

## U-God f/ Jim Jones, Sheek Louch "Magnum Force"

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[Intro: Jim Jones] Uh-huh, Jones, one-two, one-two G's up, you know who I am, Jones, the struggle New York's mine [Jim Jones] Can it be it was all so simple Imagine me in the Porsche, when I spin thorough I lost my fitted when the wind blew Down in Miami, when we floss, no Winstons Looking for some ice cream, hooked on the night scene Way back when Eric B. was a 'mic fiend' What about the pipe fiends, got 'em in line Sell 'em all pipe dreams, I was on my grind Now I'm in my prime like 36 Chambers Pull through your block with like thirty-six rangers Don't say it, we dangerous, give a fair warning Party til the morning, to the last call Go hard, nigga, cuz when it rain it starts pouring You a nigga sleep, like you snoring My niggas creep like they crawling Pray for you niggas, oh, lord, could you pray for this nigga? [Chorus: U-God] See me ride and creep through the night in the fog Heat's to your skull, cuz this time, it's on (It's a jungle out here) Nowhere to run, you in the eye of the storm Sing your goodbyes, cuz this time, you're gone (Boy, we rumble out here) You want forgiveness, pray to the Lord You live by the sword, you die by the sword (It's a jungle out here) Kick down your door, show no remorse Ah, fuck it, magnum force, get 'em [U-God] Yo, it's danger when the beat loops, hard like Sheek Louch God got a sweet tooth for white broads and fleetwoods Drive-by music, watch when the jeep swoop Three wolves jumped out, armored up, neat roof Them dudes eat fruit, pick it right, off the tree Deep roots in the street, that's right, I'm a G These boots don't walk from the Hill to France Dunn, shout out to dance hall, gorilla stance Make, killas glance, heads, start popping Police just watch, hoes, start clocking Foes can't block 'em, your spine is jelly But mine is gully, my insides is ugly And I shine with my hat low, behind the skully It's Zilla, Zilla, with the monster belly And my hands stay steady, I move in silence But I'm, ready to live, nigga, Christopher Wallace [Chorus] [Sheek Louch] Ok, uh, you ain't that hard to go against U-God Bitch, I keep squeezing til you dead or a retard Walk past your block with my glock and my iPod Hoodie over, bandana, and flip your

little Rover over If it's a jungle, I'm a silverback, strip  
down it Aston Martin through the hood, fiends wipe  
down it Real hip hop, you looking for it, just found it It's  
like punishment, the way a nigga stay grounded  
Humble, but I rumble, bang you Throw up the W,  
niggas'll Wu-Tang you D-Block, I let it pop for the G-O-D  
Mad bitches in the club, homey, you know me I got  
paper, I urinate a couple G Whitey's looking like, who  
he suppose to be? Don Gorilla, a/k/a Donny G Love  
crime, U-God, one more time, let's go [Chorus]

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