

Jim Jones

"Zeke (Interlude)"

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Jim, Jim, Fucks up nigga nawmean, the beat all good
you feel me, Doin Me as Usual man, good looking for
that glock, but you know its glock time again, Set that
out for your boy, You Smell me? Fuckin Niggas Man, I'm
sick of all these piss ant niggaz up in here, got me hot
like lava in this motha fucka, Bout to slap slob out one
of these faggets that keep fuckin with me, word is
born, got all these coward ass niggaz sweatin like it
aint no A/C in this motha fucka, Fuckin With me
Freekey, Any motha fuckin way man, I aint even really
wanna holla at you about that bullshit, I really wanna
talk about that phantom shit you was talking bout, that
shit aint me son, word is born im too gangsta for that
shit, want no motha fuckin phantom, nawmean, I need
some low key inexpensive shit, you know wut I sayin,
Cop the boy a lil Ashton Martin or something, Black on
Black with the black tint, you know what im sayin, The
Rims, let me see, put my face on them rims, You know
what im sayin that's how I like to do it you know what im
sayin. Have all these bitches connected to my dick like
nuts. You know what im sayin, Its ya boy man, doin
what he does best, Fuck wit you hard, You know what
im sayin. I Fucked With You Hard Nigga, You Know
What Im Sayin, Get At me

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