

Grant Rice & The Empire

"The Jump In"

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[Male]

Kay everybody, shut the fuck up
Quiet down
I brought you hear today
These four putos say they're ready
I don't know, we're gonna see
Got S.G.
Panic
Luna
And Grant Rice
Vamos aver, ese
Cause once you're in, you're in
Empire
Es por vida, ese
It's forever...

Chorus: The Empire

Empire
Tell 'em that we here
Hands in the air, we ain't going nowhere
This is Empire
Tell 'em that we here
Hands in the air, we ain't going nowhere

(Verse 1)

[S.G.] Out the train, live native, also westside related
Kansas City born wetback
Mexicano pushin' trente
Heinos in the cycle, y'all was worried that I might go
Psycho in the time slow when recording in my silo
[Luna] Mr. Luna, A.K.A. Mr. Fuck-Yo-Ass-Up (Come here!)

Run your mouth
Find yourself
Tied up from the trunk
It's just a fact
Me and my dudes don't know how to act
You can't react
When this strap says BBBRAT
BBBRAT...

[Panic] Mr. Maniacal

Panic, the reason they runnin' scared
Got turrets
[All] FUCK ASS!
[Panic] Psychotically unimpaired
Came to battle with my brothers, the four of us back to
back
Wanna see if we got wuebos, we swingin' when they
attack
[Grant Rice] I'm G. Rice
Greased lightin' that speed like
A Datoya 500 while I'm truckin' through a green light
Eastside leaves, white trash, and spit
And best believe it, now repeat it after this
It goes

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 2)

[Grant Rice] I'm a
L.B.B.
Empire Regimer
That same breathes that shit, that stays with tech and
nina
I'm back, so pathetic
If I said it
Then I meant it
Get a medic, with anesthetics
Grant's gotta have something to shred
[Panic] I'm Empire mad seller, s'ain't a gang, it's a
legions (We legions)
An army with a reason to blade 'em, keep 'em from
breathin'
We got wetbacks, got niggas and white trash
It ain't about your skin, it's 'bout kicking your ass
[Luna] You're in the danger zone, you shouldn't hang
so long
Get knocked out, then make up before your paper gone
We the sickest click, middle finger to all the haters
Talkin' shit
We got dudes crazier than Al Queda
[S.G.] S.G. the cholo, loco vato from Missouri
You'll get buried in the park, while I'm sportin' all your
jewelery
I learned there's still a delta 88 when I was 12
Did it well in Armadale, I took a part and tried to sell

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

[Luna] It's especially painful when I send you to meet
the angels

Body, thoughts are mangled, then pulled apart
From every angel
Empire, original, critical how we get at you
West Port Elise, best believe, we can get rid of you
(Come on)
[S.G.] You can't fuck with a vato like me
I'll make you bleed if need be, just try and see (Aight)
Mira cabron, I'm never sleeping alone
I got a bitch that spits hollow tips, protectin' my home
[Grant Rice] Life in the trap is all I know, I turned a half
into a whole
Action packed, rats assassin with a magnum back and
hold
Position, I ain't givin' not a inch of what you know
About a kitchen, whippin' chickens, tryin' to get ya
scratch and grow
[Panic] It's our turn, we last a minute, we in it for fuckin'
life
Wipe the blood up out my face, get back in it, fist up
and fight
Twenty seconds left, adrenaline pumpin', no time to
tire
From now on, you see the clicka sound to call
[All] EMPIRE! (This is)

Repeat Chorus Twice

{*rachero howl*}

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