

## Jim Johnston

### "Pour Wax"

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[Cheech & Chong Skit]

Yeah, you pour wax on the table, uh huh, and you set it on fire

[Jim Jones Intro]

(Dipset)

Uh

Yeah

(Uh)

You Know

(Let's Do It)

This That Dope Boy Shit Nigga

(Ya Dig)

Ya Smell Me

(Can't)

Fuck With Ya

Your reign on the top, short like leprauchans, i came through in drops, Porches, and heavy charms, and i came from the block, was flawless with ex-cons, and we aimin' them blocks, offcourse ready to bomb, now i done seen a custy cop four pies of the same gear, i also seen a nigga cop four rides in the same year, the concrete jungle, no trees to swing from, this weed and gettin drunk, and heaters gettin dumped, or hit the highway, nigga keys up in the trunk, back up in the city with some skeezers in the trump, i ain't a player but i do my dirt dawg, drop top Cedes better move when it murk off, i got it swayin to the left lane, plus a nigga coughin cause the haze give me chest pain, yes mothafucka, the boys are back, with my vest and i'm tucked up with my boys in back, fucka

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

You don't want it with them niggas, while you haters steady bitchin my niggas gettin richer, what you mad cause we ballin, bet you mad cause we scorin, if he get outta line, put his punk ass in the coffin, nigga we the regime, byrd gang we the truth, even four in sedan, i'm swervin in the coupe, oak wood in interior, sweade on the roof, now shoot back (RUGER) now shoot back

(RUGER)

[Verse 2: Hell Rell]

Ahh man hell rell he on the same bullshit again, same black hoodie, (YUP) same fo' fifth again, bitches stop likein me but now they on my dick again, see me in that Aston with my chain glistenin, yeah i'm bustin off the chrome, yeah i'm bou't to off your dome, kill a mother and a father, kids go to foster homes, yeah i like to floss the chrome, nigga leave the boss alone, see my neck and my wrist, i'm rockin with a cost for homes, homie they don't call me ruger for nothin, back out on these bitch niggas get that ruger to dumpin, so don't run up on me nigga you know i stay with it, g'd up from my beef and brocks, to the Oakland A's fitted, that's the bottom to the top, you see the bottom of the pot, i got it white i got it tan, it's either you coppin or you not, nigga jets is pullin off and you stuck on the curb, D-I-P, B.G., fuck what you heard

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

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[Verse 3: Jim Jones]

We all strapped, in the ride, i ain't talkin like' the elderly, yak when we drive, like we rollin fuckin phelony, trap to survive, get the buck sellin keys, it's hard to get by, that's why we puff hella weed, but if this high don't come down, i feel the walls spinnin like the sky gon come down, i need air top of the ride gon come down, and i swear i stay fly when i jump out, jewled up in ice, that bent that dude like, spyder four thirty, with the blueish lights, got the coupe bright, but we still shoot dice, for my niggas on the eastside, this is true life

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

You don't want it with them niggas, while you haters steady bitchin my niggas gettin richer, what you mad cause we ballin, bet you mad cause we scorin, if he get outta line, put his punk ass in the coffin, nigga we the regime, byrd gang we the truth, even four in sedan, i'm swervin in the coupe, oak wood in interior, sweade on the roof, now shoot back (BANG) now shoot back

(BANG)

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