

Jim Johnston

"Twin Towers"

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[Bizzy Bone "Chorus in background"]

Turn my vocals up.....turn my vocals up, turn'em,
turn'em up, a little more
Turn'em up a little more, turn'em up a little, yeah there
we go yeah, uh yeah

[Bizzy Bone]

Born in the poverty probably we never get off the
monopoly, won't we just stop it
With all the monotony, look at me awkwardly hide my
broccoli, nigga what
Fuck the media, how could you come to me, follow me,
bother me, tell me to simmer it down
Part of the system is worsen now, melody murder
must've ran
What if the rapture happens, nigga just deeper than
rapping vanish or not
Never gone change my style, I do what I wanna pop, 'til
the "Body Rot" stop
Generation X, I am the mastermind, general militants
seven times, revolution rebellious, totally out of line
I still in the mind of apocalyptic, biblical optimistic
Thank my lucky stars, never I say my graces, I'm so
thankful god
Take me to the promise land, all I see is cops with guns
Soap in my sock, county charges stuck in the struggle
with number one
Never will have a friend like me, reality checking the
crooked judge
Man because the rapping is over, we fucking soldiers,
we fucking thugs
And ain't nobody stopping my fucking drugs
If I can melt down the words, and put them in plastic
sucks, rip it to the nation, let it go what, what
Bitch I would speak your mind, even if they offended
you 'cous
Ride off in the sun set, with the streets niggas 'cause
that's who I love
Standing next to Capo twin towers shoot up to the
heaven sky
We rolling down the ninety-five, take the bridge, I'm

ready to die.....

[Bizzy Bone]

For the grace of Capo... for the grace of Capo, in the
moment of silence,
Now the grace of Capo, in the moment of silence, in the
mist of tyrants and silence,
And the demon malignancies, motherless children are
born, poppa the one who murdered her,
Witness the vision first hand plumping master of
source of us

[Jim Jones]

By the, grace of Capo, in the moment of silence, in the
mist of tyrants and violence,
I'm flossing my diamonds, by the grace of Capo, in he
mist of the hood, and it should be all good,
But murders go down, you know they go down

[Jim Jones]

Straight out the projects b, I'm telling ya'll it was so
hard for me (so hard)
Coming up hard in these Harlem streets, where niggas
will starve, cause it's hard to eat
Some niggas will rob in the hardcore streets, ridiculous
all it's hard concrete (watch it)
Bitches the boosters the credit card scammers, niggas
that shoot cause they all gone blame us
People they shoot cause they cocky 'bout scanners
(scwalay!)
So if watch where the birds fly, (watch it) don't speed
when you swerve high
Cause believe me the third eye, put the squeeze on
your whole ride (lock down)
See I'm always in the rear view, see the law in your rear
view (what else) pray to the lord he can hear you (why)
I'm the nigga on the corner, plus my niggas on the
corner bring same shit
Three carry gripes in the crime in heaven, I'm in this
Fahrenheit called 9/11
When I go to the cross roads, lord knows Ferrari white,
mean highway to heaven (forgive them lord)
And these digital times, we all need to have a political
mind (that's right)
Federology, technology, and we can shine like
astrology (they can see from the stars)
When we walking on eggshells, when you talk on next
cells (what happens)
When you talking on fed cells (listen to me) and we all
on sex cells (whooo)
When the drugs and rock-n-roll, and when the drugs

lock your soul
Don't blame it on 'caine, got rich when the reggae
came (that's right)
Bill Clinton rejuvenated us (yeah), all been the Bush's
hoovernated us (stupid)
Police will soon be chasing us (that's right), the streets
they be afraid of us (yeah)
From cutting up raw, from frying up coke, give a fuck
about war
We ain't trying to voting (voting)
So if you draft me jail me (you hear that)
Or better yet kill me (uh-huh) 'cause I rather go to hell
b, and there's nothing you can tell me
Cause we risking ourselves, just sit in the cell, over
punk as nigga in cells (damn)
All the grief in the cells, spin on shelves, I'm running
out of time, cause I'm living in hell (yeah)

[Jim Jones]

By the, grace of Capo in this moment of silence, in the
mist of the violence, the mist of tyrants,
Flossing my diamonds.....yeah, by the grace of Capos
nigga, you heard, that's two strong armies nigga
Two under bosses we can't be stopped, we will not be
brought down like the twin towers
We some political soldiers ghettolutionists, we
freedom fighters

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