

# Laws Patrolling

Mike Jones

Who?! Mike Jones  
Shyeah!  
Keep ya eyes open  
For them jackers, baby  
It's going down

Even though the laws patrolling  
Them jackers get rolling, so they can't out hold it  
Cause I ain't about to go down

They see me doing my shiit, that's why they in my miix  
Jackers plotting along watching like I'm moving bricks  
But I ain't move nothing, I'm on my grind hustling  
Come at me wrong and my chrome gon' give you a concussion  
I love to ride fresh, but hate to ride with Tecs  
But the way that these jackers roll up, knowing for the best  
With diamonds on my neck, bulletproof vest on chest  
I got my own laws, I'm here to serve and protect  
Myself, because they ain't finna get me  
I'm in the club sober as fuck and you won't catch me tipsy  
Nigga! Yeah! I'm Mike Jones Who! Mike Jones  
Who! Mike Jones

The way that I pull up, I got the jackers lookin at me  
24's and swingers, sold the candy and got me caffie  
And I don't give a damn if they rollin', cause my top gets folden  
The AK I'm holding (Lil' Bran: Cause I ain't about to go down)  
Presidential when we ride with the trunk open heat, clothes tryin' to  
jack playboy  
You get three slugs to ya throat and I'm fo' sho' cause they don't know  
I'm on a mission to get paid  
Tryin to plot or set me up you get ya whole block sprayed  
And I ain't knockin' ya hustle but a hollow head will hurt  
In the heat of the moment, let's see if that heat gon buck first  
And I'm a aim for the worst to make a jacker fall flat  
And if I do get jacked, you better believe I'm coming back in all black  
CJ!

I'm down the boulevard flippin', jammin' "Still Tippin"  
See them jackers watching like I aint payin' attention  
But really, I'm looking at them boys like they silly  
Cause I know their handguns ain't gon' fuck wit this Milly  
Cause I'm a pistol packer for them jackers that try to attack us  
No need to call the po po, cause my fo fo gon' be my back up  
Act up: If you wanna and I swear you'll be a goner  
I put it all on my mama, you niggaz don't want no drama  
It's Mellow, king of the hill, don't think I ain't holding that steel  
When I pull up in that Deville, you crumb niggaz better chill  
I'm from the streets I'm real, I grind hard for the scroll  
I major without a deal, gotta keep it hot wheels