

Zhigge

"Jasmine"

Visit "[Jasmine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse One)

Yo had me in the LQ
Yo shit was mad bumpin
Rappers on the mic was like settin off somethin
Now parties like this yo god
I like loughin observin everything inside my surrounding
Jasmine dancin wit this non-descrip sucka
Okay cool as long as the sucka don't touch her
Nigga
Get the urge and can't control his hand
Get a body bag cause "mauh" he's a dead man
She was coolin sportin my table
When the dance was done she like walked back to
money's table
I sat there like shit I can't believe this
I wish you was there big fella so you could see this
bitch
Sittin there boo legs wide open laughin gigglin smilin
and jokin wit homes
Like they use to hang out real real tough
He musta had a strong rap cause Jasmine looked
gased up
Sittin there played the role of a slouch
Just watchin to see how Jasmine played herself out
They sat there just talkin to each other
I thought this kid was alone he had five more brothas
wit him
Wit out girl's night ain't this some shit
If she don't recognize the game they can kiss this shit
They introduced theyselves one at a time
Saw 'em say how you doin so Jasmine say "fine"
I was laughin but there was more in store
I saw her get up and start walkin towards the front door
I rolls too god and walked right behind em
So where ever they go it won't be hard to find em
I keep a guard you now I thought I better
Plus I keep the stash deep inside the 8 pound leather
Open doors vale was on the ready
At the end Jasmine is gonna wish she never met me
We're off two cars speedin deep in the night

I'm doin 30 on the straight away 60 on the turnpike
For Jasmine

(Chorus)

Know that i've got Jasmine on my mind
Ohhhhh
Playa freeze while I pull out my nine
Know that i've got Jasmine on my mind
Ohhhhh

(Verse Two)

Word up ain't nothin changed but the weather
Still chasin them suckas in the '86 Jetta
Thinkin different thoughts still not understandin
How 7 people got in that fuckin Volkswagen
Enough of that god yo back to the chase
Yo man you should've seen the ruckus look on my face
Slowin down cruisin on the cool out mode
Then parked in front of his house on Gunhill road
Man I started to get out
Grabbed the rope and try to hang her
Before I let this posse drop shots gang bang her
They went inside man but I kept goin
Parked across the street wit out them even knowin
Got out the car still schemin the house
Tip toed around the back quiet like a church mouse
If the neighbors looked out the window
They would surely get leerly and scream like
"BAHANDO"
Police they would hold my fate
But they didn't so I creeped up the fire escape
I saw shadow's inside a bright lit room
Which appear to be two bodies dancin to a slow song
nigga
I got closer decided I should check it
I saw Jasmine and one of them kids dancin buck naked
So I got the gat so I have no interference
When I make my grand appearance
For Jasmine

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

I seen a red dot tryna lock on me
I can't believe these niggas tryna pull a pac on me
I admit they had the drop on me
Probably turned the burner around 20 degrees
So I could see
Who bust me

Who knocked me out
Who tried to choak
Who tied the rope
Who left me this bitch ass note
I'm disgusted the murder she wrote
Money she oaked all of my coke all of dope
Up in smoke
Made you follow me probably so mad you wanna hollow
me
But you won't be so lucky today so swallow me
Got your GS4 and your Bently rose took all of your
clothes
And 99 bottles of Mo's
What she didn't know is about the dynamite in the rose
And if I get close I'll blow her cause I got the controls
At the toll on the phone wit this bitch Nicole
Said she left you in some hotel out in the road
Room 112 penthouse sweet alumni
On the 12th floor in front of her door was one guy
On some Brandon Lee shit he wasn't handin me shit
Understand me he flipped bust the 9 and he split
Had my heat cocked busted right through the sheet
rock
How'd he drop he ain't the nigga I just shot
Whas goin on all of a sudden it was nothin no jokin son
Jasmine holdin the smokin gun
By the time I realized I caught two in the chest had the
vest
As I fell I'm not thinkin of death
Still fallin to a place wit more conscience though
Long enough to see her aim and put one in her throat
So I got up all shot up grabbed the Prada
Faggots probably towed my truck
You know how my luck
Hoped in bleedin to death turned left
Thought of Jasmine and how she went out to the death
For Jasmine

(Chorus)

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