

Jayo Felony

"J.A.Y.O."

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What, what, what, what? To all my niggas and females
That don't give a mad ass fuck, give a fuck at your shit
Get your shit 'cause we ride tonight, any questions?
We just against y'all oppressors, so all you house
niggers
Stay in the motherfucking house
'Cause y'all ain't got no business outside anyway

E 40, Ice Cube and Jayo Felony
E 40, Ice Cube on my 619 doing my work
The Super Bowl was at San Diego
Sitting back with Felony, Jayo

I ride high speed and shoot-outs with the fedder
25 worth of ledda, nicknamed Bambayona
Belted like the rifleman, call me Chuck O'Conner

Gliding, heading towards Mexico sliding with an empty
bottle of X.O.
Riding dept play for kept find out where they slept
Scotch taped to the neck, slid on out like a vet
Big old gigantic West Coast niggas tripping on they set

Under buckets, new toys, looking out for the Elroys
Decoys, D-boys, searching for destroys
Cocaine for the bitch made heart pumping cool-aid
Sorrow but Simple Simon ass niggas that call
theyselves timin'

Dictionary rhymin', Princess Kadymin
Pay me no mind and 25 worth a day grinding
Clockwork, all about my dirt calls
DJ your party 'cause I got scratch like Red Alert

We just against y'all oppressors, so don't try to oppress
me
Hold me down and arrest me causing me problems
and stress me
Why these punks wanna test me? Why these punks
wanna test me?
Why these jealous motherfuckers wanna stress me and
test me?

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Picture about me rolling through the country
With a spaceship on gold D's taking over the world
Scooping up violator parolees, smoking hash and
chronic
And I'm looking locked out in my chucks

Cube right behind me, throwing west side up
Not giving a feez-nuck, what? I'm crushing my
competition
And you'll soon find out if you're dissing, come along
From the bay to the SD, we stay on a mission
My destination in this game is to have the whole world
love me

From geri-curl and go-tee and have them stop the Old
E
My 3 wheels and my G's and you're supposed to check
out my melody
Trying to get a salary, hoe, give me celery, fool, I'm
Jayo Felony
Never stay hungry like my thugs and my hustlers

Throwing high signing and I'm touching ya
Put 'em in my zone and my mold
When I explode, no time to reload
From yo God to word up, Loc, we got it sewed

With the E and the W, slanging them over the boulder
shoulders
Much love to the north and the south
Let's take this over, navigators and Range Rovers,
don't test me
Don't test me, nigga, don't test me
[Incomprehensible], bitch

Ice Cube forever, bigger and deffer, fuck the
oppressor
Possessor of a mini 14 behind my dresser
Faze one, blaze one, the representation of my nation
It's Jay one on the spray gun springing leaks
In your physique, got nines on you as we speak

Laughing loud as we eat, you fucking geek in a wire
Test the fire attire that ass, go through the broken
glass
Niggas mash and ask, I'm the last emperor
The temperature heated remain undefeated

We waited, we greeted by the motherfucking law
In the south they say, "Get out the fucking car"
It's raw, E-40's lyrics fucking caviar, I believe these
dirty pigs
Know who we are, if they pull something start dumping
Don't say nothing and if they show it on real TV, my
niggas love it

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See, there, it is there, so be it and you better know it
E-40, Fonzearelli aka Charlie Hustle, that nigga Ice Cube
And my big potna out the San Die, San Die, San Di-
leggo
My motherfucking eggo bitch, Jayo Felony
We slide out in a luxurious ass Winnebago, Winnebago
Biatch, perkin' up in this hoe, nigga

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