Talking To The World

Jim Jones

[Jim Jones]
I grew up in the 'jects, five inch what I press
Fry way to hold a tec, live bait I'm so brazy man
In them pissy staircases, we just sittin here
Waitin with them crystal clear cases tryin to make a sale
When that wreck came around, I'm in the trench with my pound
I'm pitchin you cracks and the bench is my mound (what's good)
It ain't no freezin this game, I'm in the freezin the rain
Tryin to make G's off the 'caine so I can freeze up a chain (Jacob!)
Or put the Spre's on the thang (spinners!)
So I can speed through the game (vroom!)
That's why I think kinda different, and some think that I'm twisted
Cause I smoke too much, and I drink 'til I'm twisted (I'm on point)
I'm tryin to maintain to stay afloat (that's right)
Cause that main game of shavin coke is goin down the tubes (that's a wrap)
That's why I'm downin booze, I stay surround by dudes
That chew down my food, bon appetit - chow time[Jim Jones]
The purple, HAZE, keep scorchin and burnin
Nightmares at night I wake up in sweat, tossin and turnin (I can't sleep)
I'm light on my sleep, I can't get a wink, I might miss somethin
I think if I blink I might miss somethin (what happened what happened)
Constantly rollin up haze (uh-huh)
As I stomp through this block man they throwin up treys (Eastside)
We from the streets, know the struggle, know the hustle
Know the hook, know to cut it, know to double (know that price)
Now if you don't change your mind, change your grind
Don't get caught in the facade, don't get caught up on a charge
(Don't be facin six) You know that life goes by
Just as fast as them nights goes by
Hold fast, them blue and whites go by (SQUALIE!)
We movin white, whole pies
Hope to God that the law or the vice don't ride (SQUALIE!)
We been trapped in our own hustle
You see the government's the powder but the crack is our own hustle
We smart ain't we?[Jim Jones]
Sheeit, the heat's in the kitchen, I speak to you listen
The beef if it thicken the heat'll stay clickin, believe that?
I'll be burnin water, while I turn the corners (uh-huh)
I'll be more than gone as {?}

R.I.P., man that's kind of redundant
Niggaz, dyin off dumb shit, bullets fly when the gun spit
Plus, man they ridin to dump clips (yes sir!)
In hooped up whips, the place miss and I scoop up with
the eighth in 'em, they shoot up shit and straight get 'em (boom)
They chew up shit like straight sick 'em (sick 'em)
Over that turf or strip, or that work the bricks
We'll squirt the shotty, and disperse your squad-dy (woo)
That's the code of my land
Over that blue and them grams, niggaz blowin your man (we gon' get 'em)
Get you all shot over hoes for a grand
Man, death is so cheap in my hood - short paper

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/