

Jim Jones

"Pour Wax"

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Yeah, you pour wax on the table, uh huh, and you set it on fire

Uh, yeah, you know

This that dope boy shit, nigga

Ya smell me, fuck wit ya

Your reign on the top, short like leprechauns

I came through in drops, Porches and heavy charms

And I came from the block, was flawless with ex-cons

And we aimin' them glocks, of course, ready to bomb

Now I done seen a custy cop four pies of the same gear

I also seen a nigga cop four rides in the same year

The concrete jungle, no trees to swing from

This weed and gettin' drunk and heaters gettin'

dumped

Or hit the highway, nigga, key's up in the trunk

Back up in the city with some skeezers in the trunk

I ain't a player but I do my dirt, dawg

Drop top 'Cedes better move when it murk off

I got it swayin' to the left lane

Plus a nigga coughin' 'cause the haze give me chest pain

Yes, mothafucka, the boys are back with my vest

And I'm tucked up with my boys in back, fucka

You don't want it with them niggas

While you haters steady bitchin', my niggas gettin' richer

Bet you're mad 'cause we ballin', bet you're mad 'cause we scorin'

If he get outta line, put his punk ass in the coffin

Nigga, we the regime, Byrdgang, we the truth

Even four in sedan, I'm swervin' in the coupe

Oak wood in interior, suede on the roof

Now shoot back, now shoot back

Ah man, Hell Rell, he on the same bullshit again

Same black hoodie, ya same fo' fifth again

Bitches stop likin' me but now they on my dick again
See me in that Aston with my chain glistenin'

Yeah, I'm bustin' off the chrome, yeah, I'm 'bout to off
your dome
Kill a mother and a father, kids go to foster homes
Yeah, I like to floss the chrome, nigga, leave the boss
alone
See my neck and my wrist, I'm rockin' with a cost for
homes

Homie, they don't call me Ruger for nothin'
Back out on these bitch niggas, get that Ruger to
dumpin'
So don't run up on me, nigga, you know I stay with it
G'd up from my beef and brocks, to the Oakland A's,
fitted

That's the bottom to the top, you seen the bottom of the
pot
I got it white, I got it tan, it's either you coppin' or you
not
Nigga, jets is pullin' off and you stuck on the curb
D I P, B G, fuck what you heard

You don't want it with them niggas
While you haters steady bitchin', my niggas gettin'
richer
Bet you're mad 'cause we ballin', bet you're mad
'cause we scorin'
If he get outta line, put his punk ass in the coffin

Nigga, we the regime, Byrdgang, we the truth
Even four in sedan, I'm swervin' in the coupe
Oak wood in interior, suede on the roof
Now shoot back, now shoot back

We all strapped in the ride, I ain't talkin' like the elderly
Yak when we drive, like we rollin' fuckin' felony
Trap to survive, get the buck, sellin' keys, it's hard to
get by
That's why we puff hella weed

But if this high don't come down
I feel the walls spinnin' like the sky gon' come down
I need air, top of the ride, gon' come down
And I swear I stay fly when I jump out

Jewled up in ice, that bent that dude like
Spyder 430 with the bluish lights
Got the coupe, bright, but we still shoot dice

For my niggas on the Eastside, this is true life

You don't want it with them niggas
While you haters steady bitchin', my niggas gettin'
richer
Bet you're mad 'cause we ballin', bet you're mad
'cause we scorin'
If he get outta line, put his punk ass in the coffin

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