

Debbie Gibson & Keeth Stewart**"Only One Way Up"**

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[Jim Jones]

We set them presidents, to get them presidents
Over the ones that are dead, we'll put guns to your
head
Put dots on your loaf like you was wonder the bread
Sheek, Zeke, Hell Rell, and I got some in the Feds
I contradict what ever the government says
For them boys on my back wit them bugs by my bed
They still thinkin' that we coppin' sellin raw
Tryin' to put us through them Rico and them
Rockefeller' laws
I'm in LA the top down the pedals floored
Wit a hot stiletto whore, suck my cock tell the law
For all you faggots I see past all your cheap stares
Nowadays I see my past from a beach chair
I the fellin' so relaxed and refreshin' when chillin'
A total change from movin crack off the steps of the
buildin's
Rollin wit gangs in the back of the ' jects where the
killin'
In Park Ave. where young Chris body found
A number is all to add to task body count
Watch it boy they'll show you how that shotty bounce,
bounce

[Juelz]

I'm the most incredible, to ever do what you cats'll
never do, or be able to
I'm ahead of you, cause I spit like I never ate, and if I
did then I'm just never full
Stop the hoe jokes, I'm not a homo, better believe I'll
cock the 4-4
I ain't Mexican, but I'll stretch your man, yes I am a
fuckin' vato loco
I went from the pot with cocoa
To the block with cocoa
To gettin' locked, catchin' a charge dealin' wit the cops
and cocoa
Now I'm just hot like cocoa
You can catch me on the block, being watched, in a
drop

The same color as chocolate cocoa
I done walked in the street, with so much raw in my
sneaks
God dam, got home and had corns on my feet
I see the lord when I sleep, and often he speaks
He says Juelz you better than all of these creeps
So I got all my shit light, got on my shit right
Not a lot of them this nice
But the games funny so I gotta do shit right
So to the ball drop, and the world blow up, I'm a twirl
shit up
Until my peeps come home, Zeke come home, better
believe I'm a keep on beastin' on

[Cam'Ron]

Where should I began our pompous
A thousand wins accomplished
Known throughout the atlas, honest been accomplished
You'll be abolished
Men, children, women astonished
The Don is the one, jewelry way beyond it
Chunky blessed on the chest
Funky S when I dress
Thunder storm damn
Monkey wrenching' her fresh
But I cope wit the rain, mad I can't float with my dame,
down to the coastal wit caine
Maine, my boat is a plane
I land on the water, here I go boastin' again
I keep toast, give a toast, inhale smoke for the pain
Girls gone wild, nope
They goin' insane
All doped off the fame
Jump rope with my chain
Now thats off the chain, Ma take off your chain
the 40 will off your brain, kids will be lost and claimed
Cause of Walton James, now in the orphan game
Whether adoption or foster its all the same
Jim's the rider of riders
JR's the writer of writers
Juelz you know him well, hell he the fire of fire
I'm the supplier, baffled thats the hustler
Trife got a knife for that apple inside your jugular
The Big Apple, I tackle all the customers
Put it on the apple at the castle, come and fuck with us
And further more, got the birds of raw, I deserve a tour
Hey, hey holla' back, swallow that
Thats murda' whore
In a Persian turban, swervin', that Suburban mergein',
curvin', herb in the air
Yeah, yeah I'm hurtin y'all

See I crash and cop it, mash and mop it, blast a rocket
Natural born hustler, yeah crack I stocked it
Now my drugs are legal, so just pass the profit
Three months alone Sizzurp will smash the ' Notic
We them B boys in one year a quarter billion
Here come the clothin' line, I got your order children
And thats more than illin'
Long as the Lord is willin'
I'm a pour in millions, so applaud a villain
Killa

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