

Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes

"Jackin' Bailers"

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[Frank V]

Who packs more heat than a little, no less than a lot
Who drives up your block with an unsafe glock
Spitting at these chickens till their hearts stop ticking
Won't quit till they relocate and start snitching
He was Brown but his car was black
And his hat was black and his gat was black
And when I release all you saw was black
Ese you're fucking with a homicidal maniac
It ain't so much gang related but cash related
If you messed with my money then you masterbated
Because you went and straight fucked yourself
You can have my bitch but can't touch my wealth
So if you ever try to stop the operation I'll be night
stalking
Till then you'll be a dead man walking
So pop your collar but don't stop a baller
As I cop a dollar and hop an Impala

[Chorus: Royal T]

Woop woop, homeboy jack them ballers
Homeboy flip them dollars, homeboy bounce Impalas
Woop woop, simon right now you're bumping the LPG
gang
Woop woop, homeboy jack them ballers
Homeboy flip them dollars, homeboy bounce Impalas
Woop woop, simon
This is going out to all these fake ass rappers claiming
to be ballers

[Mr. Sancho]

This is for these bitch rappers that be talking shit
Saying shit about Sancho cuz I'm all of it
They can't stop all of it and I follow it
And then I shit it all way putos swallow it
Bitch you don't know me, how the hell you gonna blow
me
Do it slowly cuz these haters fucking jealous about me
never being lonely
Now can you blame them, for you participating
invading my privacy

But it means nothing to me
Now can you see, Califa Thugs down to go bust
Showing all you player haters you got nothing on us
Open your mouth as I bust, you see me kick up some
dust
I'm always willing to make a million but it's all on us
You need to call on us, and bitches fall on us
But quit the hate on us, parcitipate with us
SD G's coming at you on the creep
Say your fucking prayers punk cuz you're in it too deep
as I creep

[Chorus]

[Chorus: Royal T]

Woop woop, homeboy jack them ballers
Homeboy flip them dollars, homeboy bounce Impalas
Woop woop, simon right now you're bumping the LPG
gang
Woop woop, homeboy jack them ballers
Homeboy flip them dollars, homeboy bounce Impalas
Woop woop, fuck all them levas
Only you and I, Low Pro homeboy, gonna get taxed

[OFI]

Suprise motherfuckers, OFI motherfuckers
Coming straight from the Southside motherfuckers
All of you know how I do
California Sureno Thug, grey and blue
Ooh wee, 13 SD
If you're down with me toss up your chronic sack of
weed
Blaze that shit up, eses keep that shit gangstered up
Time to drink up

[Royal T]

LPG gang, fool you can't hang
Royal came though the fucking scene to bang
Find a man likely to get the ass beat down
LPG gangsters, we ain't fucking around
We got straps and ends, friends in high places
Killers with no faces down to catch cases
Down to hit corners, down to get dirty
Fuck around with us you won't live to see thirty

[Chorus: Royal T]

Woop woop, homeboy jack them ballers
Homeboy flip them dollars, homeboy bounce Impalas
Woop woop, simon right now you're bumping the LPG
gang
Woop woop, homeboy jack them ballers

Homeboy flip them dollars, homeboy bounce Impalas
Woop woop, this song is going out
To all them fake ass levas out there homeboy

[Royal T]

Keep switching labels

What label you on this month homeboy?

And where will you be next year?

Low Profile Gangsters

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