Addictive

Cruel Intentions

Mike Jones, Swishahouse..
[Mike Jones]6:00 on the dot, got's to get paid
Move stone for stone, can't go minimum wage
Buy the home on hill, clothes out the cleaners
Move 22 inches, on the X-Beamer
Got's to look good, got's to look fresh
Hopped out the shower, baguettes cross my chest
4-5 handy, Lamborgini candy
In 21 years, I knocked down four grammy's
I like to ride long, candy colors on cutters
I know you can't believe it, but the inside is butter
Pelly-Pel sagging then a wagon, kid's dragging
I got more fire, than Bruce Lee the Dragon
Me and T. Clarence, hopped in the Hummer
Where is Lil' Walty, where is the Hummer
Back on a mission, Expedition flipping
You stacked up some cash, don't stop keep flipping
Where is T. Flowers, where is Jamal
I got fo' freaks, so let's start a freak party
Gin and Bacardi, play em like Atari
It's just in my nature, that Mike Jones is hardy
Red Boy from Rap-A-Lot, I see you coming through
In the Escalade, on 22's
Wearing FUBU, maybe J. Prince
I've been putting it down, for H-Town ever since
Scarface first came, came to bring pain
Got a purple dropping screens, call it purple rain
Mike Jones mayn, I claim North mayn
You can have the fame, just give me the change
Freestyle off the mind, bumper kit recline
Keep in mine, you don't grind you don't shine
I say that verse a lot, just to let you boys know
You gotta plant the seed, if you want the plant to grow

Now I'm plexing in the Lexus, police..
You test me, I'll be in your ... like a wedgie
What's up to the Twinz, that's in the A-Town
We Gon show you boys, that Swishahouse put it down
State to state town to town, hit the stage we gon clown

When I show we talking bout em grill, they gon frown
Me and the Mad, flipping Gator flipping Jag
My Grandma got on me, when I sag
Saginng my jeans, brother sixteen
Where is the do-do, where is the lean
I feel pretty good, I just bought the yellow Gator
I through Sprewells, on the blue Navigator
It's the Mike Jones, freestyling from the dome
I might come through, Yellowstone, Acres Home
Riding in my drop top, chilling with the Watts
When I hit the stage, I'ma give it all I got
Michael Watts chopping, rag tops dropping
Girls who didn't cut for me befo', they bopping
Where is the pride, where is the pull
My album, Who Is Mike Jones coming soon
Hold up don't worry, put a lighter up the room
Watch me sweep chasers, without using a broom
If you wanna see me flow, book me for a show
And you'll see, me and Magno go
Man I'm freestyling again, spinning it's a sin
Three for the ten, off a 5 or 6-10
That's a freeway, Northside Southside we ride blue and grey
We might ride red, watch us turn heads
Quit all the plexing, and start stacking bread
No time to tell you boys to grind, if you wanna shine
It's the boy Mike Jones, putting it down

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