

Cool Hand Luke

"Jingling"

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[Chuck:]

Uh... they jingling baby
Like keys in my pocket
When my hands in my pocket
Looking for my wallet
Motorcity technology Radsheed Wallace
Then move to Chicago for dollars like Ben Wallace
I was tryna be modest
But I done brushed my shoulders off so much
In the past months they looked polished
I'm just being honest
I'm putting on a clinic
Niggas dropping out of college to do it like we did it
And pigeon is always flocking if you tossin out bird
seeds
I'm in a lion's den with a stake they can't touch me
Plus me and Mikey
Do the right thing in these spike lee Nikes
Suckas they wanna fight me
Cause they girlfriends wanna guy just like me
You know what bite me
Hey they all like me
No sense of throwin punches,
Let's do lunch,
Man you like me too
Ain't no future in ya frontin.

[Chorus:]

Baby;
Ya jingling
Baby (right, right, right)
Baby (baby)
Ya jingling
Baby (jingling cassette)
(Ja jingling cassette) [x3]

[Mikey:]

Side seal the libet.
Lick thee envenlope and then send it to my niggas
Inside was a note saying that we got to pick up the pace
Cause there's too many rabbits tryna get in the race

Makes me sick in the face and stomach
Shoes ain't laced but they all tryna run it
Did it, done it, kick it, and pun it
Whatever it good however you put it
I'm a hundred dolla bills in a haystack cousin, want it?
You can have it long as you stop the frontin
See I be tryna pay MCs to behave
But they don't cooperate with me
And lately they been impatient
They don't like waitin
And that's why they hate on me
So dang, what they party always lame
They never had a hand like pains of old dames so bam

[Chorus: out]

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