

Turning Lane

Mike Jones

Who? Mike Jones!! Who? Mike Jones!! Who? Mike Jones!!
2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo' baby, geah!

I'm holdin wood wheel in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane
Piece and chain shinin in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane
TV screens rain in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane
I'm gettin brain from yo' dame in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane
I'm holdin wood wheel in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane
My candy paint leavin stains in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane
Them cats a muggin better chill in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane
I got my hand on the steel in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane

I got that candy paint drippin, dabbers spinnin; in the turnin lane
Diamonds shinin, fifth wheel reclinin; in the turnin lane
Screens fall, 24's crawl; in the turnin lane
You know me, I ain't trippin 'bout the laws; in the turnin lane
Me and Mellow pull up real slow; to the turnin lane
Whip lookin like it's in a car show; in the turnin lane
My neck wrist and fist filled with snow; in the turnin lane
Call me conceited cause I jam my own clothes; in the turnin lane
While I'm waitin I blow green and sip lean; in the turnin lane
Seems like this light ain't gon' never turn green; in the turnin lane
But I ain't rushin because I got time, try to keep up behind
and I'ma hit ya with that nine; see in the turnin lane
Piece and chain icy rang showin; in the turnin lane
Show my grills and diamonds start glowin; in the turnin lane
I'm jammin Screw music while I'm waitin; in the turnin lane
"Who is Mike Jones?" anticipated; in the turnin lane

I'll leave some cats aside quick; in the turnin lane
Them boys really think they're slick; in the turnin lane
But if they even try trippin; in the turnin lane
I'ma have to empty out my clip; in the turnin lane
I keep my eyes wide open; in the turnin lane
Me and my infrared dot scopin; in the turnin lane
Haters hate to congratulate, mad at me cause I'm lookin great
Don't wanna grind just wanna hate, you crummy and I'll run yo 'plate
I'm Mike Jones - WHO? Mike Jones, from the Dirty South
They say my grill clean so you know I ain't got no dirty mouth
2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo'
Hit Mike Jones up on the low cause Mikes Jones about to blow
2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo'
Hit Mike Jones up on the low cause Mikes Jones about to blow
2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo'
Hit Mike Jones up on the low cause Mikes Jones about to blow

I ride on the swang, I grip on woodgrain
I sip on purple drink Rover Range in the turnin lane
I got Escalade ESV's in my drop I watch DVD's
Now I'm hot hoes peepin me spittin game and come home with me; in the turnin
lane
But befo' all this fame came, I sold cocaine to maintain
Day to day grind to stackin change, I did it to have thangs
Now I'm in it to win it drop the top 24 spinnin
I got diamonds in my grill, you can't tell when I'm grinnin; in the turnin l
ane
Befo' I got on a major, I was underground stackin that paper

Career pimps players and hustlers don't mess with them haters
My album - "Who is Mike Jones" in ya sto'
My album - "Who is Mike Jones" in ya sto' - cause