

## **Black Rob "Jasmine"**

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Yo, had me in the LQ, yo, shit was mad bumpin'  
Rappers on the mic was like settin' off somethin'  
Now parties like this yo God  
I like loungin' observin' everything inside my  
surrounding

Jasmine dancin' wit' this nondescript sucka  
Okay cool as long as the sucka don't touch her  
Nigga get the urge and can't control his hand  
Get a body bag cause mauh he's a dead man

She was coolin' sportin' my table  
When the dance was done she like walked back to  
money's table  
I sat there like shit I can't believe this  
I wish you was there big fella so you could see this  
bitch

Sittin' there boo legs wide open  
Laughin' gigglin' smilin' and jokin' wit' homes  
Like they use to hang out real, real tough  
He musta had a strong rap 'cause Jasmine looked  
gassed up  
Sittin' there played the role of a slouch

Just watchin' to see how Jasmine played herself out  
They sat there just talkin' to each other  
I thought this kid was alone he had five more brothas  
wit' him  
Wit' out girl's night ain't this some shit

If she don't recognize the game they can kiss this shit  
They introduced they selves one at a time  
Saw 'em say how you doin' so Jasmine say, "Fine"  
I was laughin' but there was more in store

I saw her get up and start walkin' towards the front  
door  
I rolls too God and walked right behind 'em  
So where ever they go it won't be hard to find 'em  
I keep a guard you now I thought I better  
Plus I keep the stash deep inside the 8 pound leather

Open doors vale was on the ready  
At the end Jasmine is gonna wish she never met me  
We're off two cars speedin' deep in the night  
I'm doin' 30 on the straight away 60 on the turnpike  
For Jasmine

Know that I've got Jasmine on my mind, ooh  
Playa freeze while I pull out my nine  
Know that I've got Jasmine on my mind, ooh

Word up ain't nothin' changed but the weather  
Still chasin' them suckas in the '86 Jetta  
Thinkin' different thoughts still not understandin'  
How 7 people got in that fuckin' Volkswagen

Enough of that God yo back to the chase  
Yo, man you should have seen the ruckus look on my  
face  
Slowin' down cruisin' on the cool out mode  
Then parked in front of his house on Gun hill road

Man I started to get out grabbed the rope and try to  
hang her  
Before I let this posse drop shots gang bang her  
They went inside man but I kept goin'  
Parked across the street wit' out them even knowin'

Got out the car still schemin' the house  
Tip toed around the back quiet like a church mouse  
If the neighbors looked out the window  
They would surely get leery and scream like,  
"Bahando"

Police they would hold my fate  
But they didn't so I creped up the fire escape  
I saw shadow's inside a bright lit room  
Which appear to be two bodies dancin' to a slow song  
nigga

I got closer decided I should check it  
I saw Jasmine and one of them kids dancin' buck naked  
So I got the gat so I have no interference  
When I make my grand appearance for Jasmine

Know that I've got Jasmine on my mind, ooh  
Playa freeze while I pull out my nine  
Know that I've got Jasmine on my mind, ooh

I seen a red dot tryna lock on me  
I can't believe these niggas tryna pull a pac on me

I admit they had the drop on me  
Probably turned the burner around 20 degrees

So I could see who bust me, who knocked me out  
Who tried to choak, who tied the rope, who left me this  
bitch ass note  
I'm disgusted the murder she wrote  
Money she soaked all of my coke all of dope up in  
smoke

Made you follow me probably so mad you wanna hollow  
me  
But you won't be so lucky today so swallow me  
Got your GS4 and your Bentley rose took all of your  
clothes  
And 99 bottles of Mo's

What she didn't know is about the dynamite in the rose  
And if I get close I'll blow her 'cause I got the controls  
At the toll on the phone wit' this bitch Nicole  
Said she left you in some hotel out in the road

Room 112 penthouse sweet alumni  
On the 12th floor in front of her door was one guy  
On some Brandon Lee shit he wasn't handin' me shit  
Understand me he flipped bust the 9 and he split

Had my heat cocked busted right through the sheet  
rock  
How did he drop he ain't the nigga I just shot  
Whas goin' on all of a sudden it was nothin' no jokin'  
son  
Jasmine holdin' the smokin' gun

By the time I realized I caught two in the chest had the  
vest  
As I fell I'm not thinkin' of death  
Still fallin' to a place wit' more conscience though  
Long enough to see her aim and put one in her throat

So I got up all shot up grabbed the Prada  
Faggots probably towed my truck you know how my  
luck  
Hoped in bleedin' to death turned left  
Thought of Jasmine and how she went out to the death  
For Jasmine

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