

Fear Of God

"Jeep Ass Niguh"

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May I see your driver's license, please? May I see your
DRIVER'S
LISCENSE, please. What's that in your cassette deck?

Braniac dumb-dumbs, bust the scientific
Approach to the coarse and the force is centrifical
Can you find your way through the lyrics that be catchin
em?
Throw another rhyme across the room, they be fetchin
em
When they take a loss, take a loss to the master and
I throw crazy blows and they know I be plasterin
All across the room, on the ceilings and the walls too
Punk muthafuckas didnt know I had the balls to
Come around their block with my cock diesel system
and
Turned it up to ten and then start to dis em and
They didn't wanna battle
If they did, when they saw me they'da open up the
trunk
But they tried to ignore me
Hey muthafuckas, I know you hear me calling you
Thought you wanted some but I see that you all into
Frontin. Ain't no future in your frontin, so Let's Get It On
Like Marvin Gaye (hey)
Take the cash and sit it on
The hood of your bullshit, lowriding Cadillac
Back up your boys and let's start to battle. Act
Like ya know; the Masta Ase don't play when it come to
my bass

Ima Jeep Ass Niguh

Drivin down the block; like what else shoulda brotha
do?
It's Saturday, it's Saturday, the heat might smotha you
Rollin down my windows, yeah, I have a air conditiona
But I got the sound I want the whole world to listen ta
Waitin at a red light; Kentucky Fried Chicken and
Low End Theory tape in; bass crazy kickin and
See this Puerto Rican latin chico, rico, suave

in a red Corolla; ay yo, does he wanna play?
Show me whatcha got, then watch me get up on it
Holdin up up traffic but we can't hear they horns
Cause he got music ?
Yea, he got it goin on
But I think I better school em, cause he don't know the
time
So I'm turnin up the boom, cause he cannot fuck with
mine
Brothas hear me from like fifty blocks away
I - wanna turn their head, so you know I gotta play high
Decibals
Passin through a residential disctrict
See a few cuties and I turn it up like this quick
Mira, mira, man
Don't sleep, I got the, I got the, I got the woofers in my
jeep

Ima Jeep Ass Niguh
Ima Jeep Ass Niguh

Black boy, black boy, turn that shit down
You know that America don't wanna hear the sound
Of the bass drum jungle music
Go back to Afrika
Niguh, I'll arrest ya if you're holding up traffic
I'll be damned if I listen
So cops, save your breath and
Write antoher ticket if you have any left and
I'm breakin eardrums while I'm breakin the law
I'm disturbin all the peace cause Sister Soldier said,
"War"
So catch me if ya can, if ya can. Here's a donut
Cause when you drive away, yo, you know Ima go nut
And turn it up yo where it was before. Nice try,
But you can't stop the power of the bass in your eye
If wonder if I blasted
A little Elvis Presley
Would they pull me over and attempt to arrest me?
I doubt, doubt it
They'll probably start dancin,
Jumpin on my dick and
Pissin in they pants and
wiggle and then jiggle and grab on they pelvis
But you know my name, so you never hear no Elvis
(word)
Strictly the hardcore, dirty street-level shit
Guards on my side so watch what the devil get
Positivity hittin like fifty level deep
Comin out the, comin ou the woofers in my jeep

Ima Jeep Ass Niguh
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