

Sammie

"Headin' 4 the Jack"

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[C-Bo]

Woke up at dawn got a page at five ten
Head still spinnin' off that Gatorade and gin
Stumbled to the bathroom, picked up my mobile phone
Hit power plus the digits now I'm waitin' for roam
Um shook my dick and on the line came Master P

[Master P]

I said what up Bo, I got a lick on some keys
And we gon' do this shit like G's so meet me in the Bay
I quarter mill in caine fool, so bring ya HK
And get cho' gloves cause you gonna get cho' hands
dirty
Leave them fools trippin' I mean cold turkey
And bring yo gat cause we gonna break em' to they
knees
And like you say Bo rat-heads get nothin' but cheese
And don't forget to bring an ounce of that sticky dank
So we be high as a bird as we hoo-ride on this gank

[Hook x3: Master P]

Headin' for the jack, strapped with the fat gat
Bo and Master P down to rat-tat-tat-tat

[C-Bo]

Got off the phone, been on for a half-hour
Dropped my draws hopped off and took a shower
Stepped out, put on my Guess and some K-Swiss
Backed my Regal off the grass on to the pavement
Hit I-80, west bound to Rich Town
Strapped with the HK-40 ready to put that track down
Spittin' that fire and niggas be retirin'
Runnin' up for application when some niggas ain't hirin'
I'm on a mission, takin' mine and gettin' yours
Like I settled for, it's nothin' but that hardcore
Me and Master P done hooked up on a murder hit
Two niggas hoppin' off in the drop-top straight servin'
shit
So fools, break yourself drop me off or get dealt with
AK cocked, one pop will make ya belt rip
I'm in it to win, can't no nigga get away from the

murder one rap
And we out to get some so it's best if you ride around
with ya strap

[Hook x3]

Dope in the car, they let the dogs loose to hound me
I'm headin' for the county, a hundred g's for my fuckin'
bounty

Cause I'm a killer with no heart
Mass murderin' fools bout to amputate they body parts
Like Jeffrey Dahmer, that ain't no drama
So here's yo ghetto pass, a one-way ticket to the
Bahamas

Ain't no love bitch, I thought chu' knew me
I sit with this ho and these 32 kids, that nickel-plated
uzi

Master P and Bo is headed for that big jack
Movin' to get cho' face cracked, infrared to yo back
Should I shoot, get him for his loot
No wait might hit him for his whole motherfuckin' suit
Shoot em' up bang bang, gotta let my nuts hang
Lettin' off rounds in my candy painted Mustang
Hit a lick for some snow and did a drive-by
Sliced it up and slanged it up on the setlike some
Muslim bean pies

Hit the highway with Bo back to the 916
Left the 510 cause we gon' double up to 26
Bumpin' 2Pac, motherfuckin' "Thug Life"
Reminin' on our dead homies all fuckin' night
It was a drought so we crawdad
I mean up the price cause this shit was movin' too
fuckin' fast

Gats cocked for the jackers
Rollin' with the shackers
Got this ho in the back talkin' shit, I just might smack
her

Pull over sideways I had to let the top down
Dank comin' out the car like steam comin' off the
ground
Now we on our way to Burbank
To the 213 and like B-Legit say it's gon' take three
tanks
So pull this motherfuckin' hog to the Philly station
Start the grapevine, seen this fool slippin' on triple gold
Daytons

[Hook x3]

[C-Bo]

Doors down, got an extra clip for the HK fifteen rounds
Adrenaline pumpin' as I lay everybody face down

Should I kill them, no fill the bag
He had more cash stashed off in the drop Jag
Slammed his hand in the door, torture will make him
speak
Cocked my hammer, jammed my barrel through his
fuckin' teeth
Got him coughin' up, pissin' blood
Cause a ballin' ass nigga didn't show no love
Nigga, motherfuckers be gettin' they head twisted
Ya best homeboy done turned into a rat, snitch, bitch
Got cha' jacked slapped caught up in the rat pack
While some niggas in all black, in some fake D.A. hats
Jumpin' out of rental cras, up on ya front yard
Runnin' through yo front door holdin' the four-four
Yellin' jack time, crack minds
And put this shit on record cause I can back mine

[Hook with various ad-libs to fade]

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