

Mike Jones "Laws Patrolling"

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Who? Mike Jones
Who? Mike Jones
Who? Mike Jones

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

Even though the laws patrollin'
Them jackers get rollin'
So they can't out hold it
'Cuz I ain't about to go down

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They see me doin' my shiit, that's why they in my miix
Jackers plottin' along watchin' like I'm movin' bricks
But I ain't move nothin', I'm on my grind hustlin'
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, knowin' 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
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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'
'Cuz my top gets folden, the AK I'm holdin'
'Cuz 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' 'cuz
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 comin' back in all black, CJ

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I'm down the boulevard flippin', jammin' "Still Tippin"
See them jackers watchin' like I aint payin' attention
But really, I'm lookin' at them boys like they silly
'Cuz I know their handguns ain't gon' fuck wit this Milly

'Cuz I'm a pistol packer for them jackers that try to
attack us
No need to call the po po, 'cuz 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 holdin' 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

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