

Jim Jones

"No Way"

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With every breath that's aside of me
Vampire life, my dep poor society
Half my niggas paying debts to the society
So I've been having problems with my sobriety (I'm
getting drunk, word)
I'm paranoid and know the rioty
Or watch the feds I know they iron me
Promise myself, never let a hoe lie to me
Or watch myself I'm getting bread in low economy
I pray to God that there be no lying to me
I throw these stacks at my designer jeans, word
We getting wasted like the whole day
The bitch said my kisses tasted like Rosay
Rub my dick harder than a roll of quarters
20 champagne is the total water
100 grand for that frozen water
Hope you got the passport, just to show the porter
Humping hard, on my guard then I'm next to 'em
Back some top hard, somethin' sexy sitting next to 'em
Who gonna get it next nigga?
I got fatty fuck a motherfucking check nigga
I keep 20 cash on me daily
Does the blast cause they wanna kill me
We in Jamaica of Miami Vice
Catch us up in live on Miami nice
See, you might not understand the life
Word how I sperge about 10 grand a night
The beast holding on the swimmy tight
Tryna to tell my white girl make sure the candy right
I still hit the block if I fucking please
No roof just a watch on my fucking sleeve
Make you wanna stop and feel the fucking breeze
I told her bust the suede off my fucking sleeve

When the lights go low, go low
Everyone's a tough guy
City till them shots fly
And the same ones that talking right the homicide
No way, no way, can be my next
No way, no way, swallow my pride nigga
No way, no way, I'd rather die nigga

I'm a ride for my niggas, tell them that I said no way

My state but sore, inadmissible in court, my lawyer
Cause I used to dribble hard with them bricks I brought,
true story

Get them cars like the wiki Porsche
Niggas act hard then we load the clips in the torch
Huh, yeah that's Shawty clear nigga thoughts
If I'm underrated that's your richest thought
Think about it, it's just a thought
It got me looking at this game like it's a bitch's sport
Mimi said, she can make it do magic
Have your block clicking like it's blue magic
I watched the 80's, I killed the 90's
Now I'm having scary dreams the more this guilt
behind me

So then I party like it's '99
Towers hidden, it was hard for us to find the lot
The drop worries just sudden to drive
Me and trav in the drop head on Sunset Drive
Now I'm slipping gun by my side
Paranorm for every fan that run by side
We try not catch a homicide
I'm tryna to make it back to the east, where mamas fry

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