

Jim Jones f/ 40 Cal, Fatal Hussein

"Tupac Joint"

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[Verse 1: Jim Jones]

Rumors that were said, shot in cold blood
Two up in my head, can't talk phone bugged
Somebody want me dead, but I'm still flossin'
I rock my jewelry through the scurriest streets
I keep my ears to the streets
And I ain't scared of police
Lord knows that I got various beefs
So could you pray for the week
You know the rules play on the sheet
So we hustle everyday of the week
That's why we fuck up all the paper we see
We hit the clubs, fuckin ladies for free
Getting drunk, off and hazin' the V
And every couple days we get swept
Around the clock we bumpin' and clickin'
You gotta watch cause when they come they be blitzin'

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

Now this is for my homies and my thugs
One million in the truck, and the chrome full of sluts
(Fully Automatic!)

You fuckin phonies you'll get plugged (Boom!..Bang!)

I'm a ghetto nigga for life
The streets is in my blood (DIPSET!)

Now this is for my homies and my thugs
One million in the truck, and the chrome full of sluts
(Fully Automatic!)

You fuckin phonies you'll get plugged (Boom!..Bang!)

I'm a ghetto nigga for life
The streets is in my blood (BYRDGANG!)

[Verse 2: Fatal Hussein]

Ya niggaz dyin', while you other niggaz is hidin'
Might be strapped, but you runnin' and ain't ridin'
So I'm slidin' to the place down the hill
Where the homies is murda and when its poppin' down
to kill
On the real
The only way a motherfucker try to survive

Is knowin' that he 'bout to die, and ride
I told Face he was the realest in the game
And he smiled and told me 'Pac was the realest that
they came
In the jungle, I walk like I'm the king of the beasts
So when you duck huntin', keep movin' cause I'm
swingin' the heat
I might go out of town, move fakin' is none of that
And never leave up out the hood, the way I can't come
back
Fuck that
Hussein in the street game frame
Life is a struggle, so with the heat take aim
I'm ghetto, don't ever think I'm him its not me
Cuz I love this motherfucker like pills in a hot tea

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: 40 Cal]

Why ya act like I'm new to this?
Mack to the uzi clip
When it comes to beef, we all packed like Luis Rich
Battlin' is ludacris, half of ya uterus
Matter fact, Jimmy, pass me the "Kufi List"
What you think niggaz got goons for?
The mass menace at ya door like a costume ball (hello)
My flow is like when you throw a 'Pac tune on
The only time you get tax is when you cop new 'gords,
dog
I make it happen with no sarcasm
So it ain't the station wagon, when you see me dodge
magnums (get it?)
If I don't hit you when the clip fills
Like the show off the blind date, ya know the fifth will
Break niggaz like big bills, when it peels
Sit still, shit's real, listen you a kid's meal
And I eat those, reload, heat blown
Keep those kilos, cause we go beast mode

[Chorus]

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