

# 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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