

4th Avenue Jones "Monumental Continental"

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Look here, look here I can't afford to pause and I do not sleep

Still buying all my drawz up at the Swap Meet
I'm making lots of doe but funny how I'ma spend it
I don't need new clothes just property with tenants

And I don't know no jokes, and I'm not about no play
Love for all my folks who poor in South L.A.
I'm from the slums of life, didn't have a pot to put it
That's why I love this mic and how I got so good at

Bussin' all these flows and bussin' all these tracks
We gon' get some gold get us some platinum plaques
(I heard that)
Money talk I stay fluent with
Busters can't ruin it 'cause we straight doing it big

Big, huge, monumental
Stretched out four door Continental
Enough for me plus all my kin folk
That's how we rollin', that's how we rollin'

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They love when I rhyme, my flow is divine I ain't the one
ta
Get caught up in this jungle, sometimes it make me wonder
How Wall Street all eat good and my hood hungers
But we making it escaping these snakes like Anaconda

Big, huge through paying our dues
Now Avenue is taking over we ain't playing with fools
Or playing with crews, you dudes must have got it confused
Tena Jones paper chasing, mama need some new shoes

To the homie Mod, Tena, the lineage of Jones

Known for sown seeds, don't get it twisted we break
bones
Uproot from homes, take the cutest turn 'em into trolls
and gnomes
So far fetched, so far gone

The very same blood through them and Grits of course
it's
And since we share a spirit make sense combine the
forces
No time to sort our loses
(They shooting)
We rhythmically inclined cataclysmically in time to be
defined the bosses

I got a Jones for a hit, so I'm swerving the block
On 4th Ave 'cause I know they got them bricks that rock
My boy Mod hit us off with some heat to speak on
The average M.C. need weed to be gone

Monumental life forms, who twice born
And write poems in clubs making thugs throw forearms
In the dirty, dirty, Mid south, Tennessee
Nashville, Grits legendary spitters fo' sheez

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We all just wanna be loved I guess
Yes, that's why I stay until A.M. making hits that ought a
be subbed
Ought a be dubbed one of the best
I'm ill, every D.J. who real should bang it, this one ought
a be clubbed

Love when I'm rubbed the wrong way, so some offend
me
Dismissed by many, my Christmas spent in the lab
Pen and pad while they sip 'Cris and Henny
I write these life lessons and spit just what's in me

Be big like Dikembe, here to Japan is what my plan is
Put money right where my hand is
Ghetto brothas who po can understand this

And folks surviving off just bread and mayonnaise

I be wondering who's uncle Sam is
'Cause in South Central L.A. we barely can live
I hand picked my squad only a few in it
Label tried screwing it, we survived doing it big

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Big, huge, monumental
Continental

Big, huge, monumental
Big

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