

Just Jinger

"Communications"

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Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Just got off the jack with my son thats up north
Tellin me he's comin home, and how he's gettin off
'Cuz his game was weak, killed two months, he's back
in the streets
With new plans, to expand, to jerk his mans man
We had the ultimate stick up, drop, on the brick pick up
But yo he can't, 'cuz he's still locked up
Jump back on the horn 'cuz his vibe was strong
Contacted the kid and told him lets be gone
I talked to Poet first, yo son, I got a mish-shon
Grab the ammunish-shon, pump up your pythons
I know a spot where niggas gettin it, and we can flip on
Son they frustrate me, 'cuz these niggas pump with no
heat
They play the night time sweet, like they can't get beat
I got their address, to where they rest and stash their
shit
Yo, I peeped it out how we can creep, yo yo yo
These niggas stay sleep
Makin sales, smokin out, and they all get ?geeked?
Lets catch 'em zoning, brain under, high and headed
home and
When they least expect it, lets put the gat to his dome
He stuck the key in the door, we ??? four four
We pushed our way in, we wasnt playin
Ready to spray 'em, tied him down to the A.M.
Now we layin, for a beamer, and some bitch named
Fatima

Chorus: Prince AD

Communicate for the cake, polly for weight outta state
Down on digits on the Isle with son we can't be late
We got moves to make, flood the whole New York state
Time to skate to other lands to put food on our plate
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Down on digits on the Isle with son we can't be late
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Now we travel with the ?Crills Rock?
P, Noyd, Onslaught on the hottest road with a car
load'a shit
Isolated on ya whip, on the south I-95, lightin off and
more drive
?Diggy with the seats sung?
half a pie in the trunk with the music blastin
Clouds of smoke, yo this lifes no joke
We from QB son, we ain't tryin to be broke
We makin moves to where the money's at, get it up and
bring it back
New cats the boogie OT knew how to work it
Get the money, couldn't keep it 'cuz they jerked it
Bad habits, livin lavish, rockin front and cabbage
Tyrin to follow the leader, but paul paid for peter
The dirty south ain't the place to sign, son keep ya heat
up
I'm from NY, city slicker, beat'choo with the G quicker
Business so well I'll have your towns clientelle
Kyron but me on through the cell, my OT
Get that brick money son, I'll meet you back in QB
See we flee off, know how to gee off, know how to eat
off
Know how to make moves so we can keep the heat off
See we prefer to skate, to get this food on our plate
And keep our name low key on this New York state
You know how ?rule? quiet is kept, lets get this money
fool

Chorus

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