

Let It Out

[Jim Jones](#)

see see they actin like us, comin up dormetive forcin us to go outside and take a hellav risk to make some money, so to the media we look like savages, but for us its a way of life, you see it started with sneakers but then it got much deeper you see the money is like an infection, they told me lead by example least get a chance to, if yall get some money count g's by the hand full, use to sell work cop keys gave samples, now i'm laughin at the skeezers i ran thru shut the club down with my team bring them lam's thru, we cop car's that them chicks dig, we go on tour's like were big kids, i drop a million on a home and they still call'em big cribs, 12 thous 4 liter engine when ever we step out it was the moral we were spendin, ghetto foolers feds want to do us, they lookin for the trail if they catch us they'll lose us, fuck the blue & white so i sped by the cruiser middle finger to'em, he told me he was foolin let my lil nigga chew'em put'em in their place use to cop rising push'em like a waist, westside car pool push'em to the face 86 86 push'em to the eight (choris) school of hard knocks cramin for the test use to do them blocks hand on my vest now i cruise thru the lot witch handle is the best, choose the hard top hundred gran no stress chew'd up watch van dvs, ice time ticker choke a bitch out tell you how i'm liquor drink fine liquor on a quite night you can hear the crime whisper, time's that i miss you premature thinkin breathin thou i'm drinkin comin up fast we were on delinquent down at the district freezin all the trinklet's never indistinctive, shit wait get a break, wait get a taste your lovin more *3 you like them finer things, dispite the miner things that get you rap up you wind up in the bing, caught with that white girl that pretty china thing uh girl best friend is my pretty diamond ring freded up medallion six foot stallion big body dimes full body wine kush fill'd cigars pushin up hard i told them keep the ceillin now im lookin up to god the sun rise in new york the sun sat at rosoe's i'm on the 110 dip and watch for the cops role, for the jackets i get the gun lock & load westside young copo uh oh ghetto birds flyin money worth everthing, it never worth dyin i aint lyin it's not a game how we ghetto concerts, ask about me in the east they'll tell you i'm a monster.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>