

Jim Johnston

"Baggage Claim"

Visit "[Baggage Claim](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus

Says I've been gone for way too long
Meet me at the baggage claim... phone
Listen shit on the line... home
And I can tell you if she locked tight
I can tell you at the shit club right
And I can tell you what a bedroom look like
Every time we are out bitch we're gonna have a good
night

And none of this happening when we're all visual
Hustle in the cold with the... hand
Try to pitch my hands... frost spitting
Look at this... frost spitting
We used the bodies like a mortician
Get caught don't speak like autism
Look at her
Nigger hit the...
All you had lost is vision
Can't approach life with more precision
At this point I don't want the way for collision
... in the hood where we smoked some... cops
They say I am rapping like a pistol in a...
He said 30 is the new 20
... in us if you buy a few 20s
... the dealer satellite 2-20
Holding beef on my sleep so I don't lose any
Never friends with the blue pennies
Plastic cups... handy
On the corners where we shut...
... niggers still talking about...
Black... but it cooked white
And in the morning...

Chorus

And I am none but a holler nigger
I sell drugs I never was a rubber nigger
We use death for the last resort
And I blue two stack at the last resort

... we was blowing out... on my 25...
I am losing sleep... we hit the tails like we should
You can call ma chris brown cause I hit your bitch
... it was love at first sight when I saw her coming
... bullets in the fucking air meter

Chorus

Visit [Jim Johnston](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.