Only One Way Up

Jim Jones

Uh yeah Jones, uhNow we set them presidents, to get them presidents
Over the ones that are dead, we'll put guns to your head
Put dots on your loaf like you was wonder the bread
Sheek, Zeke, hell rell and I got some in the fedsI contradict what ever the government says
For them boys on my back wit them bugs by my bed
They still thinkin' that we coppin' sellin raw
Tryin' to put us through them Rico and them Rockefeller' lawsI'm in L.A. the top down the pedals floored
Wit a hot stiletto whore, suck my cock tell the law
And for you fagots I see past all your cheap stares
Nowadays I see my past from a beach chair, yeahAnd I the fellin' so relaxed and refreshin' when chillin'
A total change from movin' crack off the steps of the building's
Rollin' wit gangs in the back of the jects where the killin'
In Park Ave where young Chris body found
A number is all to add to task body count
Watch it boy they'll show you how that shorty bounce, bounce
Bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounce, bounceI'm the most incredible, to ever do what you cats'll never do, or be able to
I'm ahead of you, 'cause I spit like I never ate
And if I did then I'm just never full
Stop the hoe jokes, I'm not a homo, better believe I'll cock the 4-4
I ain't Mexican, but I'll stretch your man, yes I am a fuckin' vato locoI went from the pot with cocoa to the block with cocoa
To gettin' locked, catchin' a charge dealin' wit the cops with cocoa
Now I'm just hot like cocoa
You can catch me on the block, being watched, in a drop
The same color as chocolate cocoaI don't walked in the street, with so much raw in my sneaks
God dam, got home and had corns on my feet
I see the Lord when I sleep and often He speaks
He says Juelz you better than all of these creepsSo I got all my shit light, got on my shit right
Not a lot of thems this nice, but the games funny so I gotta do shit right
So to the ball drop and the world blow up, I'm a twirl shit up
Until my peeps come home, Zeke come home
Better believe I'm a keep on beastin' onWhere should I began our pompous, a thousand wins accomplished
Known throughout the atlas, honest been accomplished
You'll be abolished, men, women, children astonished
The don is the one, jewelry way beyond itChunky blessed on the chest, funky S when I dress
Thunder storm damn, monkey wrenching' her fresh
But I cope wit the rain, mad I can't float with my dame
Down to the coastal wit Caine, Maine, my boat is a planeI land on the water, here I go boastin' again

I keep toast, give a toast, inhale smoke for the pain
Girls gone wild, nope, they goin' insane
All doped off the fame, jump rope with my chainNow that's off the chain, ma take off your chain
I'm 40 will off your brain, kids will be lost and claimed
'Cause of Walton James, now in the orphan game
Whether adoption or foster it's all the sameJim's the rider of riders, J are's the writer of writers
Juelz you know him well, hell he the fire of fire
I'm the supplier, baffled that's the hustler
Trifle got a knife for that apple inside your jugularThe big apple, I tackle all the customers
Put it on the apple at the castle, come and fuck with us
And further more, got the birds of raw, I deserve a tour
Hey, hey holla' back, swallow that, that's murda' whoreIn a Persian turban, swervin', that suburban mergein'
Curvin', herb in the air, yeah, yeah I'm hurtin' y'all
See I crash and cop it, mash and mop it, blast a rocket
Natural born hustler, yeah crack I stocked itNow my drugs are legal, so just pass the profit
Three months alone sizzurp will smash the notic
We them be boys in one year a quarter billion
Here come the clothin' line, I got your order children
And that's more than illin', long as the Lord is willin'
I'm a pour in millions, so applaud a villain, killa

Songwriters
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