

Frankie Hi-nrg Mc

"Jones"

Visit "[Jones](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1 -Mike Jones]

You can catch me Hustlin, grindin, shakin haters who's whining

I'm blindin the world, cause I was day 2 day grindin
I'ma blow up, I told ya, think I'm lieing, I'ma show ya
From Houston to Penscola we candy paint slab rollers
You can tell I'm ballin, from window spinners crawlin
I hop off butter, press a button my screens falling
And I'm dogging competition ain't trippin I'm on the grind

While you dudes talkin down, I'm grindin so I can shine
I Mike Jones (Who), Mike Jones, that came to Florida
to put it down with Roy Jones, Swishahouse and body head

Turning heads, shaking feds, pistol packing and jackin
any body for some bread

Yea I'm Mike Jones (Who), Mike Jones (Who), Mike Jones (Who), Mike Jones Jones

And when the laws ain't hot, I hit the block with my rocks

I'm in Roy Jones corner while he knockin them out
See in the streets I keep it real, I show them my platinum grill

I pull up in the seville on twenty two inch wheels
U niggaz wasting yo time, hatin on me talkin down
You need to be on yo grind tryin to put it down
I'm trying to help you out, before you get left out
I know you mad when I pull up in slab and step out
Lookin good, eight glass leather wood get it while it's good, Mike Jones

[Chorus]

Mike Jones, Roy Jones knockin niggaz out in the ring
and up on the microhone

Mike Jones, Roy Jones knockin niggaz out in the ring
and up on the microhone

[Verse 2 -Roy Jones]

It's Roy Jones they call me the one hitter quitter
Cause when I get up in the ring I'm knockin out a nigga
Swishahouse and bodyhead you know we ain't trippin

I two piece dudes for a livin and I ain't talkin about
chicken
Mike Jones running the rap game I'm running the ring
You think I'm lying ask the streets and they'll be sayin
the same
I moved up to heavyweight and people said I was small
But when my opponents fall who be the one standin tall
Roy Jones (Who), Roy Jones (Who), Roy Jones (Who)
Roy Jones Jones ya'll musta forgot I be the one bustin
heads
Them niggaz talk alot of noise but yo they must be
scared

[Chorus]

[Roy Jones]
Swishahouse...bodyhead
We about them Jone's nigga we ain't neva scared huh
C'mon huh, C'mon now, C'mon uh, yeahh
Mike Jones, Roy Jones...bodyhead ya'll swishahouse
Uh one two, one..

Visit [Frankie Hi-nrg Mc](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.