

Jim Jones

"True Religion"

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Don't get caught up
Most of my niggas just wanna get money
Fast money
Every dollar comes with a consequence
Where I'm from

Imagine God as he came, are we meant to sell?
Just like we playing in this game, are we meant to fell?
Well they can poison up your name, niggas sent from
hell
Or better yet it's like I'm playin' in the NFL
Because I'm kneeling to the game like T-Bow
Feds watch 'em like they got me on TiVo
And I'll be jumping on them planes blowing weed
smoke
She give 'em brains to complain about the weed smoke
And I'm a rider boy like Steve Phill
You know I love to flap toys in the speed boat
Most niggas know the plans but they never play
Talkin' 'bout them AK that they never spray
Or talk about places that they never stay
My niggas been playin' since I'm lovin' great
Pop they crack, poppin' bottles in that tunnel club
My first drop top, that was summer love
They got me in deep, thought analyzing
Used to stand over the pot while the grams was rising
Clean your whole block like I'm sanitizing
Most niggas don't see it 'til their hammer's rising
His demma us, nigga choose a side
Don't get caught in cross fires when the shoot is right
And now I built for it nigga choose a lane
Seen niggas get killed for it, choose your game

I pray to see my rights and my wrongs
Forgive me for this life that was taught
I hope to see the light of the dawn
So we hustle every day and break night to the morn'
Imagine if the money was my new religion
Power, always keep it as my true religion
And if you go broke then you go to hell
And if you go broke then you go to hell

True religion demma sit with drug money
Contract killer, we call that blood money
Used to get it now they ratting for the fuzz money
Can't stand a young'un on the come up so they mug
funny
I see no pussy nigga kill a nigga no harsh
My block hot but bail's posted with a cold heart
Milk sittin' off of 25, no shot
Chances of makin' it out the gutter, no shot
My young boys on the come up and they bustin' it
straight
Robbin' niggas ain't shit, they ain't for no hustlin'
Bag a bitch that's slidin' for no coffin
If it ain't money on my mind, just raise a show, I'm
stuntin'
Rick's rock solid, thinkin' ways to break 'em quicker
Dead presidents, I'm thinking ways to make 'em flicker
You a sucker for love, I'm a heartbreakin' nigga
Old school rip or get the cake to wasted, nigga

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Hot dang, had to spend days, had to spress weeks to
the PO
Plus your boys play with more keys than a CO
But now, these snitch niggas singin' like Neo
But talkin' 'bout me for how you floatin' 'round Nemo
That ain't a threat, that's a promise
I had your family emotional just like Carl Thomas
My bitch leam and she to live fo'
She rather get fucked when I hang 'er from out of the
car window
I'm a hustler, my dream's in the freezer
Yea, I'm fuckin' with keys but I don't mean Alicia
Darked out, you a G through the speaker
My guns from across seas, it came hell a cheaper
We can go morgue nigga, sort it like Collar Band
Shouts to the peers from Clinton Max to power tab
A shit bird got to the tax & cab
They rep the same color that be on the maxi pad

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