

## Love Seed Mama Jump

### "It's In Me"

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\* for all corrections

Mmm, mmm, c'mon  
Ah c'mon, c'mon, c'mon  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon  
C'mon, c'mon, look, look

#### [Verse One]

When I start to spray, clear the way, or get knocked  
Cause once my thang cock, I then aim and pop  
I'm a donkey wodie, a untamed gorilla  
Wilder than real-a, T.C. representer  
Known for spinnin Benz, gettin about fifty  
Plus I'm quick to ride, and give it to you snitches  
I'm a no doubt fella, always have I always will  
Uptown fella, young and thuggin plus I'm real  
In my blood in my veins it be the way that I be  
All I know is killin, murder drama no peace  
Youngsta nineteen who got off the porch early  
I done did it all believe dat, ya heard me  
Whoever like testin look, don't you do it  
Cause I don't hesitate especially if you blew it  
Your set I run - through it, like a mad man  
Don't think I won't do it, leave your momma sad man

#### [Chorus]

Look here - it's in me lil' wodie to be the thug that I be  
It's in me lil' wodie to wear baguettes on Roley  
It's in me lil' wodie to wear - T's, 'Baud's, and Ree's  
It's in me lil' wodie - look here - it's in me lil' wodie

#### [Verse Two]

It's in my bloodstream wodie, to be the type that I am  
Sold gats split hash take a boy from his fam  
Nothin but streets, look - it's all that I know  
Knockin you off yo' feet, it's all that I know  
Drivebys and pull-ups I'm prepared every day  
Thuggin as usual I do dat every day  
Quick to roast ya, if you're not from round my way  
In the middle of the quarter in one of them hallways  
Quick to still ya yeah, I'm real I ain't fake

Leave that a murder scene in the middle of yellow tape  
Put a hole in your thinkin cap, you won't be thinkin no  
more  
Look, you'll be put to nap  
A youngster play it raw raw, and "X" ya out  
Me and my dog Rat quick to run up in yo' house  
Yeah I goes out cause it's in me lil' daddy  
When it's a coke drought I tote a semi lil' daddy

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I'm the one they're talkin about, original Hot Boy  
Lil' Turk wodie, run up and get shot boy  
With a long gun, AK with fifty rounds in it  
Ain't gon' be nuttin nice, when I'm spinnin and bendin  
Non-stop cousin, the chopper a fool yes  
Get your mind right, that's what it do yes  
Blood and brains, all over the streets  
is what you see dawg, messin with me  
I'll do you somethin awful split ya deep  
Closed casket you had front you for your peeps  
I get up then blast, somebody dyin tonight  
Load up the mac, look I'm ridin tonight  
I disguise like a woman mask over my face  
Gloves on my hand no evidence no case  
That's how I do it, look, do it smart and smooth  
If you don't want my trouble look, better be cool

[Chorus] - 2X

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