

J Lethal

"Amerikaz Most Wanted"

Visit "[Amerikaz Most Wanted](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I tried to tell these pussy niggas I ain't the one for the games
.40 cal hit ya face and take ya brains out the frame
Riding in my homie Honda, feeling like a big dog
Smoked out to the max, tell me can you see me
through the fog
I be blowing them trees, I be smoking on that sticky
My style is just sporadic, and my flow is kinda tricky
Wanted by everyone, cops and bitches included
Injecting realness to the game 'cause it's sounding too
diluted
You ain't nothing 'til you something, then every bitch
gonna want a piece
But it's money over bitches, how we do it in the east
Now, follow as we ride
Step to me with some bullshit, it will be a homicide
Will I rise or fall, I think the answer is obvious
Stronger than a locomotive, bitch it ain't no stopping
this
I shouldn't have to brag and tell you I'm the best
Guns open up your flesh like a key to a treasure chest
No mercy when we ride, no mercy when I bomb
It's J Lethal's time to shine, and bitch I'm going in
And I will not relent, I'm about to kill this beat with a
murderous intent
What you saying, what you saying, I will turn you to a
memory
White widow kush, tell 'em pour up the Hennessy
And witness me take it to another level
Niggas live in glass houses yet they still throwing
pebbles
I be sticking to my script, time to memorize my lines
Like a diamond in a mine, you know I gotta shine
The beast is the beast, I'ma let it run free
In a Tropicana Chevy looking like some Hi-C
I'm ill, I'm sick like a yeast infection
Any rapper wanna go point 'em in my direction
Got a fierce appetite, that's why I'm eating up the game
Switching swags like clothes, I know I know no shame
Jumping in and out of bitches like I'm on a trampoline
I be sipping on that syrup that make my body lean

Two twin cups, two twin blunts
Two twin bitches and I'm about to get 'em drunk
You know how I party, I be smoking on that skunk
Any nigga blow my high, he gone be riding in the trunk
I am fear-l-e-s-s, to put it mildly, I'm blessed not
stressed
And I plan to live my life, proceed progress
I'm a true workaholic, I don't need no rest
And I am the epitome
You can try as you might, ain't no getting rid of me
I suck a pussy, fuck a pussy, leave a pussy dry
I'm a mathematician 'cause I make the money multiply
Am I sane or insane, or so insane I'm sane
You need to elevate ya style 'cause you niggas
sounding plain
I'm a Eastside native, and I stay innovative
Told my bitch to give me head and she left my dick
abrasive
Yeah, she clean it all off, have a nigga feeling good
Roll my blunt, count my money like a real bitch should
My words get poetic like Langston Hughes
I'm electric on the scene, but I got a short fuse
I'ma tear the roof off like we having a tornado
Any boy looking stupid, place his brains on the table
The story of my life would be money, money, money
So don't call Jay unless ya got some for me, biatch

Visit [J Lethal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.