

Jungle Love

J Dilla

Yeah
Guilty Simpson
My nigga Med
J Dilla
Raw Shit

Prolific
Flow might blow, listen
Get Zooted, banging that dope music
My mind is set
This year niggas better step it up
I get the job done way before the check is cut
I don't wrote write raps for free
If I did, I won't make it like Shaq from three
My motto is simple
Without that loot
Your instrumentals stay instrumentals
A blind man could see the kids potential
And take notice so I grind and stay focused
If I was any hotter
I'd drink straight vodka, spit out flames, and piss lava
That hot fam, try again
That's why I got hoes like firemen
You could plug them up to hydrants
I should push a big red truck with sirens
Got a flow that'll stop beginners
I mall y'all a shopping center
Every time I yell I say
J D-Troit I to the L-L-A
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J D-Troit I to the L-L-A

With that raw shit
Turn it up loud in your car shit
Finger tips split that cigar shit
Let's smoke nigga
Holler at cha man's
I'll smoke with cha

J D-Troit I to the L-L-A
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I bang nothing but that, raw shit
Nigga bang on the wall piss
From the noise and the blunt saying
With a chick getting blown like a trumpet
For wondering how I stand still and still run this
Full stomach hunger in the eyes greedy
In your speezy
Take shit like
Nigga you don't need these
Titles and mics
Homie you don't need these

My CD
Pack like 6 niggas in a Sea Breeze
I flow so sick and won't sneeze
with no cheese
Rap Gs
Rubberband one hand
I part your gold teeth
J Dilla my nigga
I call him OG
The street symphony
Epidemy
The underdog who grind hard for the victory
Get them weak rhymes out a my face
I clap 16 bars that might catch me a case
I'm back
Don't stop til my lungs collapse
Til then close your eyes
Nigga imagin that