

# Twin Towers

Jim Jones

[Bizzy Bone "Chorus in background"]

Turn my vocals up.....turn my vocals up, turn'em, turn'em up, a little more  
Turn'em up a little more, turn'em up a little, yeah there we go yeah, uh yeah[Bizzy Bone]  
Born in the poverty probably we never get off the monopoly, won't we just stop it  
with all the monotony, look at me awkwardly hide my broccoli, nigga what  
Fuck the media, how could you come to me, follow me, bother me, tell me to simmer it down  
Part of the system is worser now, melody murder must've ran  
What if the rapture happens, nigga just deeper than rapping vanish or not  
Never gone change my style, I do what I wanna pop, 'til the "Body Rot" stop  
Generation X, I am the mastermind, general militants seven times, revolution rebellious, totally out of line  
I still in the mind of apocalyptic, biblical optimistic  
Thank my lucky stars, never I say my graces, I'm so thankful god  
Take me to the promise land, all I see is cops with guns  
Soap in my sock, county charges stuck in the struggle with number one  
Never will have a friend like me, reality checking the crooked judge  
Man because the rapping is over, we fucking soldiers, we fucking thugs  
And ain't nobody stopping my fucking drugs  
If I can melt down the words, and put them in plastic sucks, rip it to the nation, let it go what, what  
Bitch I would speak your mind, even if they offended you 'cous  
Ride off in the sun set, with the streets niggas 'cause that's who I love  
Standing next to Capo twin towers shoot up to the heaven sky  
We rolling down the ninety-five, take the bridge, I'm ready to die.....[Bizzy Bone]  
For the grace of Capo... for the grace of Capo, in the moment of silence,  
now the grace of Capo, in the moment of silence, in the mist of tyrants and silence,  
and the demon malignancies, motherless children are born, poppa the one who murdered her,  
witness the vision first hand plumping master of source of us[Jim Jones]  
By the, grace of Capo, in the moment of silence, in the mist of tyrants and violence,  
I'm flossing my diamonds, by the grace of Capo, in he mist of the hood, and it should be all good,  
But murders go down, you know they go down[Jim Jones]  
Straight out the projects b, I'm telling ya'll it was so hard for me (so hard)  
Coming up hard in these Harlem streets, where niggas will starve, cause it's hard to eat  
Some niggas will rob in the hardcore streets, ridiculous all it's hard concrete (watch it)  
Bitches the boosters the credit card scammers, niggas that shoot cause they all gone blame us  
People they shoot cause they cocky 'bout scanners (scwalay!)  
So if watch where the birds fly, (watch it) don't speed when you swerve high  
Cause believe me the third eye, put the squeeze on your whole ride (lock down)  
See I'm always in the rear view, see the law in your rear view (what else) pray to the lord he can hear you (why)  
I'm the nigga on the corner, plus my niggas on the corner bring same shit  
Three carry gripes in the crime in heaven, I'm in this Fahrenheit called 9/11

When I go to the cross roads, lord knows Ferrari white, mean highway to heaven (forgive them lord)  
And these digital times, we all need to have a political mind (that's right)  
Federology, technology, and we can shine like astrology (they can see from the stars)  
When we walking on eggshells, when you talk on next cells (what happens)  
When you talking on fed cells (listen to me) and we all on sex cells (whooo)  
When the drugs and rock-n-roll, and when the drugs lock your soul  
Don't blame it on 'caine, got rich when the reggae came (that's right)  
Bill Clinton rejuvenated us (yeah), all been the Bush's hoovernated us (stupid)  
Police will soon be chasing us (that's right), the streets they be afraid of us (yeah)  
From cutting up raw, from frying up coke, give a fuck about war  
We ain't trying to voting (voting)  
So if you draft me jail me (you hear that)  
Or better yet kill me (uh-huh) 'cause I rather go to hell b, and there's nothing you can tell me  
Cause we risking ourselves, just sit in the cell, over punk as nigga in cells (damn)  
All the grief in the cells, spin on shelves, I'm running out of time, cause I'm living in hell (yeah)[Jim Jones]  
By the, grace of Capo in this moment of silence, in the mist of the violence, the mist of tyrants,  
Flossing my diamonds.....yeah, by the grace of Capos nigga, you heard, that's two strong armies nigga  
Two under bosses we can't be stopped, we will not be brought down like the twin towers  
We some political soldiers ghettolutionists, we freedom fighters

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