

# Turning Lane

Mike Jones

Who? Mike Jones! Who? Mike Jones! Who? Mike Jones!  
2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo' baby, geah! I'm holdin' wood wheel in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane  
Piece and chain shinin' in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane  
TV screens rain in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane  
I'm gettin' brain from yo' dame in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane I'm holdin' wood wheel in the turnin'  
lane, in the turnin' lane  
My candy paint leavin' stains in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane  
Them cats a muggin' better chill in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane  
I got my hand on the steel in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane I got that candy paint drippin', dabbers spinnin',  
in the turnin' lane  
Diamonds shinin', fifth wheel reclinin', in the turnin' lane  
Screens fall, 24's crawl, in the turnin' lane  
You know me, I ain't trippin' 'bout the laws, in the turnin' lane Me and Mellow pull up real slow, to the turnin'  
lane  
Whip lookin' like it's in a car show, in the turnin' lane  
My neck wrist and fist filled with snow, in the turnin' lane  
Call me conceited, 'cause I jam my own clothes, in the turnin' lane While I'm waitin' I blow green and sip lean,  
in the turnin' lane  
Seems like this light ain't gon' never turn green, in the turnin' lane  
But I ain't rushin' because I got time, try to keep up behind  
And I'ma hit ya with that nine, in the turnin' lane Piece and chain icy rang showin', in the turnin' lane  
Show my grills and diamonds start glowin', in the turnin' lane  
I'm jammin' screw music while I'm waitin', in the turnin' lane  
"Who is Mike Jones?" anticipated, in the turnin' lane I'm holdin' wood wheel in the turnin' lane, in the turnin'  
lane  
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I got my hand on the steel in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane I'll leave some cats aside quick, in the turnin'  
lane  
Them boys really think they're slick, in the turnin' lane  
But if they even try trippin', in the turnin' lane  
I'ma have to empty out my clip, in the turnin' lane I keep my eyes wide open, in the turnin' lane  
Me and my infrared dot scopin' in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane  
Haters hate to congratulate, mad at me, 'cause I'm lookin' great  
Don't wanna grind just wanna hate, you crummy and I'll run yo plate I'm Mike Jones, who? Mike Jones, From

the Dirty South

They say my grill clean so you know I ain't got no dirty mouth

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Hit Mike Jones up on the low, 'cause Mikes Jones about to blow 2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo'

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I got my hand on the steel in the turnin' lane, in the turnin' lane I ride on the swang, I grip on woodgrain

I sip on purple drink Rover Range in the turnin' lane

Escalade ESV's in my drop I watch DVD's

Now I'm hot hoes peepin' me spittin' game

And come home with me, in the turnin' lane But befo' all this fame came, I sold cocaine to maintain

Day to day grind to stackin' change, I did it to have thangs

Now I'm in it to win it drop the top 24 spinnin'

I got diamonds in my grill

You can't tell when I'm grinnin', in the turnin' lane Befo' I got on a major, I was underground stackin' that paper

Career pimps players and hustlers don't mess with them haters

My album, "Who is Mike Jones" in ya sto'

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