

Jim Jones

"Drug Dealer"

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Imma drug dealer

A drug dealer is a nigga that we call a hustla
To all my hustlas, to all my hustlas X2

If you, gettin stacks
My niggas in the trap
I cant forget my niggas uptown, they sellin crack
I done bought and sold them bricks
Broke em down and front my buildin
I done took them risky trips outta town and made a
killin'
But now we makin millions, tryin to pull me a fourth of
george money stacked to the ceilin
And its still the same rules, money hoes and the jewels
I see you niggas plottin so Im still packin my tools

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So uh, when we cookin
First we shook it
Let it dry and to the block is where we took it
Now tell me something (whats that?), who yo boss is?
Could you tell em we got bricks and what the cost is?
We got them weight in the flakes, we call it frosted
When you cook it, the smell will just leave you
nauseous
Cuz you feel us? You want some work and be sure this
muthafucka aint no dealaaaa

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