

## Jim Jones

### "Religion"

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(talking)"some sort of a desperation.. some say that.. it was like money caught a hold of us and we had no other choice. {it was like infections}And we couldnt get it.. it was like we were choosin to rob and steal or some of us would kill. But thats what this life is about and we still going through it everyday"

Verse 1:

The Lord knows, it aint east bein jimmy  
so speedin up in Harlem while im leanin' in the Benny  
Niggas think im ballin  
im watchin niggas schemin  
i hear there these bitches callin  
but they just like niggas schemin  
they just plottin for another man riches  
i smothered up the wrists, rubber bands on the digits  
the paranoya of sellin the rolls can pour ya?  
im jumpin the game without a lawyer  
avoid police contact, but please keep in contact  
no straight lines only use the bleepers contact.  
paper bag money like we hypochondriacs,  
and im washin up this paper like i got a luandry mat.  
this what raised us, some niggas praised us  
some beg to differ cuz the street is what made us,  
these came in flavas, the heat was our savior, the ice  
was on (group?) and my niggas is so (woo?)

Chrous1:

first million dollas, ran right through it,{what, what,  
what, what} im still goin through it. three million, four  
million ran right through it{what, what, what, what} im  
still goin through it. nine million, ten million niggas  
might lose it. {what, what, what, what} im still goin  
through it. if you hit twenty Ms life might change... this  
is why we play the game.

Verse2:

The desperation, the head is goin crazy.  
bread we was chasin breakin fast on the daily.  
old head said you livin fast like the 80's.  
to me it was the 90's, i guess the 90's was my 80's.

shit, got a thing for the fine ladies.  
pretty foreign whips make me get up on my shit.  
pardon my french but i talk slick diggy.  
meet me at the event, new york is the big city.  
yall make movies, we make the documentaries.  
yours truly left the jeweler, dropped a century.  
i told the dealer drop the bentley.  
GT see em, the cheese we be in.  
its he who he be in, the fees no key in.  
the money is the reason we keep tans off season.  
peel off speedin, hand on freezin.  
blunt up in my mouth, keep the handle where i can  
reach em.

chrous2:

first million dollas, ran right through it, {what, what,  
what, what} im still goin through it. three million, four  
million ran right through it {what, what, what, what} im  
still goin through it. nine million, ten million niggas  
might lose it. {what, what, what, what} im still goin  
through it. if you hit twenty Ms life might change... this  
is why we play the game.

Talkin: You see this is why we play the game. the  
money.. like i was sayin before it was.. it was sort of  
infections, it got grab of us and we couldnt let go. so  
now we stuck between a rock and a hard place. so they  
tellin us to keep hope up. wheres the hope at when we  
cant get a job so.. we look at the drug dealers as.. as  
the ones to look up to, those are our inspirations so, we  
saw the fast cars and the pretty bitches and the jewels  
and that was all we knew. See we was naive to the fact  
of real life till.. till well the streets came. and now still  
the same game we chasin, aint that a bitch? dont marry  
it.. nigga

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