

JÔCKÎN

Tobe Nwigwe

Keh Keh Keh Keh
Yuh
Get twisted Sundays, we ain't gonna waste no time
Look

A lotta folk Jockin'
This beat rockin'
Southwest raised, G Mob still poppin'
The blades still choppin'
The babes still boppin'
The rap game look like the new slave auction
Can I get a what?
Can I get a who?
I flow for the trigger-happy rapping jigaboos
And those that be itchin' to clap at the biggest coup
Who pack an SMG but don't work at the ticket booth
Look, no movie. Real raps in my iTunes no Uzi
Lowkey, Fat fine, but she pose goofy
Highkey flow raw, but it's no sushi
Boy I'm on wipe me down like the old Boosie
Yuh, shoulders, chest, pants, shoes
Shoutout Sim, he the coldest with the dance moves
Try love, try God, and you can't lose
But try me, and I'ma show you what these hands do
Yeah. Young Jurn hit me up, said she movin' down
Used to ride metro, but I'm boomin' now
I only rap to keep the ratio coonin' down
Don't sleep on me, I got no chill
Every beat I'm on roadkill
God blessed me with cheese like Ro-tel
Cause I ride this coat tail
Most my partners still make dope sales
And they be like "oh well"
Rock so much Ice it look like snow fell
And they move it whole sale
Go tell it on the mountain
It's Wee-Gweh to the people pronouncin'
My last name acting like it's a fountain
Of consonants when they making the announcement
I'm tired of it, stop it
I do God's work, I'm philanthropic
I keep my beard glistening like a prophet
And, hell, if I ain't the plug, then I'm the socket
I swear, the whole hood got my back like a chiropractor
'Cause every bar I get it poppin' like a firecracker
I'm tryna go from Genesis to the final chapter
So whenever the trumpet blow I survive the rapture
Yuh, yuh
You'll catch me hang gliding on clouds
Screaming out "no diggity, no doubt"
Elohim next to me lookin' Hennessy brown
We both jiggin'
Swear I'm married to the game, I elope different
Used to dream about the slab with the 4s tippin'
Back when Twista and Do or Die had me po' pimpin'
Every bar guava, you can see the flow drippin'
Yuh, don't touch my drip, let it marinate

I swear I'm good in every hood like a pair of J's
It's the reason every track I'm on defecate
Prayline 5: 30 just to medidate
Me and Fat got it poppin' on our wedding day
I swear I rap for every piru and hoover
Tryna maneuver around the barricade at the pearly gates
Let us in, every wretch need a rest haven
I keep it movin', never worried about the steps taken
I give middle fingers to Satan, wrestling with God
Demanding every ounce of favor He used to bless Jacob
I'm gone