

## Eastside

Jim Jones

Capo I got these niggas  
Harlem you know how that go  
Eastside

Revenge is only natural, time to get even  
We pick and roll, winter cold time to switch seasons  
Trip to Belize, 100 keys'll leave your kids bleeding  
Balmain sweatsuit, tryna hide it, the grip peaking  
Came from a hole in the wall, crack in the concrete  
I want Giuseppes, not no LeBron sneaks, my palms read  
Cash in my future days, thinking about my past life  
Model bitch'll blow me like a bagpipe  
19 they said I was a criminal, I just didn't get caught yet  
Think I got a warrant out cause I ain't been to court yet  
30 bricks'll have you paranoid just like raw sex  
Used to do Gore-Tex, come to Harlem, we all fresh  
Capo told me these niggas is in denial  
Forgot what river we left his body, think it's the Nile  
Tom Ford flight jacket, prices ain't coming down  
Cook and smoke on them trips, turnpike with a couple pounds

Chill, chill, chill, you making it hot  
My whole block got indicted, they just raided the spot  
I just woke up in the kitchen, I was scraping the pot  
I got it from my plug and took it straight to the block  
Chill, I heard they confiscated the trap  
They said the feds was on his ass when he was making a trap  
They gave the nigga 10, I hope he make it up top  
They said the nigga turned Muslim, now he making salat, chill

It's a queen B in the Supreme J's  
Cross [?] where the fiends play  
Uptown, Rucker park, I seen Kareem play  
I'm talking Big's verse one is where I seen Jay  
The Lord knows he put me where Rich Porter at  
I sold drugs from as far as where Florida at  
And when the coke was bad I still brought it back  
I had the fiends losing weight just like a [?]  
L's copped the white Spur that I just bought in black  
I took the rental down south, I never brought it back  
I'm calling plays in the field like a quarterback  
The feds setting up a blitz but I sold the trap  
In Harlem in foreigners I still ride blunted  
The [?] was that I lost, that was 500  
I stayed fresh, I keep the hammer between  
The belt with the jacket, Alexander McQueen  
I'm hopping out the back but they handle is mean  
I used to dribble but I still gotta handle this mean  
Shit, give me a stove, show me a pot, let me work  
Bitch I'm not a preacher but Lord knows this is church

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Step 5. We admit it to our higher power, to ourselves, and to another human being, the exact nature of our wrongs

Crack, crack, everywhere you go, crack, you don't hear no dope hardly. You don't hear no coke anymore hardly the only thing you hear, crack-crack