

## **Jim Jones f/ Hell Rell**

### **"Pour Wax"**

Visit "[Pour Wax](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Jim Jones]

You're reign on the top, short like Leprechauns  
I came through in drops, Porches and heavy charms  
I came from the block, the slums wit ex-con's  
And we aimin' them glocks of course ready to bomb  
Now I done seen a Custy' cop four pies of the same  
gear  
Also seen a nigga cop four rides in the same year  
This concrete jungle, no trees to swing from  
This weed and gettin drunk and heaters gettin dumped  
Hit the highway nigga ki's up in the trunk  
Back up in the city with some skeezas in the trunk  
I aint a player but I do my dirt dog  
Drop top 'Cedes better move when it merk off  
It got me swingin to the left lane  
Plus a nigga caughtin 'cause the haze give me chest  
pain  
Yes motha fucka the boys is back  
With my vest and I'm tucked up with my boys in back

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

You dont want it with them niggaz  
While you niggaz steady bitching my niggaz gettin'  
richer  
You mad 'cause we ballin'  
Bet you mad 'cause we scorin  
If he get out of line put his punk ass in a coffin  
Nigga we a ragime, Byrdgang we the truth  
Keep a foriegn sedan or swirvin' in the coupe  
Oakwood in the interior, swade on the roof  
Now shoot, {Bang, Bang} shoot {Bang, Bang}

[Hell Rell]

Aw man Hell Rell, he on the same bullshit again  
Same black hoody{Yup}, same fo' fifth again  
Bithes stopped likin' me but now they on my dick again  
Seen me in the Ashton with my glistinin'  
Yea I'm bustin off the chrome  
Yea I'm 'bout to off your dome  
Kill the mother and the father, kids go to foster homes  
Yea I like to floss the chrome, nigga leave the boss

alone  
See my neck and my wrist, I'm rockin' what it costs for  
homes  
Homie they dont call me ruger for nothing  
Back out on theese bitch niggaz get that ruger to  
dumpin'  
Dont run up on me nigga you know I stay with it  
G'd up from the beef and brock's to the Oakland A's  
fitted  
That's the bottom to the top, it's in the bottom of the pot  
I got it white, I got it tan, it's either you copin' or you not  
Nigga jets is pullin' off and you stuck in the current  
D.I.P., B.G., fuck what you heard

[Chorus]

[Jim Jones]  
We all strapped in the ride, I aint talkin' like the elderly  
Yac'ed when we drive like a rollin fuckin' felony  
Trapped to survive, get the bucks, sell them ki's  
It's hard to get by that's why we puff hell'a'weed  
But if this high dont come down  
I feal the world spinnin' like the sky gon' come down  
I need air top of the ride gon' come down  
And i swear I stay fly when I jump out  
Jewled up in ice like what that dude like  
Spider four thirty with the blue'ish lights  
Got the coupe bright, still shoot dice  
For my niggaz on the east side this is true life

[Chorus]

Visit [Jim Jones f/ Hell Rell](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.