The Mission (Strined Out Mix)

Jaylib

Madlib turn the strings up
My knuckleheads, put them things with the beams up
You won't need your heat this time around
I spits fire, it's like the rhymes are rounds
In a big ass block of the bitch-ass niggas
Who wan' hate, cause they don't get cash with us
But they really on Jay and Mad dilznick
If you want the truth then that's just it
Them sick cause I slipped they chick this magic stick
We all act, can we get them balls back
I keeps it simple as well as complicated
Jaylib for service, just compensate us
I'm tryin to cop the Maker's and hop up in the latest whips
Caked rockin gators
It's P.I., D.I. and L.I.B
Better know what the hell I bring, it's fireYo, wait, now let me speak on these journalists
Only the ones who need to learn and listen
Before they criticize verses that burns kitchens
Live from the land of Hearns and Pistons
You heard me~?! Beats and rhymes so dirty
Play it too loud and you'll feel a burn where you pissin
Up, my nigga turn the motherfuckin strings up
The ultimate link-up, about to cha-ching up
Jaylib baby don't forget the name
How you want it, Beemer four-fifth or Range
Come see the Dilla lay with the fifth
Maybe you can write an article about how Jay play with them whips
And who said producers ain't supposed to rap
They don't want the Ruger to bang well close your traps
Better not run them jibs or fibs no more
We pullin plugs so haters ("can't live no more")

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