Goonies

J.R. Writer

[Hook]
It's the Dips, we can't fall off we are sick
And keep ridin till the wheels fall off of this bitch
Salute, Wooo Wooo, Wooo Wooo
Wooo Wooo, Wooo Wooo
If you get money like ain't shit funny
And quick to tell a bitch she ain't getting shit from me
Holla back, Wooo Wooo, Wooo Wooo
Wooo Wooo, Wooo Wooo[J.R. Talks]
Ok, Writer, (DipSet) Who ready?[Verse 1]
Listen, This is natural, we're not compatible
A hustler not a rapper dude, don't make me have to clap a few
Wrap ya dude, Blat ya through
Nigga, fuck a stash box, I got a box in the stash for you
You aint a Goonie, yous a Looney Tooney
I will use this Uzi to remove ya kufi
Troops salute me, dude ya fruity
Who's a groupie, and lucky that my shoes are Gucci (why)
Cause I stomp creeps, I'm beyond beats
Big war guns, check out my arm reach
I'll get ya moms leaked (where) stretch out in Palm Beach
Iffy till I put you underground then its concrete
You stepping up there them hecklers'll flare
Peter Rowe leave ya soul in a breathe full of air
No body better this year (why)
I'm in the zone, and it's like you goin bald, cause you'll never get here/hair[Hook][Jim Jones Talks]
Wooo (Jones) Wooo Wooo Wooo Wooo (Capo) (One-Eyed Willy)[Verse 2 Jim Jones]
One-Eyed Willy, head of the Goonie-Goo-Goos (Capo)
I'll put paper on ya head just like a su-su
Blowin haze in the air out the moon roof
While I'm racing, switchin gears in the new coupe
So its nothing to 10-90
Peter Rowe you hop in the Benz do 90
I'll cop a new bed buck 90 (ballin)
I'm on the block getting bent's where you find me
I'm probably spittin out punka seeds
40's off Autobahn tell black dump the weed (we gotta get high)
It's 600 for my Dungarees
I'm on the corner getting blunted with a bunch of G's (Eastside)

So ya life's but a bleep away
Well I party at night where the Heat play (down in Miami)
Until the cops sub do me (fuck it)
I'm claimin DipSet ByrdGang we the Goonies (we the Goonies)[Hook][Hell Rell Talks]
Ok, Ruger Rell DipSet, (I got us Writer) I got us, Yo[Verse 3 Hell Rell]
I'm the shit Mr. Doodoo, I'll holla wooo wooo
Hundred niggaz hop out hoodied up like boom boom
I got Goons on the payroll shorty
And I don't tough shit, they move the yayo for me (they move that shit)
Money machines count the pesos for me
Shit on my neck, that's Range Rove money
My jewelry starting to add up to cars my brother
Magnum on one wrist, Charger on the other
When I die my house gonna be a tourist attraction
You serious that's the same chair Hell Rell sat in (you serious)
You lyin, that's the same toilet Hell Rell crapped in (na you lyin)
Mink carpets and he got it from rappin, ruger double action
You wanna learn about some cain nigga talk to me
You wanna know who own the city cruise New York wit me (DipSet)
I bring the grittiest out (yeah)
And if Rell in the building all the Goonies in the city come out (yeah)[Hook]

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