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Degenhard Franz-josef "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 thems 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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