

Jim Jones

"So Athletic"

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Lobby boy, pistol in my cargo pants
Still riding dirty, I'm connected to them kilograms, kilos
man
I'm certified, flying in that ufo
Day dreaming, still hugging on my 44
I shit on niggers, treat them like they groupie hoes
The hand of god, smack rappers out this timezone
Forgive me lord, don't let the devil come and take my
soul
To my enemies, fuck them hope they die slow
I'm bout that life, yes homie, I'm bout that life
See this benz gonna make that bitch give up her mouth
tonight
Darn shit, is some Louis Vuitton â€¦
And fuck if you ain't never like meâ€¦

We run and wait, we at the track
We sip and work, just like an acrobat
We so athletic, Michael Vick,
Now where my dogs, Michael Vick
Game time, we do arenas, look at my chain, it's also
â€¦
We so athletic, we so athletic
We flip that work, we so athletic
They say I'm talking money all the time
But if you ain't talking money then you stolen time
They also say I'm crazy, maybe borderline
I got a San Francisco chopper give you 49
Jet lag, hop off another flight
Told her get my bags, hop on another flight
Pretty v's, 2 40 racks
Pretty â€¦ 2 40 for the pack
That crib life, we fighting crime
That's what she like, my icyâ€¦
It's not the same, these niggers selling blow up, eww
Who got the game, cause we can tell it's blow up

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We sip and work, just like an acrobat
We so athletic, Michael Vick,
Now where my dogs, Michael Vick

Game time, we do arenas, look at my chain, it's also
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We so athletic, we so athletic
We flip that work, we so athletic.

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