

## Jag

### "Gun You Down Tonight"

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Chorus:

So tired of the frontin now its all on the pride.  
I hustle from the bottom and im still on the grind  
my only way is forward it aint stopin me try  
and im gonna gun you down tonight.  
its all about respect u disrespectin my stride see  
now im gonna check u and u may not survive my only  
way is forward aint no stoppin me try and Im gonna  
gun you down tonight tonight tonight. im gonna gun  
you down

Jag: Fuck im about cash im from the school of hard  
knocks you out fast errthing come out yo mouth trash.  
use to bein in the hole like a mousepad and now im  
surfin through them house ads.

Jag hoppin out jags and every obstacle i outlast.  
You aint gonna treat this boy like a outcast.  
hell no fo' i sell out i sell sno,  
judge already paid nigga fuck i need bail fo?  
me and hood junes copin shoes compin melrose.  
money talk make it look like heaven in this hell hole.  
thats just how it is huh drop a little cheese on em.  
i see e on her i see me on her.  
Call yo friend a bitch ???  
? me hood and cash runnin 3 man weaves on her.  
You kno wat that mack bout bitches up in that house.  
Nigga holdin macks out. waitin fo you to back out.  
soon as you act out take you the backhouse.  
legs shot chest shot make it blow yo back out.  
stay around hella hoes cribs like the cathouse.  
twistin all heads to the ball till they past out.  
cause you only live once then you cash out.  
if you aint goin trough it now then you assed out.  
Check it, im just sayin the facts i been the best i  
was playin the back that keep change.  
they say this rap shit failed we need change got me  
wonderin while labels keep lookin at me strange.  
Cause i aint from a big ass gang wit street fame.  
Cause i aint got a big ass chain like t-pain.  
well i mean it though this aint the game i got the  
meanest flow hot every season o errbody breathin o.

i wont stop cause the top is where i need to go see  
im addicted to this crack man i need to blow.  
Logically you aint hot as me im spittin prophecies.  
like an einstien philosiphy when i roc da beat.  
heavy on that jag shit streets need a new sound.  
see even vince carter ready fo some magic so far  
ahead  
you aint ready for my last shit overnight average im  
classic... jag. i make stadium music we takin ova homes  
i lost me fam real lif souja homes.  
twenty two you kno its on i kno how to hold a chrome  
tell em shop anywhere life is like a mobile home.  
stylin in a coop cute shoes lookin overgrown.  
i kno how to post it on kill the game ova gone.

Chorus

Cassidy:

Im crazy and deranged my mindframe is insane im.  
rich cause i pitch caine and rhyme at the same time.  
the game mine.larsiny fam its gametime.  
so throw yo l's in the air like its a gangsign.  
a ganga times i came on yo babymom.  
evertime she not watchin yo son its cum stain time.  
I stay high i got hangtime you got sticks and seeds  
in ya weed we dont smoke the same kind.  
its gon be hard fo yo lungs to contain mine.  
cause i blow is haze you blaze the lower grade.  
im underrated but im overpaid and if 30s the new 20  
imma rap till im hova age.  
im fightin fo the top spot i could flow for days.  
cause even bacon and sausage will fight ova eggs.  
u so afraid you aint got no heart im in the club wit  
my diamonds on poppin open ace of spades.  
poker deck coke get stretched and cake get made.  
if you try to walk in my shoes you prolly break yo  
legs. Im hotter than a fat man gettin chased in the  
suade. sweat pants a mink coat and a cotton hat.  
on top of a stocking cap who hot as that.  
and ill pop a gat and air you out like you got a flat.  
no im not a rat and i done sold alot of crack.  
im from philly but im really where ever the dollas  
at. im not exaggeraten i just bought a house on the  
block that wont even pop up on the navigation.  
i aint fabricaten or makin up shit dog you aint in  
my pedigree you on some mutt shit.  
Im on some red nose pit bite you the fuck up shit.  
im on some tie you up shit slice u the fuck up shit.  
you on some nut shit ridin on a nigga balls.  
pause aint no room left in a nigga draws i got this  
chick i mess wit yeah da bitch a boss.

we ran through more snow den mr and mrs clause i  
sold  
dumb work but my freedom come first i wanna put in  
gun work but gotta put my sons first.  
cass said dad will da bloods kill blues clues i hope  
the crips dont kill clifford cuz he a cool dude.  
and will dey force diego to join da latin kings my  
son five he tryna learn wat shit actually means its  
tough cuz how da fuck u posed to answer dat he ask  
questions dats hard for me to answer back but cancel  
dat ima switch da topic different subject im down wit  
a denver nugget and da bitches love it its like i played  
for da denver nuggets bigger budgets,  
bigger cribs, bigger cars,  
bigger dutches, bigger diamonds and bigger guns u  
niggas  
suckas i run da town wen im around i cause a bigger  
ruckus cuz i ball like dem and 1 mufuckas and i keep  
my hand on my handgun mufuckas u a damn dumb  
mufucka  
my thang bang like travis barker on a damn drum  
mufucka.....im  
done mufucka

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