

Mike Heron

"Laws Patrolling"

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[Intro: Mike Jones]
Who?! Mike Jones [3x]

Shyeah!
Keep ya eyes open
For them jackers, baby
It's going down

[Chorus: Lil' Bran (2x)]
Even though the laws patrolling
Them jackers get rolling, so they can't out hold it
Cause I ain't about to go down

[Verse 1: Mike Jones]
They see me doing my shiit, that's why they in my miix
Jackers plotting along watching like I'm moving bricks
But I ain't move nothing, I'm on my grind hustling
Come at me wrong and my chrome gon' give you a
concussion
I love to ride fresh, but hate to ride with Tec's
But the way that these jackers roll up, knowing for the
best
With diamonds on my neck, bulletproof vest on chest
I got my own laws, I'm here to serve and protect
Myself, because they ain't finna get me
I'm in the club sober as fuck and you won't catch me
tipsy
Nigga! Yeah! I'm Mike Jones Who! Mike Jones
Who! Mike Jones

[Chorus (2x)]

[Verse 2: CJ]
The way that I pull up, I got the jackers lookin at me
24's and swingers, sold the candy and got me caffie
And I don't give a damn if they rollin', cause my top
gets folden
The AK I'm holding (Lil' Bran: Cause I ain't about to go
down)
Presidential when we ride with the trunk open heat,
clothes tryin' to jack playboy

You get three slugs to ya throat and I'm fo' sho' cause
they don't know
I'm on a mission to get paid
Tryin to plot or set me up you get ya whole block
sprayed
And I ain't knockin' ya hustle but a hollow head will hurt
In the heat of the moment, let's see if that heat gon
buck first
And I'm a aim for the worst to make a jacker fall flat
And if I do get jacked, you better believe I'm coming
back in all black
CJ!

[Chorus (2x)]

[Verse 3: Mellow]

I'm down the boulevard flippin', jammin' "Still Tippin"
See them jackers watching like I aint payin' attention
But really, I'm looking at them boys like they silly
Cause I know their handguns ain't gon' fuck wit this
Milly
Cause I'm a pistol packer for them jackers that try to
attack us
No need to call the po po, cause my fo fo gon' be my
back up
Act up: If you wanna and I swear you'll be a goner
I put it all on my mama, you niggaz don't want no
drama
It's Mellow, king of the hill, don't think I ain't holding
that steel
When I pull up in that Deville, you crumb niggaz better
chill
I'm from the streets I'm real, I grind hard for the scrill
I major without a deal, gotta keep it hot wheels

[Chorus (2x)]

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