

Jagged Edge F/ Run , JD

"Savage Journey"

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(Fuck da law)

Hook: x3

I don't give no fuck bout the law
Law don't give no fuck bout me
Fuck da law
Fuck da law, haw

Verse 1:

You can catch me morning up early
Beating that rooster yawne
The last rider
Shoot 'em up bang bang from Orange County
Me likes it dirty
My eyes tittly tight on this savage journey
Sipping on Moon Shine when I'm thirsty
Beef Jerky done kilt my munchies
Packing two Colt 45's in this land of wild coyotes
Blood money savages
None of them who really know's me
Creep niggas them boys be plotting on my gold pieces
They show hating the stagecoach with the gold
Daden's
Peanut Butter gutts like Reese's and horse's with gold
teeth'es
They curious about me
So da law starting to sweat me
I's the new face and town and all the broads starting to
crowd me
But me see's them not
Cause I now its part of the plot to play me close

Hook: x2

I don't give no fuck bout the law
Law don't give no fuck bout me
Fuck da law
Fuck da law, haw

Verse 2:

I'm at the town saloon tiddy bar
Where the local's go to get fucked up
Mister bartender double me up with your finest stuff
Granddaddy's the name here's a fifty keep the change
And don't mine I need a little information
Bout a train that's coming in
Transporting prisoners
And I could use a few good men
Like my Uncle Mike, Daren, Lisa, Lil' Ayah now what I'm
sayin'
I wanna know the first arrival
Coming in due South from Live Oak
And it stay's between the both of us
Cause I don't need no hassle's
From these nosey ass town folk
And that redneck ass sheriff
And I'm knowing that he gotta job to do
But why should I let 'em stop what I gotta do
So I'm stomping kicking up dust in my rattle snake skin
boots
Desperado let's start some shit
Blow up the courthouse in Orlando

Hook: x2

I don't give no fuck bout the law
Law don't give no fuck bout me
Fuck da law
Fuck da law, haw

[Talking]

Man don't hold yo' mouth open looking like dat there
Shit, y'all know it ain't no damn secret
how the police been treating my people for many damn
years
Y'all crackers come round to my neighborhood
Acting like it's y'all's
Gotcha hands all in my muthafucking draws
Man what the fuck wrong wit u?
Fuck y'all

Verse 3:

A crooked judge and a racist jury
That's just every black man's story
So we holding grudges
Screaming fuck 'em
And all of the Orange County judges

And with little remorse
I'm choking triggers
What ever to free my niggas
Shhh!!!
Better whisper because some of the listeners be house
niggas
Field niggas
Florida DOC niggas
Now them da real niggas
From Brunstown to down south with a DC number
Riding out
Now how about 'cha
Give me my forty acres and my million
No good
Good for nothing
Sons of bitches
Trailer trash
I be collecting the stash
The ammunition just waiting for revolution
Hold yo fire
Black on black, it's dem crackers we need to be
shooting
Suck up yo pride like vacuums
I'm getting tired of flaws in black suits
No matter what set you claim
It's a savage journey for all of us
Whether you live in da street or Beirut
Them crackers ain't got no luv for you
Look at all the bullshit our folks went through
For equal rights for me and you
I ain't asking for no favors
But just don't harass me
Cause you black cops be the worst cops
Y'all niggas is voodoo
Fuck you

Hook: x4

I don't give no fuck bout the law
Law don't give no fuck bout me
Fuck da law
Fuck da law, haw

Fuck da law (fuck da law)
Fuck da law y'all
X2

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