Jamba

Jack Wilkins

Papa ain't call even though he saw me on TV, it's all good (Fuck You)
But now my balls, balls deep in this broad's jaws, swallow girl, it's just nutt'
Bitches scared to let me smash on they ass
Yeah they heard I'm fuckin' nuts like the swag of a fag
Like me and Tekeli was gagging in the back of the cabin
Camp Floggnaw nigga you can tell by the badge
(Pass me my inhaler)
I'm sick of hacking and coughing, I'm often this fucking awesome
I'm animals, Noah's arking, often just rapping nonsense
Four stories in my home like "What the fuck's an apartment?"
Get shit popping like Peter's pores during puberty
And take bets on how quick Tyler can reach maturity
Cussing out Siri like a waitress with no patience
Oh, you want a tip bitch, well here's my dick for gratiturity, bitchShut em' Down!
Nigga Shut em' Down!
Shut em' Down!I tumble crush on Hodgy's sluts, give money up then nutty, but
Professor Nutty Buddy Clumpkin's petty when you touch his lunch
Like "What the fuck? I'm drunk as fuck," turn the fucking music up
So I can hear these stupid fucks, talk no walk, like you discussed
You talking too much, "Who the fuck are you to us, uterus?"
I put that on my pubes and nuts, if I don't begin moving up, I'm shooting up
You and her, crew on turf, new dessert
I can see the bitch in a nigga through his shirt
I can smell the ho in the bitch flocking 'round my crew to flirt
It's on your shoulder, lose the dirt, yeah, it's the movement first
Fuck a human nurse, I'm ill, I use this earth to infuse the birth
Of my scrotum on the Channel 10 news, my only motive is to skip to my lou
Get hip to the pew, you can drink piss and eat a dick in a few
The sickening view, a visual woose, I eat your ribs, I'm a wolf
Then meet your kids afterschool and give 'em drugs cause it's cool (Fucker)Shut em' Down!
Nigga Shut em' Down!
Shut em' Down!Hodgy, fuck this beat, nigga let's smoke weed
That shit I need, be the shit that's green, a little purple and pink
Get some swisher sweets, about three up, four more, then leave it be
I got a eigth I could face, I got a blunt flavored grape
I hate the grape I can taste it when I'm inhaling the vapes
You can smell us in places when we walk
And our clothing is always covered in flakes
Enough for two shake blunts and "What the fuck is this?"

I think this mary is laced, My heart is beating at paces that Pacquiao can relate I'm fucking faded like gradient
Shit I'm stuck like the tape that's superglued
To the center of Kelly Price first waist.
It's like my first date with Mrs. Mary, this shit is scary
The paranoia from this marijuana is very heavy, I'm lifted
Fainted by my fifth hit, Lionel pass the sherm
Let's use this Philly as a dipstick for this bath salt, you dipshitC'mon my nigga you don't even smoke, you weak as fuck my nigga
You do not smoke, no tux my nigga, you're as weak as.. F- your butt my nigga...
Oh mark ass nigga, Cuh, oh my God, bro. Here comes that weak ass nigga Samuel.

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