

# Epitome

Jim Jones

Uh huh, VL  
You counted me out too many times, huh  
Back from the dead, haha  
You been getting fat while I was gone  
Did you miss me? Jones!

They said I couldn't do it, but I proved 'em didn't I? (didn't I?)  
The epitome, do I epitomize? (scrutiny)  
For all the great kings that didn't get to rise (name 'em)  
That got caught up in this thing trying to solicit pies (woo!)  
I know niggas over cases that got rid of guys (right)  
And so I told myself then never to criticize  
This life has a funny way of giving you it's ass to kiss (muah)  
Went and bought the same car next day when I crashed the whip (Ask Dave about it)  
You know the neck got a cold, I got a nasty wrist (chilly)  
I be missing all the bros that got snatched and shit (R.I.P.)  
Think about these playas that be trying to take a knee  
When a D.A. got my main man trying to take a plea, you know

Gato, you know I see you  
(Papi [?])  
Murda, you on the way home (yo dig, what up?)  
Slicey, you got two left (Eastside)  
Sheek, we gon' ride with you 'til that appeal come  
(Neech I see you) Didda, what's up man?  
Said you can't go nowhere without ya mittens on, huh?  
Snag, stay focused (Azie)  
That work release is a breeze  
Loopy, what's up? I miss you nigga  
Papa Joe, real Midwest millionaires

I was told I'd never be great again (they lie)  
Niggas like me they never will make again (facts)  
With my God and my past, I'm trying to just make amends  
Cause Lord know my past, a nigga was brazy then (pray for me)  
It's funny how money done turn to my favorite friend (uh huh)  
Cause I done met brothers that couldn't just stay as friends (that's a true story)  
My man caught a L just trying to chase a win (no names though)  
Now I be jumping on jets just trying to chase the wind  
I know Mafia bosses that call me Joey Pots (facts)  
30 gained in dice game, that's a Rollie watch (what's in it though?)  
I done bought cars just for the hoes to watch  
You know the ones with no roof that come with folding tops  
But I be waiting for rappers to try to throw a shot (I wish they could)  
They be claiming they killers we all know they not (wassup?)  
I be chilling with killers up on the coldest blocks (ARRGGHH!)  
So if you really want static, nigga, your show'll stop  
Huh, could imagine what I told a cop  
(Told him fuck him, suck my dick, tell ya momma die, nigga)  
I pray to God and count my blessings  
Some pray to Allah for his countless lessons  
My momma house caught fire, nigga was hysterical  
Everybody made it out, the shit was just a miracle