

Gigi D'Agostino F/ Albertino

"Mississippi"

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Yeah! This one goin' out to all the hustlers out there...
Runnin' that shit back and forth, handlin' their
business...
Do what it takes to make it...Me and willie d about to
take a trip to mississippi on your ass...Check it out!

Mississippi here I come with three keys
My boys in the car full of fire arms
I gotta make that drop
I gotta outer-state plates so the cops are real hot
I'm off on no vacation
I'm not supposed to leave the state because I'm on
probation
I need a driver but who can I trust?
Not Greyhound they got norks on the bus
I need somebody with some balls who wont slip
Because I'm payin' 900 for this big trip
Got my boys and everything's on so far
Need a fiend with a creditcard
To rip the call, gave the fiend the 8
He was sold, loaded up the ride
Now it's time to hit the road
But here comes the tough part
I got a road to Louisiana, the dopeman's graveyard
So I stopped poppin' no dopes
Roadin' through hell I can't afford to have my eyes
close
Now I'm gettin' paranoid, spotted new folks
And they was comin' up real hard so I had to play it cool
Put on my seat belt and waved at them damn fools
Lifted my seat back putted on my locs
And told the driver dont stop till you get around some
black folks
Back in road, I got somethin' to eat
Down me a forty and got right back in the streets
Drove for a while, now we finally here
Took me a shower, fresh clothes, now I need a bed
Made a call to make sure that the drop was right
Cause I dont transact no dope at night
I kinda thought somethin' was wrong
Cause the fool I was callin' he haven't his ass at home

But hell I let it pass
I left him message and told to get back real fast
See, my boys want some brew and some butt
After all this drivin' Sho had to bust a nut
Waxed the ass then I watched some TV, gee
I got a call around three
I set the drop off to twelve noon
I did the freak again and put her straight out of my
room
Up the next morning, paid for the rooms we had
Loaded up my nine and rolled to the fool path
Got to his crib told my boys:
"Don't kill him low! Give him the dope!
Collect my money! We gonna hit the road!"
Put the dope on the table, started countin' my money
But somethin' was wrong, I'm feelin' kinda funny
Like this clown was starvin' for time
The whole while I had my hand on the crome-plated
nine
Yeah, I think it's time for Sho to leave
I took one step and heard: "Freeze! Don't breath!"
And out of the blue comes the things my mother said:
"I be in jail! All this dope would have me dead!"
I can still see my baby mama on the floor
On her hands and knees beggin' me not to go
Had my mind on the grip
Could paid any hustler in the hood to take the trip
Didn't wanna spend that extra paper
Bein' greedy got me gaught up in this caper
Now i'm face-down for the second time
Damn! I should had followed my first mind
Because now I'm in the cell where i'm gonna die
And Mississippi they get two years for P.I.
And the judge wont set a bail
I'm gaught up in this trap, the redneck hell
It had to be a set-up, see
Because the snitch I dropped the dope to was runnin'
around town free
While his bosses still stairin' me
But sits won't last
Because when I get out here I'm a bust a cap in his
punk ass
And till then I gotta stair these walls
Cause my moms phone don't except collect calls
County jumpers and some slippers
I'm stucked no luck
I should known from the start it was a set-up...

