

## Poison Clan

# "Some Sh-T I Used To Do"

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[ VERSE 1: JT Money ]

Wakin up every morning, pockets on e  
Fuck that shit, school ain't for me  
They just stoppin me from gettin dollars  
I dropped out, fuck bein a scholar  
I never did shit at school before  
Yoked up Uzi and headed straight for the airport  
Lookin for some bucks to grab  
Fucked around, jacked some tourists in a yellow cab  
With nothin but my bare hands  
Oh boy, look at me comin clean with grands  
Start touchin every day  
Can't nann nigga tell me that crime don't pay  
Bought me a auto with get-down 30s and cuts  
Crush seats and bitches on my nuts  
Talkin bout it's funny how  
A young nigga quit school gettin money now  
On a mission comin clean on a daily basis  
With pocketbooks and high speed chases  
Fat pockets swoll like they got the mumps  
Droppin bets to all the little chumps  
Throwin books to the hoes  
Peelin out in the school zone, burnin out my ( ? )  
See a mama and papa in the auto  
Nobody's untouchable, that's my motto  
Leavin no description for the police  
Cause all they saw was black guns and gold teeth  
And that describes every nigga in the jack game  
Goin down with a alias name  
They scared as fuck of a nigga like me  
Reached out and touched more people than AT&T  
Fuckin they world up, makin them curl up  
All in the street and they still gettin beat  
Cause that's the way I was taught  
See, ain't shit illegal until you get caught  
That's how I got the name J.T.  
Jackin Tourists for all they Money  
While niggas on the corner I'm in the house gettin laid  
I leave em sayin, "Goddamn, how he gettin paid?"  
For what I'm doin you don't need a look-out  
Grab the hoe, get the money, throw the book out  
I know my nigga Uzi'll get me away

Go to the crib, split the money cause in a day  
I'm outta there without a clue  
But yo, that's just some shit I used to do

[ VERSE 2: JT Money ]

Downtown, lookin for them dummies  
With wire tags and purses full of money  
Ask em for directions  
Bustin u-turns in the middle of the inter section  
I'm on they ass  
Comin fast and I see that map on the dash  
Bet your ass I'ma touch somethin  
But them funky-ass heroes make a nigga wanna crush  
somethin  
Fuck it, ain't nothin to it  
Now he finna see how the boys from the Crib do it  
(\*interlude\*)  
Got that book now let's go  
My nigga Uzi put that thing to the flo'  
Hit a few corners  
Make sure them punk-ass heroes ain't on ya  
( ? ) so let's flex through the projects  
Spend these grands and them Traveller's Cheques  
Now we got a little flow  
And I'ma keep the book so I can give it to a hoe  
Lets go round the way to brag  
To the niggas bout the book we snagged  
They know the boy gon' come through  
But yo, that's just some shit I used to do

Yeah

Yo, I wanna say one time for all the original jackers ( ? )  
My niggas Shorty T, Rick and Wayne  
My nigga Uzi, Madball  
One time for them boys out there in the city  
The boys Overtown, y'all know what time it is  
There's a few out there in ( ? ) Opa Locka  
One time for the streets that paid a nigga, Biscayne  
Boulevard  
7th Ave., 17th Ave., 27th Ave. 79th St.  
36th St., 46th St. 54th  
One time me and Uzi and 183rd St. we fuck em up  
One time for the one way 81st  
One time for the airport, hotels, gas stations, all that  
crazy shit  
One time for I-95, the perfect escape route

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