

Itza

Jim Jones

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Chorus I love popping but too much itll kill you (repeat) Rolling out weed is like a living dream
If you do the same thing than it sounds familiar
Now thats a no no no
But when its going on its like yeah yeah yeah When the drop come out all the whores come out
Trying to get tap out think I got . out bitch
Chop about a nuts got a wife
You will not pay me about my baby
Take my money every month no I cant see it in my vision
But the bullshit be dead on collision
Rolling block to the cheese
Raise my stack I am my own trusted in the wind like the
The fait on the . dont talk to me I am online dont facebook me
. eliminate the irony thats what I dream
See a dollar sign every time I am fucking bleed
. so hop up . and go fly
I m the shit you stink
These niggers 14 days Chorus I . so practice give a .
Till the day I found me an actresses
There is two things I wont
. game for the winners
Private for the losers
. fast lane stay truth
better get radical
. keep an eye to women even though I am not dependable Chorus

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>