

Jim Johnston

"Jamaican Joint"

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..Killa, Jones, Jones, Let's Go are

[Cam'Ron]

Clowns don't come around, pound pounds i pump in town

Do like House of Pain, Kriss Kross, jump around

Jumpin' down, stuntin style, over those I polly

Then merk-o from squalie, ducati and Roberto Cavali mami

We feelin' them scoobies, you stealin' them gucci's booby

Get it right, it's Emilio Pucci, hoochie (hoochie)

Write for sci-fi, i'll be pipin' five pies, the cat went like the nine lives

Ten halves, five pies, ten cars, five drives, ten bars, fi-fi

That's fifty-five thou, sha-na-na, bye bye

My fittings touched tailored, joined by Chuck Taylors

On the yacht with glocks, we sum thug sailors

You drinkin' old gold, rockin that old gold

We in rose gold, at the Rose Bowl

Send you a bowl of roses, we dun sold souls

Slow toes, im so cold, my dough folds

Killa!

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

So get your parachute, and row your boat nigga

Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly high

We fly high, like bo! Bo! bo!

Now your row your boat nigga, and get your parachute

Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly high

Bo! Bo! and fly high like Bo! Bo!

[Jim]

So on this road to success, I grew up in the boat o'y'all

Gettin closed by the jets

I learned my code from the set, I took my oath to the death

I risked the quarter to bing, I bet this forty a ring

Cams from the 40th wing, the westside of harlem
And rat roach infested, them black po's in vests's
They stack most impressive, ride through Tana's town
That's where them grams be found, breeze through the
broadway side
And where they always reside, and so much raw yay,
You know all them boys be outside
With them sirens and guns, all the noise be outside,
And yes we scour the slums
You know our toys be outside, co-co boy to ride,
Five-hundred thou on the block
The ones when we ride on the block, pumpin them
bow's for the rocks
Look i came up from that, cookin' that came from crack
New boys shinin' man, New York's ryder man, look how
I got'em Damn!

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

So get your parachute, and row your boat nigga
Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly
high
We fly high, like bo! Bo! bo!
Now your row your boat nigga, and get your parachute
Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly
high
Bo! Bo! and fly high like Bo! Bo!

[Juelz Santana]

I'm a, boy shotta, born poppa, y'all liars, y'all notta
I squeeze more fire, call coppers, squalie!
Hear that, pumper squeeze, yeah that, pumper be
Shoved in your mouth for talkin' all the fuck-a-ree
We move with the tune boy, we shoot'em and move boy
Yes you could say we are the Rudest of rude boys
Move that, do that, juke that girl, who dat who dat who
dat girl
I wanna meet her, i wanna see her, i wanna skeet skeet
I wanna juice that girl
Grippin good, pimpin good, livin' good, shit is good,
test me, lets see
I wish a nigga would (aye)
Y'all kids is a waste, when i spark clips is a waste
When alcoholics spit in your face, quick get a tatse
Nigga i ride high, drive high, fly high, sky high, high
high i'm high
So high, so fly, float by, oh why, oh my, and i don't
know why
Whoaa...

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

So get your parachute, and row your boat nigga

Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly
high
We fly high, like bo! Bo! bo!
Now your row your boat nigga, and get your parachute
Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly
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Bo! Bo! and fly high like Bo! Bo!

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