

Tyler Collins

"J.A.Y.O"

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Jayo: What, what, what, what? To all my niggas and females who don't give a mad ass fuck: Get your shit, cause we ride tonight! Any questions? We just against y'all oppressors. So all you house niggers stay in the motherfucking house. Cause y'all ain't got no business outside anyway.

E-40: E-40, Ice Cube and Jayo Felony
E-40, Ice Cube on my 619 doing my work
The Super Bowl was at San Diego
Sitting back with Felony, Jayo
I ride high speed and shoot-outs with the fedder (fedder)
25 worth of ledda, nicknamed Bambayona
Belted like the rifleman
Call me Chuck O'Conner
Gliding, heading towards Mexico
Sliding, with an empty bottle of X.O.
Riding dept play for kept find out where they slept
Scotch taped to the neck
Slid on out like a vet
Big old, gigantic West Coast niggas tripping on they set
Underbuckets, new toys, looking out for the Elroys
Decoys, d-boys, searching for destroys
Cocaine for the bitch made
Heart pumping cool-aid
Sorrow but Simple Simon ass niggas that call theyselves timin'
Dictionary rhymin, Princess Kadymin
Pay me no mind and 25 worth a day grinding
Clockwork, all about my dirt calls
D.J. your party because I got scratch like Red Alert

Chorus 2x (Jayo Felony):

We just against y'all oppressors so don't try to oppress me/Hold me down
and arrest me/Causing me problems and stress

me/Why these punks wanna
test me?/Why these punks wanna test me?/Why these
jealous motherfuckers
wanna stress me and test me?

Jayo Felony:

Picture about me rolling through the country
With a spaceship on gold D's, taking over the world
Scooping up violator parolees, smoking hash and
chronic
And I'm looking loc'd out in my chucks
Cube right behind me, throwing Westside up!
Not giving a feez-nuck! What?
I'm crushing my competition
And you'll soon find out if you're dissing
Come along!, from the bay to the S.D., We stay on a
mission
My destination in this game is to have the whole world
love me
>From geri-curl and go-tee and have them stop the Old
E.
My 3 wheels and my g's and your supposed to check
out my melody
Trying to get a salary, hoe give me celery
Fool, I'm Jayo Felony
Never stay hungry like my thugs and my hustlers
Throwing high signing and I'm touching ya
Put em in my zone and my mold
When I explode, no time to reload
>From yo God, to word up, loc, we got it sewed
With the E and the W, slanging them over the boulder
shoulders
Much love to the north and the south
Let's take this over
Navigators and Range Rovers, don't test me!

Ice Cube:

Uh, uh, uh, uh
Ice Cube forever, bigger and deffer
Fuck the oppressor
Possessor of a mini 14 behind my dresser
Faze one, blaze one, the representation of my nation
It's Jay one on the spray gun springing leaks
In your physique, got nines on you as we speak
Laughing loud as we eat
You fucking geek in a wire
Test the fire attire
That ass, go through the broken glass
Niggas mash and ask, I'm the last emporer
The temperature, heated, remain undefeated
We waited, we greeted by the motherfucking law

In the south they say "Get out the fucking car"
It's raw, E-40's lyrics fucking caviar
I believe these dirty pigs know who we are
If they pull something start dumping
Don't say nothing
And if they show it on real t.v., my niggas love it

Chorus 2x

E-40: See, there it is there. So be it. And you better
know it. E-40
Fonzarelli aka Charlie Hustle, that nigga Ice Cube and
my big potna out
the San Die..San Die..San Di-leggo my motherfucking
eggo bitch! Jayo
Felony. We slide out in a luxurious ass Winnebago,
Winnebago,
biiiootch!! Perkin, up in this ho, nigga.

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