

# Pour Wax (Ft. Hell Rell)

Jim Jones

Yeah, you pour wax on the table, uh huh, and you set it on fire  
Uh, yeah, you know  
This that dope boy shit, nigga  
Ya smell me, fuck wit ya Your reign on the top, short like leprechauns  
I came through in drops, Porches and heavy charms  
And I came from the block, was flawless with ex-cons  
And we aimin' them glocks, of course, ready to bomb Now I done seen a custy cop four pies of the same gear  
I also seen a nigga cop four rides in the same year  
The concrete jungle, no trees to swing from  
This weed and gettin' drunk and heaters gettin' dumped Or hit the highway, nigga, key's up in the trunk  
Back up in the city with some skeezers in the trunk  
I ain't a player but I do my dirt, dawg  
Drop top 'Cedes better move when it murk off I got it swayin' to the left lane  
Plus a nigga coughin' 'cause the haze give me chest pain  
Yes, mothafucka, the boys are back with my vest  
And I'm tucked up with my boys in back, fucka You don't want it with them niggas  
While you haters steady bitchin', my niggas gettin' richer  
Bet you're mad 'cause we ballin', bet you're mad 'cause we scorin'  
If he get outta line, put his punk ass in the coffin Nigga, we the regime, Byrdgang, we the truth  
Even four in sedan, I'm swervin' in the coupe  
Oak wood in interior, suede on the roof  
Now shoot back, now shoot back Ah man, Hell Rell, he on the same bullshit again  
Same black hoodie, ya same fo' fifth again  
Bitches stop likin' me but now they on my dick again  
See me in that Aston with my chain glistenin' Yeah, I'm bustin' off the chrome, yeah, I'm 'bout to off your dome  
Kill a mother and a father, kids go to foster homes  
Yeah, I like to floss the chrome, nigga, leave the boss alone  
See my neck and my wrist, I'm rockin' with a cost for homes Homie, they don't call me Ruger for nothin'  
Back out on these bitch niggas, get that Ruger to dumpin'  
So don't run up on me, nigga, you know I stay with it  
G'd up from my beef and brocks, to the Oakland A's, fitted That's the bottom to the top, you seen the bottom of  
the pot  
I got it white, I got it tan, it's either you coppin' or you not  
Nigga, jets is pullin' off and you stuck on the curb  
D I P, be G, fuck what you heard You don't want it with them niggas  
While you haters steady bitchin', my niggas gettin' richer  
Bet you're mad 'cause we ballin', bet you're mad 'cause we scorin'  
If he get outta line, put his punk ass in the coffin Nigga, we the regime, Byrdgang, we the truth  
Even four in sedan, I'm swervin' in the coupe

Oak wood in interior, suede on the roof  
Now shoot back, now shoot back We all strapped in the ride, I ain't talkin' like the elderly  
Yak when we drive, like we rollin' fuckin' felony  
Trap to survive, get the buck, sellin' keys, it's hard to get by  
That's why we puff hella weed But if this high don't come down  
I feel the walls spinnin' like the sky gon' come down  
I need air, top of the ride, gon' come down  
And I swear I stay fly when I jump out Jeweled up in ice, that bent that dude like  
Spyder 430 with the bluish lights  
Got the coupe, bright, but we still shoot dice  
For my niggas on the Eastside, this is true life You don't want it with them niggas  
While you haters steady bitchin', my niggas gettin' richer  
Bet you're mad 'cause we ballin', bet you're mad 'cause we scorin'  
If he get outta line, put his punk ass in the coffin Nigga, we the regime, Byrdgang, we the truth  
Even four in sedan, I'm swervin' in the coupe  
Oak wood in interior, suede on the roof  
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Songwriters

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