

# End Of The Road

Jim Jones

Jim Jones, what it here, homie?  
Killa Cam, Freekz Zeeky, Juelz, what's happ'nin?  
Hey, T.I.P., nigga  
I'm up in Harlem to put it down wit my muthafuckin' folks  
Dipset, bitch, a town to muthafuckin' NY, nigga  
You already know what it is, Bankhead  
C-Rod, Grand Hustle, Diplomats  
You don't like it? Kill ya"self nigga, let's go  
Late night, straight white fa' ya' base pipe  
No mo' quarter O, get ya' weight right  
Crack rock, black glock kept it waist height  
It hit ya" mug you don't imagine what ya' face like  
'American Pie', I'm tellin' you guys  
You want beef wit us, well who the fucks preparin' you guys?  
We sparin' you guys, get buried alive  
What you rushin' fa'? Act like you in a hurry to die  
Some I let 'em fly 'fore I let that ride  
I paralyze ya' like Superman's horseback ride, nigga  
Walk up on ya' car an' scorch dat ride  
Flat tires, glass shattered wit a corpse inside  
A town break down straight pounds of dro'  
Still deal if you want 10 birds or mo'  
Pimp Squad, Dipset, I know ya' heard before  
If we called you a bitch, you deserved it, hoe  
I cop bricks of the crack an' take it to my block  
Strip or my trap, my block strip is so trapped  
Cops quick wit a strap, an' you'll be scared shitless  
How they where the big fifth an' load up flares an' biscuits  
I'll take ya' bitch from you, bring her back wit smeared lipstick  
You can compare ballistics, but it's mere physics  
I'm two threes on drops, I used to play hoopties on blocks  
Plottin' man like who he gon' pop  
In this tragic city, now I'm Bankheadin'  
4 tens headin' down in A.T.L.'s Magic City  
Yes, the stash is pretty an' the mag hold 50  
We take ova towns, then send the Rovers 'round  
Lookin' fa' hoes to pound, ya' local hoochie spot  
Lookin' fa' hoochies hot to get they coochie popped  
I love the titty bars, I love my niggaz, pa

Dipset, Pimp Squad, yo, let's get it, pa  
Yeah, already trill niggaz in this bitch  
U.G.K., know what I'm sayin', that's off top, fool  
You already know, wreck it boyz, go down like that  
What up Jones? Dipset, nigga  
Bitch my Cadillac is candy an' my pistol is pearl  
My best friend is a pimp an' his bottom bitch is ya' girl  
I got them '84s that clank, the big diamonds that blank  
Plus them hoes that pop pills, smoke kill an' sip drank  
Fuck what ya' think, I'm tryin' to tell you how life is, give it an' take it  
My lil' brotha in the pen, where niggaz shiv'rin' an' shakin'  
We got a million dollar team, wit one gone  
So I'm takin' my 500 to flip in the game  
To have somethin' for 'em when he come home  
My two older brothers locked up, both of 'em smokin'  
Principal's gon' be fucked up, man  
My lil' nieces an' nephew heartbroken  
Seein' Daddy in a cage at that age, it fuck ya' mind up  
So at this stage in the game, I gots to really get my grind up  
So you gon' see me in yo' city doin' a verse or a show  
Or maybe even servin' one o' these niggaz  
A couple of dem thangs on the low  
I'm Dipset affiliated, so you can hate it or love it  
But it you keep pushin' ya' luck, bitch, my middle fingers' gon' shove it  
Know what I'm sayin'

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