

The Kitchen

Jim Jones

Jones!

Falling, pressure to the paranoia
Making rounds to DC, they thought I was in Hoia
Making quick trips for that quick flip
Remember Creep caught a leak for like 6 bricks
Using drug money, bought some pretty sick whips
And of course my pasinger a pretty sick bitch
Any car that you could possibly imagine
Almost any braud that you could possibly fathom
The rings and things you sing about, I done had m
A nigga be so high, I put the rings around Satern
Since ice burg shirts with Mickey Mouse on the patern
I remember Skootchy brought in the waggen
I been poppin Crystalls, and Puffy did the Benjamins
Even beefin with Rock and I got some cinnamon
Me and Cam wore Lenix in the big body 6
Getting drunk, so I miss it till 6
The feds got photos, yep, that's a bloody flick
Preachers all around me, my phone's got bugs and shit
Might look like a 40, but that's a 45th
Used to move bricks with Brozzy, on the corner of 45th

This life takes it's toll, let all these people know
But I ain't never goin change, no
These streets a part of me, these streets a part of me
Never goin change

I could flood the streets, so much Coke in the city
Fuck the streets up, like the pope in the city
But the way this shit is movin, man, this shit's confusing
At 40 bucks a gram, man, everybody lose it
Is you a drug user, or a drug pusher
You got your pumpers, then you got your cookers
Then you got your lookers, then you got your tennents
Pumpin crack out of buildings that ain't got no atendants
In 98, when the Yankies ain't got no 1 dependent
The price was good, and the Coke was more authentic
But not old enough for me and my war stories
While I sold Crack, I sent my shorty to the store for me
I used to pray, and ask the lord what's in store for me
In the same breth, and the dealer was on the floor for me
I'm at the Moz T, with the E, man
I pray a lot, cause my soul filled with them diamonds
Cause I've been haunted by this previous life
I feel like at any time, they could read my rights
No Crack, no feet on my dice
You know, that desk go bad, if you don't keep it on ice
You can catch me on the weekend flight
For the past 20 years, I ain't been sleeping at night
I been getting money, getting bitches, nigga
If you want it, we can do it, what's the issue, nigga

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