

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'

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>