

Jam On Em

PeeWee Longway

Bitch I don't wanna fuck around with you anyway
I got my own money, I don't need your help, thanks
Think she struck the load, bitch gon' out the door
Bitch, get it on with that hoe shit
Bitch don't suck dick, I don't wanna fuck with
Hit it, she a quickie, I'm on to some more shit
Bitch talking money for the pussy is bullshit
Fuck it, Bloody Jay hit the bitch with the dope figure

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You knew what you came here for
You ain't wanna fuck, what you spend the night for?
Bring a friend cause I kinda like her
Michael Jackson beat her cause I hit her with a glove
No GP, I don't GP

Got a million dollar dick and a list for you to sign
It's offend on take, that's a fine
Jumping out the dresser like Shawn Michaels
She want me to do it one more time for the Vine
Whole dick in her, put it all in her spine
Said 10 got me thinking that that skinky bitch fine
Now she drank a lil, pop it up, and keep calling my line
She bitches out the trenches popping, I put her in line
I just jam on 'em, I don't fuck around, she ain't mine
Ain't no cuffing but the Ferragamo buckle match my mink skin Margielas
Longway and Bloody Jay, we kick it like the Goodfellas
Jam on 'em, what a duck, yeah, we plucking his feathers
Save my bitch to make ya nut, kid, don't I get the chowder
A lawyer always told me cheddar was better
She put the leave a bitch and fuck whoever

Connected with hip is my papi, like pepper
Bitch I don't need you to chow through the cheddar
Fly with the fish, get the tuna together
Longway, [?], cooling leather
These bitches ain't shit, get my bitch from Belgium
Rizzle the blocko, serving tacos
Longway fuck all these bitches with it, Vado
Paint that bitch face on her way, Picasso
Jam on 'em, touch down with a truck load, Longway bitch

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I just jam on 'em, bring a friend cause I kinda like her
Michael Jackson beat her cause I hit her with a glove
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I just jam on 'em, slam on 'em
Damn I want her, bamb on her
I just jam on 'em
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Niggas pissed off like Kirk, she P
Hit her, pain, ball head bullets
I told you I like that pussy bald when I run into it
Brown, no St. Louis, trapping, that's just one note from St. Louis
She a lunatic, begging me to take my mask off
Like the nigga from The Lunatics, what is it with this bitch?
Said she can't slow down, drop a Actavis
Put my whole arm in it like Vix, trapping up and down

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Pocket full of gold packs, I'm popping gold bottles
Only bussing these strippers and models like my forefathers
Freaky Cididi, bitches chew me up until they jaw broke
I just slam on 'em, turn around, Space Jam on 'em
Slim Jimmy, pimp Jimmy
Jam on 'em, and I took the motherfucking rim with me
Yellow wrist make a bitch do a 360
Took her mama to the crib, made her walk different
Took her mama to the crib, made her talk different
I'm not cuffing, I'm not kissing
I'm not tricking, it's not tricking
We not talking, it's just business

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You don't have to play anymore
You knew what it was when you came through the door
I jam, did you come back from war?
You never be the same once your panties hit the floor
Yeah, you can bet I'm a son of a gun
Every day I gets paid to get laid
Couple hotels uptown in my name
Pray she wanna do something strange
Get it work, then I go, finna go with a bang
Hoes playing hard to get but my game too original
Got you fucking with a friend, now the girl looking pitiful

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