it  
if you wanna be respected as the G'est

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

Do you G's up when it's a dime in ya grill  
do you freeze up when it's that time for a kill  
if they pop at you is you gon'pop back at 'em  
you gon'stay away from niggaz if they rattin  
wanna ride swoll pull up on 24 flats  
can you get a hoe without you throwin her a stack  
is you callin shots can you stay away from the cops  
you know how to stop you be inside when it's hot  
you from the East, you from the West, you from the  
South  
you from the North, or the Midwest what you about  
can you twist a gar without you fuckin up the road  
did you get a car just to be stuntin for the hoes  
you been out here and it's ya time for a lick  
do you know this year as you aknowledgin the shit  
put ya people in it cause that's the way you gotta see it  
if you wanna be respected as the G'est

[Chorus]

Visit [Juvenile f/ Skip](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.