SnS (On Syrup)

Classic Jigga

SNS (On Syrup) - by Classic Jigga

Classic Jigga...SNS

Right here you heard me....

Making beats like The Bank and Trust...
Big time Loan Collectors...Sir Clean on me like Sharks.
Iâ€™m gonna put on Thrust Adjust and Make my Mark.

Classic Jigga...SNS

Jigga this, Jigga that...Cut that pie boy...For Poor Boy.
A Brisket a Task it...Screw Coat in a Casket.

Suc on this Jam...Life like reality spun into a spiders Nose.
I need my money...I want my Money...Money is collected by the tooth fairy.
Not by apple throated bad breath producers fingering good beats.

You need some chew for your heart boy.
I need less Chessman and W.K.RAP in My Attic.
Work all day Producers SNS All day Producers.

Classic Jigga...SNS

Big Houses...Big Cars...for Trap Rappers.
Trap Houses...and Death Trap Cars for you Hoes and Bridges...

Sugar Cube Burglars making Crap Records...
Paying Corporate Hips to sell that crap dip..

You come in my home I put it one your dome...
My money ainâ€™t gonna sit around playing crap rap 25â€˜s all night...

Classic Jigga...SNS

Smoking and Puffing and snitching and rippinâ€™...
Riding high...naming streets...and going around.

Social Network on my popular front porch and Iâ€™ll pull out a torch...

Mr. Social making night moves in a Brown Bag...Got castled by the corner...

Slowed and Chopped and Screwed...

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