

Jayo Felony

"Catch 'Em In The Morning"

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[Jayo Felony]

One shot...kill, Yeah! Up in the mornin' (up in the mornin')
Serve the whole Roc-A-Fella camp like this here (killa! killa!)
All the money in the world couldn't save y'all from the sad whoopin' (let's get it ridin')
Keep shadow boxin' and practicin'
But it ain't gone help ya
Cuz it's all natural, keep all terrain
They wonder where did I get the heart to check ya, neglect ya
Don't get caught up in my set no Roc-A-Fella disrespecta
It's on and ain't no turnin' back, I bang while I'm tellin' this
I'm about to put hit out in a form while I'm usin' my alias
I keep but by then, SD we ride in
Got 'em wonderin' how ya one shot kill just slide in
I'm like mama feel me, just look at what I did
Help Beanie and Memphis Bleek over on Coronado Bridge
And y'all both supposed to be deceased before the police come and find me
Got your own homies screamin', "Bullet Loc we love that money"
No advantage by disturbin' now we get the same cash
For my skills, I kidnapped Amil in bang dash
Caught up Russell Simmons, quickly collected my ransom
Put a straight jacket on me cuz I'm throwin' a tantrum
Me and my Dulo gangbangas ride-ride and smash
You can sign Daz and Kurupt I'm still gone bust on yo ass

[Hook: x2]

Y'all better tell Jay-Z I catch 'em in the mornin'
Loco Recordship and platinum Roc-A-Fella is gone then
Call up my hood if it's on, it's on then
Y'all been perpetratin' cheese, y'all the wrong men

[Jayo Felony]

They skip to this and hop
They crip to this and drop
They top and pop they collas
Homies in Impalas
Yeah she look like a dime but hotta than a hot model
But she always bring her smoke and her own bottle
I fear nothing to keep
Comin' with heat I hit the street
Enemy goals come at me foul
I bust 'em in they bowels
It's nothing to slay my comp, but do away with these
scrubs
Carry "SD" on my shoulders, money, diamonds and
drugs
They go from broke and don't get choked out, let my
locs out
Dulo gang rida doped out, with a smoke out
I'm like Tyson, man I make you all start singin' then
retire
I cuss like Richard Pryor, voice strong as a choir
I'm in a rage ridin' for life and Roc-A-Fella can't calm
me
Instead tryin' of building an army why they tryin' to
disarm me?
But I'm still laughin' while I got 'em duckin' and runnin'
Don't get scared now the new album Crip Hop comin'

[Hook: x2]

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[Jayo Felony]

I'm all up in NYC this NAC
Saw a fat girl named Beanie up in MTV
What's happenin' cuz, what up money?
This fo we crip Piiiimp, 'fore I blink this nigga dip
I expect that ho like you've been known to run off
I would of took flight if you would have sneezed or
cough
And the females that was wit it was like "Money was
scared yo"
Cuz they all know Bullet Loc from the big 4-0
Talkin' about on Sunset he runs sets
I'm like cuz, it ain't one set on Sunset, what the hell is
that?
Y'all singin' about "Changin' the Game"
I'ma have you changin' ya name
Cuz, get back before I pop ya brains

Always mean what I say, and I stay Blued UP!
You make 9 songs in 2 days and still can't fade "Trued
up"
Come and see a real rida on yo block is where I pot at
You can't even rock Marcy without gettin' shot at
And that's that!

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