

# Zeke Interlude

## Jim Jones

Jim, Jim, Fucks up nigga nawmean, the beat all good you  
feel me, Doin Me as Usual man, good looking for that glock, but you know its glock time again, Set that out for  
your  
boy, You Smell me? Fuckin Niggas Man, I'm sick of all these piss ant niggaz up in here, got me hot like lava in  
this motha fucka, Bout to slap slob out one of these faggets that keep fuckin with me, word is born, got all these  
coward ass niggaz sweatin like it aint no A/C in this motha fucka, Fuckin With me Freekey, Any motha fuckin  
way man, I aint even really wanna holla at you about that bullshit, I really wanna talk about that phantom shit  
you was talking bout, that shit aint me son, word is born im too gangsta for that shit, want no motha fuckin  
phantom, nawmean, I need some low key inexpensive shit, you know wut I sayin, Cop the boy a lil Ashton  
Martin or something, Black on  
Black with the black tint, you know what im sayin, The Rims, let me see, put my face on them rims, You know  
what im sayin that's how I like to do it you know what im sayin. Have all these bitches connected to my dick  
like nuts. You know what im sayin, Its ya boy man, doin what he does best, Fuck wit you hard, You know what  
im sayin. I Fucked With You Hard Nigga, You Know What Im Sayin, Get At me

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