

Don't Know What They Took Him For

Jim Jones

You gotta stay sharp out here
You gotta stay in the loop
Can't do what you did yesterday (Heatmakerz) if you wanna live tomorrow (Crack Music)
Uh huh, Jones

It's not a weapon they can form against that will prosper (Pray for me)
I been whippin' foreign Bentley's with an ill posture (Skrrt-skrrt)
Solacia, I know some deadly rosters
I been dancin' with the wolves, it's like Kevin Costner (You hear me?)
Bakin' up them cakes, it's like Better Crocker (Fact though)
I could give it to you hard if you already rock (How you want that?)
But keep it low 'cause you know you don't want the feds to pop up
On the real, with all this money, only the feds could stop us (Chill)
On Birthdays was the worst days (Woo)
Now I might pop eighty grand on a Thursday (Count that up)
2.2 pounds is what the birds weigh (Hold that weight)
If I'm a pastor, please tell me what the church say (Amen)
Heard you, be cool when I swerve through
Call them goons up, them niggas gon' purse dude
I done lived through things that might disturb you (Disturb you)
Facts

Promise, this ain't the life you lookin' for (No way)
Searched my car but I don't know what they lookin' for
Secret indictments but I don't know what they took 'em for (Damn)
I see mami in the kitchen, she was cookin' raw (Uh oh)
The trap house with the trap door (Skrrt-Skrrt)
Packed house, now we comin' through the backdoor (Whip it up)
There was black tops rockin' the black fours
Now we hoppin' outta drops with the mac doors

Nah, that title does not fit you (Nah)
The culture is not with you (Uh uh)
Your verses are not scriptures (No)
I was a first and fifteenth block clicker (I was)
In the spot with the blicker, the plot got thicker (Yes)
I only indulged in weed then, not liquor (That's it)
Tried to have the best work and finish my rocks quicker (I got it)
Prices got cheaper (Yeah), the hill's all mine (All mine)
Now that the work that I'm touchin' could get me some real time (Raw)
I kicked it with the Lord, he sent me some real signs (Change)
I started to record, I wrote with some ill rhymes
It's a love and hate thing, I'm dealin' with real lines
Now it's two guns up, so I got the concealed Nines
They wait for you to die then they label you a legend
I'm debatin' on a new M8 or the X7 (Fire)
Figure either one'll be a good look (Yes)
Count my blessings, get my lessons out the Good Book

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Hah, look

Fifty-pointers in the chain just to hide the pain (Bust that)
Tryna count up all this money probably wreck my brain (Probably will)
Free that nigga Nef and free that nigga Mane (Free my niggas)
'Cause all my niggas in the system probably go insane
Real street nigga, worked a few M's (Sick money man)
Rappin' real street shit, dropped a few gems (Hey, did you catch that?)
I know them niggas mad I'm a new Benz (I know they mad)
Fuck it, spend another dime on some new rims
Niggas from my hood die from niggas from my hood (Swear to God)
But everything I learnt came up out the hood (Seminary)
I took my niggas with me straight up out the hood
But they'll call you fake you make it out the hood
Bitches turn sour, nigga turn snake
They shuttin' off the power when the payment late
When you broke niggas love you, when you rich they hate
They plottin' on your death tryna set a date

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