

## **Jim Jones**

# **"Twin Towers"**

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*[Bizzy Bone "Chorus in background"]*

Turn my vocals up.....turn my vocals up, turn'em,  
turn'em up, a little more  
Turn'em up a little more, turn'em up a little, yeah there  
we go yeah, uh yeah

*[Bizzy Bone]*

Born in the poverty probably we never get off the  
monopoly, won't we just stop it  
with all the monotony, look at me awkwardly hide my  
broccoli, nigga what  
Fuck the media, how could you come to me, follow me,  
bother me, tell me to simmer it down  
Part of the system is worser now, melody murder  
must've ran  
What if the rapture happens, nigga just deeper than  
rapping vanish or not  
Never gone change my style, I do what I wanna pop, 'til  
the "Body Rot" stop  
Generation X, I am the mastermind, general militants  
seven times, revolution rebellious, totally out of line  
I still in the mind of apocalyptic, biblical optimistic  
Thank my lucky stars, never I say my graces, I'm so  
thankful god  
Take me to the promise land, all I see is cops with guns  
Soap in my sock, county charges stuck in the struggle  
with number one  
Never will have a friend like me, reality checking the  
crooked judge  
Man because the rapping is over, we fucking soldiers,  
we fucking thugs  
And ain't nobody stopping my fucking drugs  
If I can melt down the words, and put them in plastic  
sucks, rip it to the nation, let it go what, what  
Bitch I would speak your mind, even if they offended  
you 'cous  
Ride off in the sun set, with the streets niggas 'cause  
that's who I love  
Standing next to Capo twin towers shoot up to the  
heaven sky  
We rolling down the ninety-five, take the bridge, I'm  
ready to die.....

*[Bizzy Bone]*

For the grace of Capo... for the grace of Capo, in the  
moment of silence,  
now the grace of Capo, in the moment of silence, in the  
mist of tyrants and silence,  
and the demon malignancies, motherless children are  
born, poppa the one who murdered her,  
witness the vision first hand plumping master of source  
of us

*[Jim Jones]*

By the, grace of Capo, in the moment of silence, in the  
mist of tyrants and violence,  
I'm flossing my diamonds, by the grace of Capo, in he  
mist of the hood, and it should be all good,  
But murders go down, you know they go down

*[Jim Jones]*

Straight out the projects b, I'm telling ya'll it was so  
hard for me (so hard)

Coming up hard in these Harlem streets, where niggas  
will starve, cause it's hard to eat  
Some niggas will rob in the hardcore streets, ridiculous  
all it's hard concrete (watch it)  
Bitches the boosters the credit card scammers, niggas  
that shoot cause they all gone blame us  
People they shoot cause they cocky 'bout scanners  
(scwalay!)  
So if watch where the birds fly, (watch it) don't speed  
when you swerve high  
Cause believe me the third eye, put the squeeze on  
your whole ride (lock down)  
See I'm always in the rear view, see the law in your rear  
view (what else) pray to the lord he can hear you (why)  
I'm the nigga on the corner, plus my niggas on the  
corner bring same shit  
Three carry gripes in the crime in heaven, I'm in this  
Fahrenheit called 9/11  
When I go to the cross roads, lord knows Ferrari white,  
mean highway to heaven (forgive them lord)  
And these digital times, we all need to have a political  
mind (that's right)  
Federology, technology, and we can shine like  
astrology (they can see from the stars)  
When we walking on eggshells, when you talk on next  
cells (what happens)  
When you talking on fed cells (listen to me) and we all  
on sex cells (whoop)  
When the drugs and rock-n-roll, and when the drugs

lock your soul  
Don't blame it on 'caine, got rich when the reggae  
came (that's right)  
Bill Clinton rejuvenated us (yeah), all been the Bush's  
hoovernated us (stupid)  
Police will soon be chasing us (that's right), the streets  
they be afraid of us (yeah)  
From cutting up raw, from frying up coke, give a fuck  
about war  
We ain't trying to voting (voting)  
So if you draft me jail me (you hear that)  
Or better yet kill me (uh-huh) 'cause I rather go to hell  
b, and there's nothing you can tell me  
Cause we risking ourselves, just sit in the cell, over  
punk as nigga in cells (damn)  
All the grief in the cells, spin on shelves, I'm running  
out of time, cause I'm living in hell (yeah)

*[Jim Jones]*

By the, grace of Capo in this moment of silence, in the  
mist of the violence, the mist of tyrants,  
Flossing my diamonds.....yeah, by the grace of Capos  
nigga, you heard, that's two strong armies nigga  
Two under bosses we can't be stopped, we will not be  
brought down like the twin towers  
We some political soldiers ghettolutionists, we  
freedom fighters

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