

SoulFly**"Some Shit I Used to Do"**

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[VERSE 1: JT Money]

Wakin up every morning, pockets on e
Fuck that shit, school ain't for me
They just stoppin me from gettin dollars
I dropped out, fuck bein a scholar
I never did shit at school before
Yoked up Uzi and headed straight for the airport
Lookin for some bucks to grab
Fucked around, jacked some tourists in a yellow cab
With nothin but my bare hands
Oh boy, look at me comin clean with grands
Start touchin every day
Can't nann nigga tell me that crime don't pay
Bought me a auto with get-down 30s and cuts
Crush seats and bitches on my nuts
Talkin bout it's funny how
A young nigga quit school gettin money now
On a mission comin clean on a daily basis
With pocketbooks and high speed chases
Fat pockets swoll like they got the mumps
Droppin bets to all the little chumps
Throwin books to the hoes
Peelin out in the school zone, burnin out my (?)
See a mama and papa in the auto
Nobody's untouchable, that's my motto
Leavin no description for the police
Cause all they saw was black guns and gold teeth
And that describes every nigga in the jack game
Goin down with a alias name
They scared as fuck of a nigga like me
Reached out and touched more people than AT&T
Fuckin they world up, makin them curl up
All in the street and they still gettin beat
Cause that's the way I was taught
See, ain't shit illegal until you get caught
That's how I got the name J.T.
Jackin Tourists for all they Money
While niggas on the corner I'm in the house gettin laid
I leave em sayin, "Goddamn, how he gettin paid?"
For what I'm doin you don't need a look-out
Grab the hoe, get the money, throw the book out

I know my nigga Uzi'll get me away
Go to the crib, split the money cause in a day
I'm outta there without a clue
But yo, that's just some shit I used to do

[VERSE 2: JT Money]

Downtown, lookin for them dummies
With wire tags and purses full of money
Ask em for directions
Bustin u-turns in the middle of the inter section
I'm on they ass
Comin fast and I see that map on the dash
Bet your ass I'ma touch somethin
But them funky-ass heroes make a nigga wanna crush
somethin
Fuck it, ain't nothin to it
Now he finna see how the boys from the Crib do it
(*interlude*)
Got that book now let's go
My nigga Uzi put that thing to the flo'
Hit a few corners
Make sure them punk-ass heroes ain't on ya
(?) so let's flex through the projects
Spend these grands and them Traveller's Cheques
Now we got a little flow
And I'ma keep the book so I can give it to a hoe
Lets go round the way to brag
To the niggas bout the book we snagged
They know the boy gon' come through
But yo, that's just some shit I used to do

Yeah

Yo, I wanna say one time for all the original jackers (?)
My niggas Shorty T, Rick and Wayne
My nigga Uzi, Madball
One time for them boys out there in the city
The boys Overtown, y'all know what time it is
There's a few out there in (?) Opa Locka
One time for the streets that paid a nigga, Biscayne
Boulevard
7th Ave., 17th Ave., 27th Ave. 79th St.
36th St., 46th St. 54th
One time me and Uzi and 183rd St. we fuck em up
One time for the one way 81st
One time for the airport, hotels, gas stations, all that
crazy shit
One time for I-95, the perfect escape route

