Beautiful Noise

Ono Palindromes

[Jim Jones]
My homey Cash, well he gone for five
Send my prayers, do your thing, I'll be going for mine
Shit, we live life to the fullest
Three hundred and sixty five nights on the strike, that's a bullet
Shit, and uncle Ricky got a month and some change
And it feels like the garbage truck just dumping the pain
All on my shoulders, I'm warning my soldiers
The nights could get chilly, but the morning's much colder
I've seen summers get cold
And niggaz do it up until the point they done and the fold
They can't succumb to the cold
Those of frostbitten, up north sitting, just like some fucking lost kittens
They get locked up for carrying boy
Doing time underground up in Marion, boy
Shit, I respect you
You do your time like Gotti, and come home like that Marion boy

[Chorus: Cam'Ron + Jim Jones - repeat 2X]
You got weed? Smoke it, You got dice? Roll it
You got guns? Shoot it, You got a ho? Stroke it
You got money? Spend it, You got cars? Whip 'em
You caught a bid? Do it, You got kids? Love 'em, hug 'em

[Jim Jones]
I gotta keep striving, I gotta keep moving, I gotta keep grinding
If this was the road, and I was a trucker, then shit man, I gotta keep driving
Through the lies and deception, had to ride through neglection
I'm an insomniac, up all night, pops and moms was an addict, shit
My puffing scums is a habit
I need me a contingency plan, my pops with the syringe in his hand
He was leaning and nodding
Uncle Ricky your mission is like Afeni was Robin
Shit, you should've seen the apartment
All I ever wanted was franks and beans I was starving
Crack fiends on the carpet, shit
But if it wasn't for grandma
I swear I'm in love with my grandma
That's why I only does it for grandma

That's when I roll in the street
I pray she covers me from the crown of my head, to the sole of my feet

[Chorus]

[Cam'Ron]
I figured its means as a minor, huh
Look at the foods ad fibers
The dude with the cubes will snipe ya
More tools then snider
Exclusive writer
The jewels are fire
I learned don't fool with rider from pop
I don't need a gun, just a screwdriver
Two tires, two pliers, a wrench and a few wires, shit
I take it all from the buyers
Bonfire, all from a lighter, call me "Macgyver"
Need a rehab I'll call up Shania
Bitch hungry, good, we gonna stall in papaya
Take your recession special, yeah you less then special
Me and Jim Jones, extra special
Check it, Dre to Snoop, Gotti to Ja
Dame to Jigga, Puff to Big, D n' why
Doggy you next up, get your respect up
Or a vest can't protect you when I hit you in your chest, duck
The big heads done pushed me
You gotta be sex: dickheads is pussy, killa
I bring the hammers to the gunfight
One night stand, only standing for one night
Doggy, cause when it come to that cash
No homo, I will jump in that ass, jump and I flash
Then jump in that jag, jumpsuit
Jump back from the coroner, I have you jump in that bag
Come with that cash

[Chorus]

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