

# Zoom Zooms and Wam Wam

## Jayo Felony

It's the Locc, I let the funk boom like thunder  
Grew up funk like Davis, now I got braids like Stevie Wonder  
Get my sag on, my momma get her dag on  
Freeze my khaki's up and I'm gone  
You can stare all day but just don't step  
on my Blue Suede shoes, to get here I pay dues  
BRRAOW BRAOW that's how my toolie sound  
when I'm drinkin Hen with my rhymes straight blowin in the wind  
And busters can't fade the Jayo Felony  
T-Funk from the family, smoke or dip with me  
Bullet Locc's dedicated, faded, I straight made it  
And drinkin Blue Note, on the yard they celebrated  
I'm a Y-C, I guess that's why the one-time is followin me  
But I'm a MC, I laugh because there swallowin me  
But I just shake my head and say "Damn!" (Ha ha)  
Cos I'm just goin to the sto',  
to get some zoom zoom zoom and wam wams[Chorus:]You go do your thang yo, and I'ma do my thang  
You go do your thang yo, and I'ma do my thang  
You go do your thang yo, and I'ma do my thang  
You go do your thang yo, and everythang gon' be everythangI wanna be like Donald Trump, not Willie Lump-  
Lump  
I put that on my set that I make everybody jump  
Fool don't move until my ride hit the flo', word!  
Boom booms in my rag '6-4  
That's how we roll, no time for the ying yang  
Dogs in my hood still bumpin fo' thangs  
It's me, the B-U-double L-E-T, better known as Felony  
T-shirt and khakis that's how we're bailin, C/see  
And I'm just tryin to keep my sanity  
Make some of them ends, get a biz and help my family  
Right, and just to let you know I don't care  
I'm still gon' get my sag on, there it is there  
You can't see me fool, I'm locced out  
Baseheads on the corner, bag and smoked out  
Askin for a gang of change and I say "Damn!"  
All this drama, to get some zoom zooms and wam wams[Chorus (x2)]French braids and Stockton cap wit my  
hat cocked back  
Now I'ma lean into the side like Goldie the Mack  
Everybody that's incarcerated, hold your head high

Hope that you see another sunny blue sky  
Females'll leave you stranded and I'ma let you know  
She's made cos the Soul Glo won't make her hair grow  
Block on the phone, and ain't nobody home  
Her and some greasy fat fool rollin in the Brougham  
But you know how that go, so yo, toss em up high  
Cos in the South Beach streets it's do or die  
Wave em to the Eastside, yeah wave em to the West  
comin up with the bomb, no stress  
Guess and Master Jay makin funk tracks  
So to the ol' school, I'ma bring the punks back  
I listen to the flow and I just say "Damn!"  
As I'm rollin thru the hood,  
to get some zoom zooms and wam wams[Chorus (x2)]

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