

Situations

Jim Jones

You know we don't get tired
It's red lights
Ay gates you got me covered
I don't get tired
[?] east side
Bad dope stopping up the pipe
Tryna shake it back on the spoon
Crunch time we on the gun line
Clutching the tool I dealt with labels
Or should I say the fakers
Walked out on a deal behind the fence we going major
Put a aikman on long range precision
Tend to make you be good
I show a pussy the ropes difficult to make him be hood
Hit the streets as they consider us the scum of the Earth
Facial expression on the bum I'm from the bump when it hurts

These situations get hectic I know
We gon end up just fine
As long as you keep riding no time to waste
Then play along seem like you mad at me for something
I ain't playing along
Just wanted clothes and food to eat
When we ain't have a coin
Seems like you going nowhere fast if you got a job
Stomach hurting niggas look like food
It make you wanna ride (gimme that)
If you ain't strong out on a D you on a supply

Seen niggas get life take it on the chin
Seen the four five shots making niggas spin
Lure us like the streets tryna break a nigga in
Lost twenty one filthy at Vegas after win
I done sold crack I'm reckless
I done hold [?] got no records
Hotel rooms a bunch of hoes snacking
Like eighty sumtn karats in ma gold necklace
Feel like the block falling apart
I'm just out here tryna connect the dots
Fresh nikes dude hope they give my nigga a second shot
And get the speak to em told niggas told me to never stop
I'm on this greyhound dirty on ma way to some extra nikes
Riding dirty hoopy these rims are right (Mercedes rims)
Off the beef with hammers if niggas was tryna play me
Fifty grams of dope and my ass not moving shakey
Got the state troopers on us these crackers will never take me

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