

Jiggy Comin'

Shyheim

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Phone rings twice*

Hello?

(arabic voice) you have a collect call phone call

In a new york state correctional facility

Press five five to accept, or hang up to decline Verse one: Whattup gangstas, how tha fuck y'all feel

We keepin it real, and hold on tight to your steel

Let them caps peel, one by one

And laugh while the nig run

He shoulda been packin his gun, now he gone

'cause he got slippin like an old bitch

In the wet staircase shaft, now watch his man snitch

To tha police, but them no worry me son

I ain't trying to get back it'd be my third felony

Pataki he want to see us, criminals fry

In the electric chair, but my spirit will never die

A true project nigga, I won't hesitate

To pull the blaow, peace to all busy niggaz

One love y'all stay safe

And fuck you, officer brown, peace to that nigga case Chorus: repeat 4x Whoo whoo

Jiggy comin, fuck tha police y'all, 'cause I ain't runnin Verse two: All y'all police can suck my diiiiiiick

And mayor gulliani, that cracker boy full of shit

I represent, for all my niggaz doing time

And those who got beat up and killed by the swine

Beo-tches, them porks, beotch

Them think them bad, 'cause they carry, glocks and badges

And when I'm pimpin in my green acura

They pull me over, like I stole it from some nigga

But all my paperwork is legit

Registered insured in my name, so y'all pigs can shit

Police be cockin me like I'm some dime piece

A g from the street so I can never turn beast Chorus Verse three: There's crooked cops, that's why they get shot
by tha minute

If you were criminal and you ready to represent, kid
Blaow, that's how I like it, word is bond
My hair ain't blonde my eyes ain't blue so now I'm dead boo
It's on like this is war, all my brothers in the hood
I gots fam that's constant understand I wish they would
But it's all good, peace to my niggaz locked in jail
Bushy kam, killa kane, fogey foo, and ale
Down low wrecka and junior be on storm
Keep your headz up, and keep it real 'cause you know I'm gonna
And for my niggaz doin six months
I see yo ass next summer, word upChorus

Lyrics provided by

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