Jamaican Joint

Jim Jones

..Killa, Jones, Jones, Let's Go are
[Cam'Ron]Clowns don't come around, pound pounds i pump in town
Do like House of Pain, Kriss Kross, jump around
Jumpin' down, stuntin style, over those I polly
Then merk-o from squalie, ducati and Roberto Cavali mami
We feelin' them scoobies, you stealin' them gucci's booby
Get it right, its Emilio Pucci, hoochie (hoochie)
Write for sci-fi, i'll be pipin' five pies, the cat went like the nine lives
Ten halves, five pies, ten cars, five drives, ten bars, fi-fi
That's fifty-five thou, sha-na-na, bye bye
My fittings touched tailored, joined by Chuck Taylors
On the yacht with glocks, we sum thug sailors
You drinkin' old gold, rockin that old gold
We in rose gold, at the Rose Bowl
Send you a bowl of roses, we dun sold souls
Slow toes, im so cold, my dough folds
Killa!
[Chorus: Jim Jones]So get your parachute, and row your boat nigga
Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly high
We fly high, like bo! Bo! bo!
Now your row your boat nigga, and get your parachute
Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly high
Bo! Bo! and fly high like Bo! Bo!
[Jim]So on this road to success, I grew up in the boat o'y'all
Gettin closed by the jets
I learned my code from the set, I took my oath to the death
I risked the quarter to bing, I bet this forty a ring
Cams from the 40th wing, the westside of harlem
And rat roach infested, them black po's in vests's
They stack most impressive, ride through Tana's town
Thats where them grams be found, breeze through the broadway side
And where they always reside, and so much raw yay,
You know all them boys be outside
With them sirens and guns, all the noise be outside,
And yes we scour the slums

You know our toys be outside, co-co boy to ride,
Five-hundred thou on the block
the ones when we ride on the block, pumpin them bow's for the rocks

Look i came up from that, cookin' that came from crack
New boys shinin' man, New York's ryder man, look how I got'em Damn!
[Chorus: Jim Jones]So get your parachute, and row your boat nigga
Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly high
We fly high, like bo! Bo! bo!
Now your row your boat nigga, and get your parachute
Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly high
Bo! Bo! and fly high like Bo! Bo!
[Juelz Santana]I'm a, boy shotta, born poppa, y'all liars, y'all notta
I squeeze more fire, call coppers, squalie!
Hear that, pumper squeeze, yeah that, pumper be
Shoved in your mouth for talkin' all the fuck-a-ree
We move with the tune boy, we shoot'em and move boy
Yes you could say we are the Rudest of rude boys
Move that, do that, juke that girl, who dat who dat who dat girl
I wanna meet her, i wanna see her, i wanna skeet skeet
I wanna juice that girl
Grippin good, pimpin good, livin' good, shit is good, test me, lets see
I wish a nigga would (aye)
Y'all kids is a waste, when i spark clips is a waste
When alcoholics spit in your face, quick get a tatse
Nigga i ride high, drive high, fly high, sky high, high high i'm high
So high, so fly, float by, oh why, oh my, and i dont know why
Whoaa...
[Chorus: Jim Jones]So get your parachute, and row your boat nigga
Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly high
We fly high, like bo! Bo! bo!
Now your row your boat nigga, and get your parachute
Signal your plane, yes we get on them planes and fly high
Bo! Bo! and fly high like Bo! Bo!

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