

6'4 like Nintendo
It's Jimbo from McNichols
Yeah, GTO
Yeah, from the power glove
Blocks
227
ConCreatures
Dirty glove
Pull out them hot rods
What up, Chip\$?

Don't worry 'bout it my dude, it's cool
I'm still chillin', doin' what I do
On Hell block and McNichols with Rick Rube
Feeling like a million bucks, Uncle Scrooge
Jump fresh as fuck, the number twos
Bunch of trillion cuts flooded the jewels
The truck rimmed it up, look at the shoes
Riding 26s and up, put up them tools
Gotta hit me in the dunk, I can never lose
Might catch me with some Chucks and a pair of Trues
How I throw them hooks, you think I'm Larry Holmes
Blowin' on that kush, call me Larry Hoove
Different strokes, different folks, Gary Combs
Stranded on death row, I think I'm Harry-O
Got that hammer cocked, Super Mario
From the Hell block to the burial
I'm on Six Mile, Mary Grove
I think I'm Spice One, and it's the murder show
Lights out, curtains closed
From Otta drive, to Curtis curb
I'm in that White House, with the curtains closed
And a ounce of dimes, first through the third
With the night owls, flipping dirty birds
The early bird get the worm in the dirt glove

This that HBO, hill block original
I play the role in real life, I'm a criminal
Really though, this that HBO
Hell block original, gangsta show
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It's me and Boldy boy, you don't know me boy
I'm G.T., Dirty Glove ent
I love when niggas talk, but don't get it
I just talk to the plug, he told me sit and stay chillin'
I'm with it, everything come to a patient nigga
Fast money get it all day like I'm racing nigga
And I even have to run shit
All I had to do was hustle, run through zips
Stack and bubble, take them trips
I know I might get in trouble, but I take the risk
And I pray every time I hop inside
Zip my lips, keep God close, flip the cops and ride

When I get close I'mma call my ride
Fuck that I'mma call a cab it's too hot to drive
I'll meet you there, you know I got the shit
GT bring that shit home, I'm about this shit

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Niggas thought I fell off just took a minor loss
Came back in the Benz bumping Diana Ross
Seen your bitch at the bar, she thought she seen a boss
Sipping champagne, lobster and linguine sauce
You just a 10 piece nugget nigga
Go ask your boss to make your budget bigger
Garbage pail full of Kush and a jug of liquor
And make any bitch forget them other niggas
See I'm the only one she think about
Money on my mind I ain't got shit else to think about
Pros over hoes you get iffy and you bring 'em out
I'm having sushi, with a singer slash model
And she ain't never told her parents she dropped out of college
Face like Halle, body of a goddess
Fucked up bitch, probably end up stripping
Fucked up bitch, probably end up tricking
Cause niggas fucked up, and they ain't tipping
Hard to find a group of niggas getting money who ain't snitching
Everybody fucked up, yeah that's fucked up
Why these little niggas masked, yeah that's what's up
I'm in the kitchen cooking, got the stove on
These little niggas fully loaded with the gloves on
The boys from the drug zone pull the gloves off
Make a nigga heart stop no love notes

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