

Young Zee

"Jack Mode"

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[Scratching: Sticky Fingaz] "Somebody tryin' to get robbed"

"It could be you, I believe"

[Verse:]

I get high and then punks is hit
I want dough from the Digga, I'm a wire your shit
Cause Maseen gave me shells and a black three eighty
I roll through your block and if you clock, punk pay me
I straight jack because it pays like lotto
I know you got loot, I want the cash and the bottles
I peep the scene and then tax 'em clean
Getting bitches for they dough at the MAC Machine
Me and Yah, all my niggas call us Two Live Crew
We hit Mickey Ds and get cars at the drive through
Fuck automatics, we wait 'til a stick come
Get him, hit doughnuts, and when the 5-0 come, DICK
'EM
Take them down Prince where they got no wins
Word to my Timbs, I want the amps and the rims
And fuck that, undercovers come and get snuffed
black
They shootout with my click cause we be busting the
fuck back
(Boom, bap, boom ahahahaha [gunshots])
Motherfuckers

[Sticky Fingaz:] "It could be you I believe"

[Verse:]

I'm known for jacking in the Tri-State borough
Taking little niggas on sticks if they thorough
We hit fools after school for they dollars
Then hit the college and hit punks for they wallets

We want everything from dough to clothes
Hit the train, go to parks and get 5.0s
I be making them drives, with the gats by my nuts
Like put it in first, and leave your foot on the clutch
I hopped out the Jack true, double like Yakoo
Came back in a 5-0 and had my man straight gaffled

(All right, step out of the car and put your hands on the hood)

[Verse:]

I had to think then evacuate
I hit a few alleys then hopped the gate
Caught the bus like damn, watch 5-0 try to hit him
And scare him to death until his mom comes get him
He's 17 so he might not snitch
Or I'm a air his ass out little punk ass bitch
Two weeks done passed, my black ass got drunk
Nodding on the ave, off a bag of funk
Like WORD UP, I start tasting Topp roties
Opened my eyes and got rushed by the Police
(All right, we got you now, don't make a move, we know
it was you, stay
Down)

[Verse:]

I bust one lip, tried to reach for my clip
Cause if I go back to jail I'm looking at a ten stick
I'm ready to die, cause that's what troopin' is all about
But they lit my ass up and I'm out (Gun shots)

[Scratching: Sticky Fingaz] "It could be you I believe"

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