

Jim Jones f/ Hell Rell

"Penitentiary Chances"

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[Intro: Jim Jones]

Rell fresh home

How it feel to back where the bricks my nigga

Ya heard, I got the D.A. on my ass right now

All my soldiers behind the G Wall

Inhale, exhale... fuck the police

[Verse 1: Hell Rell]

I'm up early on the strip while the birds chirpin

I had to turn my fone off too many birds chirpin

Damn my homies gotta sit in the bing

So for them, I flood my chain and piss in my ring

Yea, shit on these niggaz 'til I sit wit the Lord

I woulda been home last year but I got hit at the board,
nigga

Yea you spotted man, now you red dotted man

You fuckin wit Hell Rell, New York City's rider man

[Bridge: Jim Jones]

Now is these niggaz some killers like us

No

They say the real, well they realer than us

No, no, no

Is my set good

Yes

Is my bet good

Yes

Is my threat good

Yes, yes, yes

[Verse 2: Jim Jones]

Since you've been home they done indicted ya boy

Due to the circumstances of this life we enjoy

Niggaz start snitchin they Sammy the Bullin

Til my niggaz start grippin these hammers and pull 'em

That's when these niggaz start switchin turnin Islamic
and Muslim

Cause they seein my position is straight savage and
hoodlums

Shit, who suffered and lost, my new truck is a Porsche

This is One-Eye Willie and I'm from fuckin New York

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

Who them niggaz paintin the town red
Dip-Set
Banks stop and we lay down bets
Byrd-Gang
Who them niggaz gettin that money man
Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set
Who them niggaz leave wit ya bitch nigga
Byrd-Gang
Who them niggaz squeezin at bitch niggaz
Dip-Set
Who them niggaz that gotta get rich nigga
Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang

[Bridge 2: Jim Jones]

Now do these niggaz be bangin like me
No
They say they G is they gangstas like me
No, no, no
Is my guns good
Yes
Is my ones good
Yes
Do we run hoods
Yes, yes, yes

[Verse 3: Jim Jones]

My pistol game been tight
Since chicken lo mein and rice
Tryna get that paper, flippin that caine for a price
Fiends goin crazy, hittin that caine thru the pipe
Niggaz that bang to the right
I'm jus sayin this is life
So we adore and survive
Cause thru this war we gon ride wit two 4's on our side
Shit, man I'm riskin it all
Cause for this love and this money man, I jus wanna
ball

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

Who them niggaz paintin the town red
Dip-Set
Banks stop and we lay down bets
Byrd-Gang
Who them niggaz gettin that money man
Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set
Who them niggaz leave wit ya bitch nigga
Byrd-Gang
Who them niggaz squeezin at bitch niggaz

Dip-Set

Who them niggaz that gotta get rich nigga

Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang

[Verse 4: Hell Rell]

These niggaz want me to slow down and switch my speed

And these bitches pokin holes in the condom tryna get my seed

Leave me alone lemme twist my weed

Two things I never seen a U.F.O. and a bitch I need

The beamer shinin on B.B.'z, niggaz tryin to be me

You gangsta on the streets dawg, north signin to P.C

These niggaz washed up callin it quits

It don't matter, Porsche to 6, they be all my dick

I, slaughter the strip wit a quarter a brick

I got Florida chicks comin to N.Y. for the dick

I only been home for a month but I'm still fresh y'all

Up in this booth and still smellin like the mess hall

[Bridge: Hell Rell then Jim Jones]

Now is these niggaz more liver than me

No

He kinda hot but is he spittin more fire than me

No, no, no, no

Is my dope good

Yes

Is my coke good

Yes

Am I so hood

Yes, yes, yes, yes

Now is these niggaz some killas like us

No

They say the real, well they realer than us

No, no, no

Is my set good

Yes

Is my bet good

Yes

Is my threat good

Yes, yes, yes

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