

Lisa Stansfield

"Local Jokers"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Too nationwide to be local goin' worldwide wid my
vocals

Comin' up on you bitches while all you bustas stay local
Remember the phrase that you wouldn't make it?, well I
made it bitch,
I'm gettin' rich you gettin' dicked off your producer and
click

[Verse 1: Lil Sko]

Straight from Shelby County
It's them niggas man shoot gettin' away from the
bounty,
Hunter cause I done a stang, it's whenever whatever
man
Gots to get me gold, but it ain't at the end ah the
rainbow
Thinkin' about me cash flow while sippin' on a Mickelo
I went for box Chevys prowled around big boy shit
lookin' heavy
See most ah y'all really can't rap
and get booted outta the industry like confetti
But keep it an' come steady, gots to stay about my
screela
Never known to be no killa but put that thrilla, in yo raw
manilla
It's raps last drug dealer, keepin' me path clear four
leaf clover
Knowin' one day I'll be flippin' my tricycle in, for a
Range Rover
See bustas know it's over, I'm runnin' over obstacles
like a tractor
[But what if somebody try to get wit you Sko?]
Rebel and it wasn't no factor

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Psycho]

Now I came up hard in the rap game tryna get my
motherfuckin' ends to meet
Got tired ah walkin' the streets and patch my feet all on

the concrete
Ten toes down do not fuck around, on this black and
blue part ah town
You best to grab yo tone when niggas wid gold teeth
come around
Now I might be the P, to the S, to the Y, to the C, to the
H, to the O
But I'm still about my cash flow so back up off me hoe
Now who's to say a nigga from the South ain't got the
right to be
nationwide?
?When moms put the game down?,
was the first motherfucka niggas see on tv's and wide
Chargepartnaz in the house, nigga run ya mouth
Nigga straight from the motherfuckin' Dirty South
We started this, so why you cryin' bitch
That's why we kick ya motherfuckin' ass out the click
Ya got anna joan, betta bring it on
Every motherfuckin' Chargepartna carry tone
Nigga bonafied, nigga sure to find
Ya click showin' up on record lable nationwide

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: C-Roc]

Feel me, comin' from the land ah M-Town to flex
And I ratter tatter tatter put ya down in the ground
And chomp up the Street Smart, Family
Are you ready to go to war?, can you handle me?
Every hater want a song when I'm down to clown
Jealousy'll will never get the best ah me I'm firin'
Enemies to the ribs, every motherfuckin' nigga gonna
feel it
Every gang, every cut, wanna ride wid a rut
Yet still, yet still I gotta tell 'em what's up
Straight from a Chevy, to the Lex, or a plane, to a jet
Sippin' Dom Perignon out a cup, enemy duck,
Never put trust in the ones that I ride wid
We stay timed to click up
Used to be bigger but I not scared
Plus I don't get what I'm livin' for will I corrupt
We comin' so clean on you haters and thinkin' it's love
But we worryin' for sets that are close
The gangsta boo family that gimme respect
Take they bitches and serve 'em we send to the door
And we bust if you don't know,
Get twisted by steppin' or vampin' a hation a Gs
Street Smart baby gimme the contract
Cause all the productivity will make it achieve

[Chorus]

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