

Gloria

"Jamboree"

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[Treach]

I wanna see y'all who wanna plan with me
Wave your hands across the land if we family
Say hot-damn hot-damn we wanna jamboree
This is for my peeps here I stand for you cause you
stand for me

[Chorus]

C'mon I know I jam, I know I jam jam, while oh damn
I know I jam, I know I jam jam boree
I know I jam, I know I jam jam while oh damn why don't
you Jamboree for me?
Yes, Indeed

[Treach]

Kaboom kaboom the platoon came on in eight limbs
and timbs
Broke rims smoked sims whoop dogs with bent rims
For the real and the raw from whoo'd up with the law
I never kill for the thrill but I cut for the cars
Smokin' budda with a hoota' get better prices from
looters
Shake my shell with the shooters leed a luga with duga
Some say modeling and acting mean treach is selling
(man he's Sellin')
While I'm yelling first a felon with my gat at ya melon
(BOOYAH)
Hella heated, I'm too ill for them to beat it
We the most cheated most weeded most needed
You best believe it
Lets take the tapes jam for me, stand for me
Your'e damned to be without the jamboree

[Chorus 1x]

[Vinnie]

We've put it down since the days of high school
and everywhere we Mark we rule
Naughty's about to raise our stock
And we didn't come to brag about what we got nigga
We came to rock

We blew the spot taking the streets to pac
You'd be thug-style for a while (?then cold rolled our
jock?)
Using the last few years as our evidence
Niggas been tryin' to duplicate the mixture ever since
You live in value reprimanding
If you challenge me I guarantee
When we finish I'll be the last man standing
Fuck what you heard naughty is forever in demand
when
Kay drop tracks all the party people jammin'

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[Chorus 1x]

[Treach]

I ask the thugs who have mercy in these days is dirty
I'm still sturdy and flirty till my derby for jersey
The funk is pass-booted lights-camera-shoot it
I just did it to do it that's why I suit it and boot it
Here's the graphic niggas is just tattered and added
Orgy's are automatic from back-traffic to addicts
Crush the cabbage straight from the savage to lavish
We rip those who rat it thats why your click had it
(?dog?) cats to cuchiaes for me its lootchie then
hootchies
Cause we'll drop a cuzzie that leaves your whole label
woozy
And shitty and dizzy because your whole city miss me
And whip out they titties
And from they kiddies throw me 50's in bundles of
100's
And make every hater want it
Drunk and blunt it knock onto the hottest nigga comin'
Kay scratch and cut ya no matta what you make or
Wanna come and touch her the punani rusher like
Usher

[Chorus 2x to fade]

[Zhane]

(Jam On It) (Jam-Jam-Jam) (Jam-Jam-Jam) (Jam On It)

