

Won't Be Right

The Jacka

jacka

check this out

knock yo teeth down yo throat 60 g's in my raider coat
all trap money plit the sea in my speed boat
i live in the bay thats the place that never need dro
i can garuntee the best weed you'll ever see before
really im the only mufucka dat you need to know
bendin coners callin carter they aint gettn up
30's on my cutless we the dumbest but we sittin up
from the block cap hard head guap rememba that
the law of peein aint loud to speak unless you peeled the cap
rememba me did it all for the m.o.b.
seein shit you dream to see its the life
but wont be right till my niggas free
ya im sayin we save the world but im just a man
and wanna sleep on the truth but i over stand
you should know the rolls i shouldnt have to hold ya hand
bein broke is the life i'll never live again

its the life but wont be right till my niggas free
its the life but wont be right till my niggas free
smoke tree ya aint my mac ya my enemy
i jus wanna clap all my enemies
niggas rap but they couldnt see us in they dream
niggas rap but boy we active wit the heat
gettin rich mufucka i'll never sleep
we young mufuckas and we run the streets ya im sayin

cellski

thang on my waist 50 in the safe
another hunid racks jus sittin in the bank
my money stay long and yours dont grow
my bitches get money and yours dont hoe
they call me cellski big mobby the don
id done knock more hoes than magic don juan
sittin in my cadillac blowin on bomb
ridin roud vegas wit a sweet at the palms
hop out the whip thang in the hand

ran up on a boy he had to clap that man
these streets aint safe he had to keep that thang
had to clap at a nigga he tried to snatch my chain
moved a lot of cocaine made a lot of drug deals
its how tha thug deal tryna see 1 mil
my gun stay wit me at all times i stay heated wit the 4 5

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sucka why you frontin people never come through
cuz we kill niggas for nothin makes the mufucka love us
dont act around unless you wanna drown in the delta
let a hunid go niggas ride around for shelta
everywhere we go least 30 in the hammer
bitches love my gangsta but before couldnt stand us
see me posin for the camera yeah the dear magazines
its the life but wont be right till my niggas free

cellski

im on the turf wit the hammer on me
like a camera man gotta keep the cannon on me
k wit the manner on me them apple boys watchin
but we hustlin niggas still fonkin so we keep bustin
aint no love in these streets no mo
i'll let a fast life nigga rob yo life slow
gettin money is the object
i made a hunid thousand dollars up in frisco projects

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Lyrics submitted by shanelle.

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