

Callin' My Name

The Jacka

mistah fab
yeah...this song goes out to all the hustlers out there
tryna leave the game man ya know(callin)
keep callin' me back man...look
when i wake up in the mornin you know what i see(what?)
the world is a ghetto smokin on d
my lil cuzzin 13 strokin on e...caint blame him
his mama on c...huh o k e 27 but she look like a old lady
grind grind fuck workin at old navy
brought the same girl and make the world go crazy
who am i man i aint no better
just a young nigga lost tryna get this cheddar
starin out the window wishin on a shootin star
tryna get dumb money go and buy stupid car
pray to the lord tryna heal my flaws
bowin to the heaven so behear my calls
wanna leave the game but im stuck and im trapped
so i call on my nigga jack

hoo hoo hooooooooo(mmmmmm)
tryna leave the game but its callin my name
hoo hoo hooooooooo(mmmmmm)
tryna leave the game but its callin my name

jacka
this rap shit'll have you in the whole like 300
kick a black nigga down the whole like 300
twist a 8th in the back wit boy a breath on it
down to my last man bout to cop a quarter kick
all the real niggas see im stiil out chere
they like me rappin when im chappin im a real nightmare
white tee blue jeans nike's all i wear
lost a nigga to a gunshot i been there
killed a nigga for a small amout life aint fair
coke white leather seats 40 glocc in that air
catch a sucka in the traffic and i'm aimin at his hel
ran back to the game but cannot make it there
hit a lick on my connect i got so much shit to sell
i want my nigga mike el bout to take the streets back

rainbow fish scale cold fell is all i know
islam help me the way to go when times get hard
it's the game that im runnin to any niggas die
from the d that im runnin through what would the profit do
so i lays alive got the world in my palm
somthin bout the streets got my heart nd my mind
up wit the beats fuck school im on the grind
got slap in the benz my nig lets ride around
fresh out the lab wit the new shit nigga check out the sound

mistah fab
man im riden gettin tacked pro meth in my cup
chain on my stomach strap nigga gut
paranoid caint lie been though it all
still here another year yea i made it dog
tryna get further witout gettin murdered
moms worried bout me aint tryna disturb her
got a good girl but i really dont deserve her
cuz im out here doin shit thats unheard of
tryna do right but wrong so easy
lie so much when i'm right she dont believe me
gotta stay strapped niggas jack for my bling
so i riden wit the jack cuz he stay on dis thing
given me game or how to survive in the game
said he tryna leave but it keep callin his name
looked eem in the eye and said brah it do the same
shits fuckin wit my brain i need a change

hoo hoo hooooooooo(mmmmmm)
tryna leave the game but its callin my name
hoo hoo hooooooooo(mmmmmm)
tryna leave the game but its callin my name

Lyrics submitted by shanelle.

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