

Now What

Smokin Jo

Uh, they call me G H E T T O, nigga
Uh, uh, I'm back on that bullshit
Ha, ha, who could fuck around? Huh? Uh
I bet you look at things from a different perspective
When you see the size of the slugs, the fifth or the tech get
A couple'll lift a detective and make sure the legs
That he used to walked with is defective
All you niggas do is sit on blocks and jive
About who's the baddest bitch and if Pac's alive
Nigga, I'm in a aqua five with a button
That make the roof flip back like pocket knives
I can't knock ya drive, you feelin' like Rocky
Till you get a beatin' like he got in Rocky 5
The squad'll still hold toast and get these bitches
To open they legs wider than a field goal post
Broke niggas don't wanna stand my grind so they knock it
Think my jeans got Mickey D's signs on my pockets
The hydro combined with the chocolate have ya eyes
Lookin' like the tall dude who signed with the Rockets
The flow is so sick, sooner or later
These niggas gonna need barf bags bigger than golf bags
The coke get flew on planes monthly and cops search me
For weapons harder than they do in Hussein country
And any chick that get a view of the chain wit me
I guess that's what Jay meant by chain reactions
Bitch, it's nothin' to thumb off some notes
Fuck a dealer, I get 'em when they come off the boat, fuck a
Yeah, ghetto, Fab, nigga, uh, uh, Street Family
Uh, pay attention, y'all, please, uh, yeah
You could love Fab, hate Fab, I don't care
Send ya clothes with the check or I don't wear
Uh, huh, yeah, uh, uh, yeah
Street Dreams the mixtape, uh, huh yeah
Uh, let's get this money, y'all
Let's get this money, y'all, uh, uh, uh

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