

# Pay Tha Rent (feat. Young Jeezy & Yo Gotti)

## Juvenile

You love that hood that you represent  
You bout that working and all that money spent  
A nigga owe you any asset  
My niggas hustle hard just to pay the rent  
My niggas busting just to pay the rent  
Cause bitches nothing we need or set  
We reunite nigga when we spend  
My niggas hustle hard just to pay the rent  
NO's my birthplace, thug water my T-shirt  
I'm uptown in these hot blocks where there feens walk then this feet heard  
It's DJ on rebirth, fat boys on stakeout  
No hard heels just chuck taylors  
In case I might break up  
Right now is drought season  
Watch how it's gonna play out  
Last night two teenagers got killed up in Jose house  
Feel like there's no way out  
Guess I gotta just stay down  
Play ball and sell dope  
Project's my playground  
D bought a new condo  
He ain't even sleep in his bed yet  
Cause this girl all in his D talking 'bout bill he ain't even pay yet  
Thought how to be cool with it  
Real niggas ain't bad at it  
These motherfuckers who owe me  
Chopping off their head now  
I go back like dro bags  
Nigga Michael Jordan nigga 96  
Streets dry, I came through  
Lebron james Game 6  
Drive lane right behind the back  
Two cars back on my main drive  
They Pulling on they find the bricks  
Ain't Worried Bout It cause my mane lie  
On Two A pack too fly  
Selling in the street no B by  
Why they call it white president  
Niggas all I see is this green god  
Nigga I ain't going to my mama house  
Try being my mama mouth  
Your trap boomin you ain't rit up  
You don't need last for half hour

Tap for they owe me  
DA they want me  
Still serve the whole hood out the town  
Theat the prices like my compound  
Bag landed me the touchdown  
They was going for the touchdown  
Nigger cask up before they touched down  
It's summer town my airport, my house light 400 degrees  
Money long my bills high so still flippin money in these streets  
Juvenile, I've been wild, big pistols, coke piles  
Old Chevy, big wheels  
Tight motor, gun loud  
Don't know hard  
You a bitch nigga  
Ten bricks you a rich nigga  
Part time i rap nigga  
Now out of town i hits niggas  
Can't shake my problems  
Low key I'll be robbin'  
Weapon of choice that .38  
Cause I fell in love in revolvers  
I ain't leaving no shells  
I ain't going no jail  
I ain't leaving no witness nigga  
Everybody go to hell  
Everybody had a struggle  
Everybody had a hustle  
This everybody who you're fucking with  
Nigga why the fuck you coughing?  
Is you feel word?  
Ain't nothing word  
Made a living out birds  
Yeah Nigga that's on my word  
I'm from retracing palmer  
That shit go hard like the Cali-o  
Used to dream bout a million  
But I woke up and count it though

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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