

Jim Jones

"Penitentiary Chances"

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(feat. Hell Rell)

[Intro: Jim Jones]

Rell fresh home
How it feel to back where the bricks my nigga
Ya heard, I got the D.A. on my ass right now
All my soldiers behind the G Wall
Inhale, exhale... fuck the police

[Verse 1: Hell Rell]

I'm up early on the strip while the birds chirpin
I had to turn my fone off too many birds chirpin
Damn my homies gotta sit in the bing
So for them, I flood my chain and piss in my ring
Yea, shit on these niggaz 'til I sit wit the Lord
I woulda been home last year but I got hit at the board,
nigga
Yea you spotted man, now you red dotted man
You fuckin wit Hell Rell, New York City's rider man

[Bridge: Jim Jones]

Now is these niggaz some killers like us
No
They say the real, well they realer than us
No, no, no
Is my set good
Yes
Is my bet good
Yes
Is my threat good
Yes, yes, yes

[Verse 2: Jim Jones]

Since you've been home they done indicted ya boy
Due to the circumstances of this life we enjoy
Niggaz start snitchin they Sammy the Bullin
Til my niggaz start grippin these hammers and pull 'em
That's when these niggaz start switchin turnin Islamic
and Muslim
Cause they seein my position is straight savage and
hoodlums
Shit, who suffered and lost, my new truck is a Porsche

This is One-Eye Willie and I'm from fuckin New York

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

Who them niggaz paintin the town red
Dip-Set
Banks stop and we lay down bets
Byrd-Gang
Who them niggaz gettin that money man
Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set
Who them niggaz leave wit ya bitch nigga
Byrd-Gang
Who them niggaz squeezin at bitch niggaz
Dip-Set
Who them niggaz that gotta get rich nigga
Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-
Gang

[Bridge 2: Jim Jones]

Now do these niggaz be bangin like me
No
They say they G is they gangstas like me
No, no, no
Is my guns good
Yes
Is my ones good
Yes

Do we run hoods
Yes, yes, yes

[Verse 3: Jim Jones]

My pistol game been tight
Since chicken lo mein and rice
Tryna get that paper, flippin that caine for a price
Fiends goin crazy, hittin that caine thru the pipe
Niggaz that bang to the right
I'm jus sayin this is life
So we adore and survive
Cause thru this war we gon ride wit two 4'z on our side
Shit, man I'm riskin it all
Cause for this love and this money man, I jus wanna
ball

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

Who them niggaz paintin the town red
Dip-Set
Banks stop and we lay down bets
Byrd-Gang
Who them niggaz gettin that money man
Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set, Dip-Set
Who them niggaz leave wit ya bitch nigga

Byrd-Gang
Who them niggaz squeezin at bitch niggaz
Dip-Set
Who them niggaz that gotta get rich nigga
Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-Gang, Byrd-
Gang

[Verse 4: Hell Rell]

These niggaz want me to slow down and switch my
speed
And these bitches pokin holes in the condom tryna get
my seed
Leave me alone lemme twist my weed
Two things I never seen a U.F.O. and a bitch I need
The beamer shinin on B.B.'z, niggaz tryin to be me
You gangsta on the streets dawg, north signin to P.C
These niggaz washed up callin it quits
It don't matter, Porsche to 6, they be all my dick
I, slaughter the strip wit a quarter a brick
I got Florida chicks comin to N.Y. for the dick
I only been home for a month but I'm still fresh y'all
Up in this booth and still smellin like the mess hall

[Bridge: Hell Rell then Jim Jones]

Now is these niggaz more liver than me
No
He kinda hot but is he spittin more fire than me
No, no, no, no
Is my dope good
Yes
Is my coke good
Yes
Am I so hood
Yes, yes, yes, yes

Now is these niggaz some killas like us
No
They say the real, well they realer than us
No, no, no
Is my set good
Yes
Is my bet good
Yes
Is my threat good
Yes, yes, yes

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