

The Gone Jackals

"You'll Never Get Next To Me"

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Verse 1 *(Madd Maxx)*

Now who's next for platinum spotlight?
You know who it is
Maxx and Gonz takin over the mic
Flippin the script
Reversin Town styles of my life
Live in the ghetto
But still livin the life that is trife
So fuck a knife
I'm using the gat on Mobb imposters
Layin 'em down wit choppers
They never could stop us
Breakin 'em off they drop us
For tryin to knock us
Hustlin ass backwards
Dishin out my products
Under the Oakland initiation
The death penalty is what you facin
Life sentance, incarceration
For fuckin wit Mobb affiliation
Nigga the Paraphanil
Contraband infiltration
Anatomy of my alliance
You won't defiy it
So watch you get broke down when niggas cause riots
Hold them hostage make the snitch keep quiet
Talkin bout, you don't know shit
I don't buy it
You fuckin wit real niggas that's all about the cheddar
Carry Barrettas
Under my sweater
I'm tryin to make a mill ticket to make my life better
And if I gotta go down like Scarface, then whatever.

Chorus *(Mr. X)* 2x

You'll never get next to me
So you can't see what I see
I can't trust nobody, while I'm out here on these streets.

Verse 2 *(Gonzoe)*

Why I'm like this?
Look at the world in the face and spit
What the fuck provoked me to write this?
Lookin at my gun thinkin "this it"
'cause this bitch done took my son, thinkin he an object
She trip
Because I'm lonely
Wit a new fifth
Mad at everybody drunk
Tryin to stack a grip
Fuck y'all!
Sayin y'all friends
Deniyin my collect-calls
When a nigga behind in walls
That's why I'm like this
See I was raised wit a twist
My mama sold dope and my daddy was a pimp
That's my script
Sold my first brick in 10th wit Chris
Juss tryin to get some paper off the strip
That enabled my hustle
Everyday on mind
Lost in life wit big shit define
Why?
I don't give a fuck
Niggas flaggin me down
I never don't stop
All they want is questions and ask stupid stuff.

(Chorus) x4

Verse 3 *(Gonzoe)*

Here's to the lasting song
Wit death the day after
When I'm drunk
It helps makes the time fly faster
The world passin me by
Fuck it, I'm high
Say "I won" for the hell of it
Watchin the other side
Why should I?
Think like the others
I'm like murder
Only say I'm trippin hella pistols hella come out
Realistically
Never got caught
But statistically
You 'posed to knock on wood

'cause eventually it's tough
Tuckin the sheets in my bunk
Gettin ready for lock up
Caged up
Niggas givin a fuck
This for the total mayne
Niggas rollin the Daytona's way
I got "Thug Serenade"
For niggs to prominate
An get paid
I'm watchin ya'll, change your ways
'cause you on some other shit
Takin shit these days.
Hey!

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