Mr. Jones

Fiend

Stayin' for the money
yeah uh
gettin' baby y'all

Mr. Jones way of the world I'm bitch pressing in
you're green like what raps to chocolate in the pepper ment
capel to G I represent you ain't this and never been
talk shit but nobody remember when
me and them shoppers get loaded behinds in
who's dying for five dollars imagine behind rin
boys so scared be founding they all shit
nobody gonna snitch so free months she gonna get
long I need that money right now
I would give for G..for the set now
or drop driving gotta come correct now
OG on the OG is on deadline
you can look huh, get your respect now,
seat that hokers we knew you wouldn't expect huh,
new money streets like joints with nectar
she love that the rike hate that hacker,
city care forgot I was raised in in my dirt
I take it to my grave in,
but them nights and the days in waitin
nothing rolled up and they came in, blazin,
you rose trudos new clothes, new hoes,
as I'm twisting up reflecting on my two goals,
get paper than get just some more of it,
leave your conscious at home like so I f*ck it.

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