Laws Patrolling

Mike Jones

Who? Mike Jones
Who? Mike Jones
Who? Mike Jones
Shyeah
Keep ya eyes open
For them jackers, baby
It's goin' down
Even though the laws patrollin'
Them jackers get rollin'
So they can't out hold it
'Cuz I ain't about to go down
Even though the laws patrollin'
Them jackers get rollin'
So they can't out hold it
'Cuz I ain't about to go down
They see me doin' my shiit, that's why they in my miix
Jackers plottin' along watchin' like I'm movin' bricks
But I ain't move nothin', I'm on my grind hustlin'
Come at me wrong and my chrome gon' give you a concussion
I love to ride fresh, but hate to ride with Tecs
But the way that these jackers roll up, knowin' for the best
With diamonds on my neck, bulletproof vest on chest
I got my own laws, I'm here to serve and protect
Myself, because they ain't finna get me
I'm in the club sober as fuck and you won't catch me tipsy
Nigga! Yeah! I'm Mike Jones
Who? Mike Jones
Who? Mike Jones
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Them jackers get rollin'
So they can't out hold it
'Cuz I ain't about to go down
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So they can't out hold it
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The way that I pull up, I got the jackers lookin' at me
24's and swingers, sold the candy and got me caffie
And I don't give a damn if they rollin'

'Cuz my top gets folden, the AK I'm holdin'
'Cuz I ain't about to go down
Presidential when we ride with the trunk open heat
Clothes tryin' to jack playboy
You get three slugs to ya throat and I'm fo' sho' 'cuz they don't know
I'm on a mission to get paid
Tryin to plot or set me up you get ya whole block sprayed
And I ain't knockin' ya hustle but a hollow head will hurt
In the heat of the moment, let's see if that heat gon buck first
And I'm a aim for the worst to make a jacker fall flat
And if I do get jacked, you better believe
I'm comin' back in all black, CJ
Even though the laws patrollin'
Them jackers get rollin'
So they can't out hold it
'Cuz I ain't about to go down
Even though the laws patrollin'
Them jackers get rollin'
So they can't out hold it
'Cuz I ain't about to go down
I'm down the boulevard flippin', jammin' "Still Tippin"
See them jackers watchin' like I aint payin' attention
But really, I'm lookin' at them boys like they silly
'Cuz I know their handguns ain't gon' fuck wit this Milly
'Cuz I'm a pistol packer for them jackers that try to attack us
No need to call the po po, 'cuz my fo fo gon' be my back up
Act up, if you wanna and I swear you'll be a goner
I put it all on my mama, you niggaz don't want no drama
It's Mellow, king of the hill, don't think I ain't holdin' that steel
When I pull up in that Deville, you crumb niggaz better chill
I'm from the streets I'm real, I grind hard for the scrill
I major without a deal, gotta keep it hot wheels
Even though the laws patrollin'
Them jackers get rollin'
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'Cuz I ain't about to go down
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Them jackers get rollin'
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