

Jim Johnston

"End Of The Road"

Visit "[End Of The Road](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Bun-B, T.I.)

[T.I. talking]

Jim Jones what it is homie
Killa Cam, Freekz Zeeky, Juelz what's happ'nin
Hey 'a aye... yea yea yea 'a aye
T.I.P. nigga y 'a y yeeah. Aye a aye
I'm up in Harlem to put it down wit my muthafuckin
folks
Dipset bitch. A town to muthafuckin NY
Nigga you already know what it is. Bankhead
C-rod, Grand Hustle, Diplomats
You don't like it kill yaself nigga. Lets go

[verse 1 T.I.]

Late night straight white fa ya base pipe
No mo quarter O's get ya weight right
Crack rock black glock kept it waist height (hey)
It hit ya mug you don't imagine what ya face like
American pie I'm tellin you guys
You want beef wit us well who the fucks preparin you
guys
We sparin you guys get buried alive
What you rushin fa, act like you in a hurry to die
Some I let 'em fly 'fore I let that ride
I paralyze ya like Supermans horseback ride nigga
Walk up on ya car and scorch dat ride
Flat tires, glass shattered wit a corpse inside
A town break down straight pounds of dro'
Still deal if you want 10 birds or mo
Pimp Squad, Dipset I know ya heard before
If we called you a bitch you deserved it hoe. Aye

[verse 2 Jim Jones]

I cop bricks of the crack (dat yayo)
And take it to my block, strip or my trap, my block strip
is so trapped
Cops quick wit a strap, and you'll be scared shitless
How they where the big fifth and load up flares and
biscuits
I'll take ya bitch from you, bring her back wit smeared

lipstick (She Mine)
You can compare ballistics, but it's mere physics
(Pimpin)
I'm 2-3's on drops, I used to play hoopties on blocks
Plottin man like who he gon pop
In this tragic city, now I'm Bankheadin
4 tens headin down in ATL's Magic City
Yes the stash is pretty, and the mag hold 50
We take ova towns, then send the Rovers 'round
Lookin fa hoes to pound, ya local hoochie spot
Lookin fa hoochies hot, to get they coochie popped
I love the titty bars, I love my niggaz pa
Dipset, Pimp Squad yo lets get it pa

[Bun-B talking]

Yeah already trill niggaz in this bitch
UGK know what I'm sayin. that's off top fool
You already know. Wreck it boyz. Go down like that
What up Jones. Dipset nigga

[verse 3 Bun B]

Bitch my Cadillac is candy and my pistol is pearl
My best friend is a pimp and his bottom bitch is ya girl
I got them 84's that clank, the big diamonds that blank
Plus them hoes that pop pills, smoke kill, and sip drank
Fuck what ya think I'm tryin to tell you how life is give it
and take it
My lil brotha in the pen, where niggaz shiv'rin and
shakin
We got a million dollar team, wit one gone
So I'm takin my 500 to flip in the game
To have somethin for 'em when he come home
My two older brothers locked up, both of 'em smokin
Principals gon be fucked up my lil neices and nephew
heartbroken
Seein Daddy in a cage at that age, it fuck ya mind up
So at this stage in the game I gots to really get my
grind up
So you gon see me in yo city doin a verse or a show
Or maybe even servin these niggaz a couple of dem
thangs on the low
Dipset affiliated so you can hate it or love it
But it you keep pushin ya luck bitch my middle fingers
gon shove it
Know what I'm sayin

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