

# J.A.Y.O. (Justice Against Y'all Oppressors)

## Jayo Felony

What, what, what, what? To all my niggas and females  
That don't give a mad ass fuck, give a fuck at your shit  
Get your shit 'cause we ride tonight, any questions?  
We just against y'all oppressors, so all you house niggers  
Stay in the motherfucking house  
'Cause y'all ain't got no business outside anyway  
E 40, Ice Cube and Jayo Felony  
E 40, Ice Cube on my 619 doing my work  
The Super Bowl was at San Diego  
Sitting back with Felony, Jayo I ride high speed and shoot-outs with the fedder  
25 worth of ledda, nicknamed Bambayona  
Belted like the rifleman, call me Chuck O'Conner  
Gliding, heading towards Mexico sliding with an empty bottle  
of X.O.  
Riding dept play for kept find out where they slept  
Scotch taped to the neck, slid on out like a vet  
Big old gigantic West Coast niggas tripping on they set  
Under buckets, new toys, looking out for the Elroys  
Decoys, D-boys, searching for destroys  
Cocaine for the bitch made heart pumping cool-aid  
Sorrow but Simple Simon ass niggas that call theyselves timin'  
Dictionary rhyming, Princess Kadymin  
Pay me no mind and 25 worth a day grinding  
Clockwork, all about my dirt calls  
DJ your party 'cause I got scratch like Red Alert  
We just against y'all oppressors, so don't try to oppress me  
Hold me down and arrest me causing me problems and stress me  
Why these punks wanna test me? Why these punks wanna test me?  
Why these jealous motherfuckers wanna stress me and test me?  
We just against y'all oppressors, so don't try to  
oppress me  
Hold me down and arrest me causing me problems and stress me  
Why these punks wanna test me? Why these punks wanna test me?  
Why these jealous motherfuckers wanna stress me and test me?  
Picture about me rolling through the country  
With a spaceship on gold D's taking over the world  
Scooping up violator parolees, smoking hash and chronic  
And I'm looking locked out in my chucks  
Cube right behind me, throwing west side up  
Not giving a feez-nuck, what? I'm crushing my competition  
And you'll soon find out if you're dissing, come along  
From the bay to the SD, we stay on a mission  
My destination in this game is to have the whole world love me  
From geri-curl and go-tee and have them stop  
the Old E  
My 3 wheels and my G's and you're supposed to check out my melody  
Trying to get a salary, hoe, give me celery, fool, I'm Jayo Felony  
Never stay hungry like my thugs and my hustlers  
Throwing high signing and I'm touching ya

Put 'em in my zone and my mold  
When I explode, no time to reload  
From yo God to word up, Loc, we got it sewed  
With the E and the W, slanging them over the boulder shoulders  
Much love to the north and the south  
Let's take this over, navigators and Range Rovers, don't test me  
Don't test me, nigga, don't test me  
[Incomprehensible], biatch Ice Cube forever, bigger and deffer, fuck the oppressor  
Possessor of a mini 14 behind my dresser  
Faze one, blaze one, the representation of my nation  
It's Jay one on the spray gun springing leaks  
In your physique, got nines on you as we speak  
Laughing loud as we eat, you fucking geek in a wire  
Test the fire attire that ass, go through the broken glass  
Niggas mash and ask, I'm the last emperor  
The temperature heated remain undefeated  
We waited, we greeted by the motherfucking law  
In the south they say, "Get out the fucking car"  
It's raw, E-40's lyrics fucking caviar, I believe these dirty pigs  
Know who we are, if they pull something start dumping  
Don't say nothing and if they show it on real TV, my niggas love it  
We just against y'all oppressors, so don't try  
to oppress me  
Hold me down and arrest me causing me problems and stress me  
Why these punks wanna test me? Why these punks wanna test me?  
Why these jealous motherfuckers wanna stress me and test me?  
We just against y'all oppressors, so don't try to  
oppress me  
Hold me down and arrest me causing me problems and stress me  
Why these punks wanna test me? Why these punks wanna test me?  
Why these jealous motherfuckers wanna stress me and test me?  
See, there, it is there, so be it and you better  
know it  
E-40, Fonzarelli aka Charlie Hustle, that nigga Ice Cube  
And my big potna out the San Die, San Die, San Di-leggo  
My motherfucking eggo bitch, Jayo Felony  
We slide out in a luxurious ass Winnebago, Winnebago  
Biatch, perkin' up in this hoe, nigga

#### Songwriters

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