

## **Paul Anka % Odia Coates**

### **"Settle the Score"**

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[Intro]

What you about to hear gone FUCK you up  
because this the first time you ever heard some shit  
like this nigga  
I'm tellin you this shit so off the fucking hook bro  
Ya'll man look check this shit out

{Humming in Background} + {"Waaaaaa" in  
Background}

Mystikal: Mystikal and Juvenile Nigga  
Say Juvey they don't believe you did the beat bro

Juvenile: What you mean nigga, fuckin right I did this  
beat

Mystikal: I tried to tell them niggaz bro

[Mystikal]

I come with my own look, my own sound, my own style  
Who the fuck you think drewed this crowd  
It's the ripper, the clean up hitter  
You bitter intimidating young long dick nigga  
Now suck it, now suck it, while you around here playa  
hating  
Your woman around here screaming Fuck Me, Fuck Me  
Tell me something, don't I put down on my albums  
Motherfucka nobody ever told you I was hard as a NFL  
Helmet  
I write 'em, land 'em, plant 'em BAM Nigga can't stand  
'em  
On top, on sight, heads up, bust 'em at random (What  
You Did?)  
I got the vest out, put the braids back, put on the  
bandana (What Else You Did?)  
Signed a brand new contract, shot the video in Atlanta  
Don't pull me, can't hold me the beat don't move me  
You know smokin, drinkin whenever I kick it with Juvey  
Back on my own, back on my zone  
Feelin better, lookin better  
Bout to go get it and bring it back home

[Chorus 2X: Juvenile]

A niggga got, got but I won't no more  
Cause this time round I come to settle the score  
Greedy niggas eat good, but not that long  
They wind up with a stomach ache balled up in they home

[Juvenile]

You better cancel that shit, about you run this here  
I ain't seen you on the charts what you done this year  
Y'all thought "Project English" was the last of this shit  
When I was really only given y'all half of this shit  
Fuckin right I made the beat, and I wrote this rap  
But a Niggaz In the ghetto want to post the crack  
Got two Niggaz posted watching a bus with macks  
Just waiting on the police and Niggaz to jack  
To people across the nation, thanks for being patient  
Ya'll been itching for some G-Shit Huh, I know you waiting  
When you cop the cd, get some Herb and Ride  
Turn the bitch up real loud so you can feel my Vibe  
I got a long way to go, I'm just gettin started  
I'm 26 years old and I'm still retarded  
I ain't talking about handicapped  
I'm talking about the way I talk and Express my rap  
You Feelin that

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

Anytime you say my name make sure it's some good shit  
Look I'm not your eldest rapper, I stay on some hood shit  
Am I hatin on Cash Money, Now Stop Playin  
I respect it How it came, Now I got Game (Bling)  
I'm all about U.T.P. Family and Kids  
And Takin Care of business it the way that we live  
I don't need a record deal just give me my props  
How many muthafuckas you know keepin it hot

[Mystikal]

Believe it or not, keepin my spot locked  
I got more season than the seafood out the gumbo pot  
Now run your mouth and lose your slot (I'm Lowdown)  
I make em feed for me like junk is fever one more rock(Tease Me)  
Ain't this some shit I'm famous and rich (Huh Bro)  
I got bitches I ain't even Fucked claiming my dick  
If thats how it is, I guess we gone see  
Is this all about that big truck and U.T.P

[Chorus and Ad Libs to fade]

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