

# The Verdict

Juvenile

See I'm a Show You How To Break It Down, (Believe That)  
Game Changed And I'm Forced To Face It Now, (Believe That)  
Fake Niggas Spreading Like Fables Now, (Fake Niggas)  
Think They Hard 'Cause They Made A Little Paper Now (Better Believe That)  
Walk Around With Gats And Shankers Now, (Uh-Huh)  
It's Funny How They All Wanna Be Gangstas Now, (Please Believe This)  
But You Would Know It When I Walk Up On You Slowly Gripping My Nine, (You 'G  
on Know)  
'Cause That's When It's Over, (You 'Gon Know Nigga)

Everybody For They Self,  
So It's Just Me Against The World  
I Try To Swallow My Pride,  
But I Think I'm Ready To Hurl  
Steady Tellin' My Girl To Be Patient,  
Don't Lick For Me  
He Told Her Everything,  
Got Her Full With A Sick Stomach  
In The Hallway,  
Looking For It All Day,  
Nothing In The Projects,  
Going To The Parkway (Parkway)  
I Put My Niggas On,  
Them Niggas Put They Niggas On,  
I Got Caught Up In Holla Back,  
Them Niggas Did Me Wrong  
Had Me Like Damn That's How It Is?  
Can't Even Get A Zone?  
Had Me Felling Like It Was On, On The Telephone  
The Heat Is On, In These Streets Your Alone,  
Let Me See If Your Still Rolling When Your People Are Gone

(Hey) I'm Not Your Play Toy, (Uh-Huh)  
I'm Not Your Homeboy, (Uh-Huh)  
I'm Not Your Fake, Dumb, Your Real? Boy (Uh-Huh)  
I'm Not That Phony Nigga, (Uh-Huh)  
Catching? Nigga, (Uh-Huh)  
That All About A Bitch, Ain't About His Money Nigga (Uh-Huh)  
I'm Trying Get It Here, (Uh-Huh)  
Fuck With?, (Uh-Huh)  
Hate The Circumstances That A Nigga Livin' In,  
Really Wouldn't Wanna Walk Up On Your Ass Slowly Gripping My Nine,  
'Cause That's When It's Over (Hey)

I'm In Tha Coupe Sitting Low, Phone Powered Off,  
I Made Enough Money Today, I'm 'Gon Shop It Off  
Caught An Exit, Hit The Shell, Told 'Em Pop It Off  
Grab The Tropicana Juice So I Could Pop It Off  
I Stay Sharp, I Ain't Trippin' Like A Lot Of Y'all  
Feet Lookin' Nice In The Product, Little Or Lot Of Draws  
Bitches Lookin' At Me All, But They Ain't Watching Y'all,  
You Better Stop, 'Cause Nigga You Are Not God  
I Get It Out A Broad,  
I Am Not A Fraud,  
But Double Up Your Charge,  
You See The Credit Cards,  
I Hope You Got A Heavy Toy, I Hope You Ready For It,

A Million Dollars, And Every Ward 'Bout To Set It Off