

# THE JURY DUTY SEAFOOD BOILBAG FROM THE LYFE JENNINGS PAPERWORK

\$ilkMoney

Woo

You died and decomposed, fertilizer 'neath my feet and which made me to grow  
No need for heat, I'll eat this pizza cold  
A nigga reachin' old, but I'm probably still young enough to freak Keyshia Cole  
And for the feature, I'ma need at least an elitist soul  
This shit'll leave a nigga fleeces gone, you know what we be on  
I'm with a skeezer gone posted with a P of flown with Cheeso on speakerphone  
The TV on, but I can't hear it 'cause she keep screamin' Aaliyah songs  
I inked this scheme in bold, but you couldn't read what the teacher wrote, so, nigga, leave it 'lone  
For this next bit I spew, I think I'ma rap just like Kendrick too  
Emphasize my T when I spill it on words like "tennis shoes"  
Sympathize thy plea with all of the bitches that tempted you  
Ten tens will tenure you a hundred, so ten and two  
I threw a hologram in the sky so they believed my lie  
Introduced the weed to the shroom tea, now I'm Evel Knievel high  
Couldn't foresee my reasons why when blinded by evils is speedin' by  
For speakin' without the talking stick, I'll reach with Shakita and lean you twice  
These keys is for free, no beatin' the price  
If you seek, you can keep what you find  
Peacefully sleep with the piece by my side  
Like the steam next to me is my bride  
I arrive finally for my piece of the pie  
You'll fry tryna be what you not  
I'm four feet high aside the four-  
three line tryna see what's behind, nigga, I'm

All about bread, ain't even gotta say it, bitch, this a dinner roll  
I'll send 'em home, get 'em gone fitted in Kenneth Cole  
Assemble mode, get your issue printed in glitter gold  
This a pick and roll, bitch, we bigger than Doug Dimmadome  
All about bread, ain't even gotta say it, bitch, this a dinner roll  
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Niggas'll ketchup your wig like Wallo, kid  
God ain't gotta say it's his  
They know it is 'cause apostrophes written in the style he picked  
Get your abdominal horizontally split  
Nigga, this standup, not no motherfuckin' Druski comedy skit  
For all the facts sung, alphabets hit me with the heart-attack gun  
Then zapped me back up, then gave me my file with data redacted in black with a cap caption  
Detractors false-flag attack to distract us  
When a symbol flash, we enact once  
Niggas ask for back up if tasked to combat us  
I'll single-handedly take down the singularity  
'Til my bare hands'll bleed  
Removin' the red wire carefully  
Eyes blinded by sweat and can barely see  
While on the phone with my bitch, she swearin' she cherish me  
And rollin' a spliff lit from the kerosene, so bear with me

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