

## J-Kwon

# "I'm Focused (Chamillionaire, Fat Joe, Lil Scrappy, Mike Jo)"

Visit "[I'm Focused \(Chamillionaire, Fat Joe, Lil Scrappy, Mike Jo\)](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(feat. Lil' Ed)

[J-Kwon: Talkin']

Yeah, the next chapter mothafucka  
Ya high, X is gonna try to sue me mothafucka  
For this shit, what you gonna sue me for  
If I don't got shit  
You know what I'm sayin  
Mixtape madness

[Chorus x2: J-Kwon]

I let you know I been to the game of pokers tired of  
bein broken grindin some knives instead of chokin  
I got tired of movin stovey and I'm focused and my  
uncle was makin million and doublin Fuckin old shit

[J-Kwon: Verse 1] (Dissin Mike Jones & Paul Wall)

Right before I was a man deformerler  
In the planet makin it out of the hill in way garbage can  
Now I'm 19inches you could catch my hand in the game  
that gots you talkin' before I began  
They try duh stand, stand and replied, put your hand in  
into your verse  
Cause I'm flameable hot  
I'm sippin in steady standard bringin spot you overlook  
and try to see the situation where they almost got shot  
I need a testify, test the electricity fly specialist  
when situation when I need to go and testify  
I touch your eyez, and look whose scared wit a mug on  
the hand bug you muck  
You can't stay wit a muck  
You ain't supreme mothafucka I ain't talkin' about weed  
Like Mike Jones record work always sells clothes to a  
fiend  
I'ma bout to wait and stuff clean wit a LA teen  
You ask why the alone things I see in my dream  
I ain't dream all these excitement said everything  
From the satter and batter and shattered that close to a  
scene  
You know what I seen just like hatin and then they  
anger wit me

Before some case know they method do away wit my  
feet  
It ain't a scheme, mothafucka more like jello the  
courtroom  
In the vivo lo lo hundred G's you got me how I wanted  
to be  
When I speak Davis Crackkiss in tha industry  
So how you backin up in tha upside down in the Fuckin  
in the same week  
You live wit me, kissin brat and the floors and bean  
If you pleasure mean it, I'm live on the Whitney Street  
Just admit that your sorry and sweet but to the beanin  
to the demon to the operation that will live me to sleep  
I heard you screamin that the doctor amusement had  
to beat  
For all the work if you streets damn now I'm roamin  
your freak  
You mothafucka, check this out, check this out  
[Laughin]

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 2: Lil' Ed - Dissin Chamillionaire]

Tinkin formulated plast on blast on rocks Southside  
You overlook like got cho slot  
I gots to knot, I ring is gonna drop that watch  
Drop that knot, know hand it over watch me clock  
My album spot, is number one sell on top  
Their ain't no parkin plate in my ankles your CD's flop  
Until the grind graduatin from station to the satin  
you ain't stayin very much dawg so you must be  
hesitation  
Why you waitin all this money I'm makin now feel the  
hatred burn from these single nothin to fakin  
No one know what I'm sayin and my signature is real oh  
you what is for real  
These mothafuckas don't no one stand how it feels,  
your lyin to kill  
I know your dyin to squil,  
why you hustlin for a mill I'ma give you a sigh in the  
field  
I'ma sign a full mill, turn it to a bulidin,  
dominant have my picture is so flatter to him  
I said to him scared Fuckin shit I'll slatter your wrist  
Don't even run I'll beat yo' ass and my behaves my still  
I'm havin a new, before I just slammed you kill  
What damaged could do I let your mama ran up the  
roof

[Verse 3: Lil' Matt - Dissin Fat Joe, Lil Scrappy, T.I. & The  
Game]

I'm sick of it  
Use lift someone to be get money for deliberit  
Me and some boy and Johnny did a man as a lickin tits  
Why you sittin' and started ringin thinkin of this shit  
Come back at me dawg you might as well consider it  
As a Law Suit I'm working for the bosses smoke tosses  
when my head when yo' ass get tossed  
Figure it out, for the freakin kids in your house,  
I live wit things that mothafuckin kick in your mouth  
You shripper around, sweaty cold chewin you up  
Puttin you down in the shit and you out  
Haha, matter in fact you take that pussy and so I'm  
spittin you out  
Live you now try provin try givin it a knot that's got to  
hurt

[Chorus: x2]

[Dj Scratch for 20 Seconds]

[Dj]

What is it

Fifty thousand fifty thousand box of Fuckin powder

Visit [J-Kwon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.