

Jim Jones "Let It Out"

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see see they actin like us, comin up dormitive forcin us
to go outside and take a hellav risk to make some
money, so to the media we look like savages, but for us
its a way of life, you see it started with sneakers but then
it got much deeper you see the money is like an
infection, they told me lead by example least get a
chance to, if yall get some money count g's by the
hand full, use to sell work cop keys gave samples, now
i'm laughin at the skeezers i ran thru shut the club
down with my team bring them lam's thru, we cop car's
that them chicks dig, we go on tour's like were big kids,
i drop a million on a home and they still call'em big
cribs, 12 thous 4 liter engine when ever we step out it
was the moral we were spendin, ghetto foolers feds
want to do us, they lookin for the trail if they catch us
they'll lose us, fuck the blue & white so i sped by the
cruiser middle finger to'em, he told me he was foolin
let my lil nigga chew'em put'em in their place use to
cop rising push'em like a waist, westside car pool
push'em to the face 86 86 push'em to the eight (choris)
school of hard knocks cramin for the test use to do
them blocks hand on my vest now i cruise thru the lot
witch handle is the best, choose the hard top hundred
gran no stress chew'd up watch van dvs, ice time ticker
choke a bitch out tell you how i'm liquor drink fine
liquor on a quite night you can hear the crime whisper,
time's that i miss you premature thinkin breathin thou
i'm drinkin comin up fast we were on delinquent down
at the district freezin all the trinklet's never
indistinctive, shit wait get a break, wait get a taste your
lovin more *3 you like them finer things, dispite the
miner things that get you rap up you wind up in the
bing, caught with that white girl that pretty china thing
uh girl best friend is my pretty diamond ring freded up
medallion six foot stallion big body dimes full body
wine kush fill'd cigars pushin up hard i told them keep
the ceillin now im lookin up to god the sun rise in new
york the sun sat at rosoe's i'm on the 110 dip and watch
for the cops role, for the jackets i get the gun lock &
load westside young copo uh oh ghetto birds flyin
money worth everthing, it never worth dyin i aint lyin
it's not a game how we ghetto concerts, ask about me

in the east they'll tell you i'm a monster.

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