

Juvenile, What's Happenin'?

[Juvenile talking:]

Whats up everybody
This your boy Juve The Great
Right here with my people sinister
And we about to take y'all back to the old school
That old school gangster shit
Check this shit out.

[Juvenile:]

We the only ones with work in the middle of the drought
Then them niggas round the corner come and see what we about
But we don't know they face so we don't want them by the house
But Skipper started bustin when he saw them pullin out
We did them niggas dirty for fuckin up our vibrate
We packed up all our shit and moved it to the other side
Visited our spot this girl was on my dick
She said I love you Juvenile but you know you the shit
I grabbed on my glock its where the fools hang out
I'm only tryin to hustle another change route
But they ain't gettin nothin if I ain't on beam
I'ma leave them niggas sufferin to find they own things
Workin with plenty for talkin 'bout hoes
I don't give them a penny, they comin out they clothes
Grabbin on my jimmy to see if nigga swole
Have to get it right with this big 'ol totem pole.

[Chorus:]

Yes I'm thuggin Yes I'm clubbin
I ain't trippin on you look bitch I'm buzzin
Hoes and niggas I'm not lovin
Fuck what you gettin if I ain't got nothin
What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin with that
What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin with that
What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin
What's happenin, what's happenin, what's happenin with that.

[Juvenile:]

We pull up in front the club and my rims was lookin nice
The subwoofers bumpin, I need it in my life
We had a couple of fellas was stuntin with they eyes
We jump out of the Lexus and got they mind right
See I ain't gotta rep cause they know I got chains
You can catch me in that ? boy, that money green thang
Get a fish and shrimp po' boy and go sit on St. James
I'm a playa like my ole boy thats where I get game
Goes start passin cause they want me to see 'em
Ain't givin no action if they want some per diem
I keep a soldier rag from the A.M. to the P.M
My heater in my lap lookin great up in the B-M
I know them niggas watchin cause they know that I'm buck
But they can catch a hot one for fuckin' with a thug
Nothin was poppin so we went in the club
All the hoes started jockin' cause they knew who we was.

[Chorus:]

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[Juvenile:]

The owner wasn't trippin, he let a nigga in an
The place was jumpin and the hoes was grinnin
Not at us though it was at the other women
Some was butterscotch some yellow like lemon
Had a couple of foul ones chicken and pigeons
Some was kinda fine but them bitches didnt listen
Told them meet us outside and hoes got missin
Put it in reverse and went back for more women
Everybody's rollin and you can really see it
Look at how they scopin for somebody to be with
I ain't on shit and Ive been G'in since the 80's
Ain't about goin somewhere probably then "Beat It"
You already knowin the way that I'm rockin
if you anin goin then ain't nothin poppin
Now I'm about to leave cause these niggas eavesdroppin
I got my heater on me now an I don't have to cock it.

[Chorus:]

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