

No Joke

Shy Glizzy

(It's Balik)
Young Jefe Holmes
Brr, brr, yeah

King of my city, yeah they treat me like the pope (Oh)
My shooter got a fifty, you gon' get your ass smoked (Grrrr)
They call me Glizzy Glizzy, didn't they tell you I ain't no joke? (Glizzy Glizzy)
And niggas must be silly thinkin' they playin' with my folks (Oh, oh)
Thinkin' they playin' with my money, thinkin' they playin' with my hoe (Yeah)
She linked up with a dope boy, now she playin' with her nose (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
He got here with that choppa, now he lyin' on the floor (Grrrah)
Bitch I ain't no joke (Baow), they should've told you I ain't no joke (Yeah)

I'm way out Cali (Yeah), playin' with them packs (Uh)
But soon as I get back, a couple niggas gettin' whacked (On God)
Niggas think they playin' with me, well I think not (Not)
Boy don't you know a body only cost a couple racks (Ha)
My bitch 'bout her ()
2020 roll (Ooh)
Yeah she in her glow, and she look good head to toe (Head to toe)
Got a phone call (Brr), police just snatched 'Lo (Woah)
Screamin' free my dawg (Free the gang)
I do it for the Yo (Yo, yo)
And got shot, yeah but watch the get back ()
Them Glizzys hit your block, and you ain't even hit back ()
I put that shit on thirty, I ain't with the chit-chat (Thirty, thirty)
And you ain't gotta worry, it's clicked back (Boom, oh)

King of my city, yeah they treat me like the pope (Oh)
My shooter got a fifty, you gon' get your ass smoked (Grrrr)
They call me Glizzy Glizzy, didn't they tell you I ain't no joke? (Glizzy Glizzy)
These niggas must be silly thinkin' they playin' with my folks (Oh, oh, oh)
Thinkin' they playin' with my money, thinkin' they playin' with my hoe (Oh)
She linked up with a dope boy, now she playin' with her nose (Oh)
He got here with that choppa, now he lyin' on the floor (Grrrah)
Bitch I ain't no joke (Oh), they should've told you I ain't no joke (Oh, oh, oh, oh)

Mister Run the Town (Yeah), Mister Run the Rounds
Ain't no respect for clowns, they know how I'm gettin' down (Yeah)
Don't disrespect no posse of me, no doubt we let the (No, no)
I'ma catch you with that R-I-P and shoot you the ground (Boom, boom-boom, boom-boom, boom-boom)
I got killers to the left of me and killers to the right (Oh)
So pussy you better lucky if you make it through the night (God damn)
You know your bitch on my dick, I'm thinking 'bout bookin' that bitch a flight (God damn, God damn)
She seen my neck and my wrist, she told me to book that bitch tonight (Oh, oh)
Okay, nasty bitch, she want foreplay
Every day, I get truck load from Jorge
Coach Jefe, bitch I never (Young Jefe Holmes)
Free DF, bitch (Free DF)

He's been waitin' on that court date

King of my city, yeah they treat me like the pope (Oh)

My shooter got a fifty, you gon' get your ass smoked (Grrrr)

They call me Glizzy Glizzy, didn't they tell you I ain't no joke? (Glizzy Glizzy)

And niggas must be silly thinkin' they playin' with my folks (God damn, God damn, God damn)

Thinkin' they playin' with my money, thinkin' they playin' with my hoe (What?)

She linked up with a dope boy, now she playin' with her nose (Oh, oh, oh, oh)

He got here with that choppa, now he lyin' on the floor (Grrrah)

Bitch I ain't no joke, they should've told you I ain't no joke, oh