

Mistah Fab

"Don't Jam"

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Put me in the game coach!

Ah, ah, pocket full of cheddar,
Wave bye to them bronets
And hello to berettas
That's a greedy, yeah nigga that's a greedy
Click, click, pow, that's a bullet flesh midi
And I'll arrange it I disarrange only zits
When I arrive man these lames is out of place
They get ghost like the clip hit they heart
D game, not the click you on a star
Cause when it's going man we going
All gas, no slow, pause brass, now howing
These niggas ain't knowing
And I'm learn them, pour heat nigga burning
Run before you talking and this bizness don't concern
him
So mind yours and get your mind knocked up
8 deep until these 9's pop out
And got to pop back, guns go off
Shoot off, shoot second
Whoever left, we can talk, wassup

[Hook]

Hard bases off, I got a gun on me
Unless your ass is bulletproof you better run from me
Throwing rounds on that thing will do you bad homie
And this motherfucker better not jam on me
Click, you better no jam on me,
And this motherfucker better not jam on me
Click, you better no jam on me,
And this motherfucker better not jam on me

... down the bliss and we be dissing just like Rudolph
G 36 on my hip when it's a shoot off
I'm flier than a g6 on the runway bout to take off
Pistol on my hip, you better think twice before you take
off
I'm gunning for your boss so pay the cost, you took the
loss
That's the price you pay when you fucking with a real

nigga
Keep a pistol on my side like police to kill niggas
No normal bro, I only fuck with real niggas
Tiny... locked up but his name's still ranging
Them niggas carry pistol but we don't hear no banging
Be careful when you in the streets and walk what you
claiming
Nigga go act shit when they out here hanging
Unload, reload, chopper make the niggas fall
Niggas know, nicky... bitches know my heart is cold
Heat niggas sucker freeze and probably make his body
froze
Make a bitch a little weezy like she born in holygroove

[Hook]

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Get your girl she ain't acting right
She don't know me, but she'll blow me for some
bragging rights
Cause I'm known for hanging with rich niggas
Busting bands and banging on bitch niggas
Ah, way sicker than the dude she with
Fly creeping on my 501 and Gucci shit
She get a little scared when the Uzzi kick like
Get used to it!
That's the bizz when you riding with a real nigga
We ain't hiding from no problems, we gonn' deal with
them
Hold the niggas I grew up with, I'm still with them
Get them inside the club, but I'm still with them
Ain't no suckers getting in with us
... only came to fuck a nigga up
Fuck with me and I'ma show you how a mobster do
In the paint till they free...

[Hook]

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