

Red Rum (feat. Max B, Mel Matrix)

Jim Jones

What Neighborhood are you from ?
Cause me and get popping over here son, here son
Keep it tough talking over there bro
Ah, nigga, what they saying nigga?
Murder She Wrote She wrote
What they saying nigga?
Murder she wrote she wrote
Ah, let them up, let them up, red rum
I'm from the city where Rich died and Po did it
Popping up big broads with the holes in it
Bitch we hit your ride up, leave holes in it
on your bitch mind, but this ain't whole bizness
I could have got you hit when you was partying
But little niggas got an itch, let me body him
You know the 44 kick let me karate you
For me to stretch a nigga out straight Pilates him
Don't respect the thunder till they see the rain
You get less for a body than
with the solar panel
You can catch me on tv, niggas know the channel
I told the vale just let it roll
You know we keep it honest you gotta get your guns
Bitch let mama tell him get
cause when I bag this hammer out this nigga better run
What neighborhood coming from ?
Cause me and keep rocking over here son, here son
Keep it tough talking over there bro
Ah, nigga, what they saying nigga?
First she roll, she roll
What they saying nigga?
First she roll, she roll
Ah, let them up, let them up, red rum
You should really look at things from my perspective
I'll have them shooting out your block until you call detective
I can't talk about the skels and bones I collected
But I can name every single movie I directed
Talk slick on the strip, strip them butt naked
I pack a 50 some shit is just unexpected
Cause the alone will run your ass a couple bucks, pricey

What hood you from nigga, get lone gun nigga
Mvp that gang, let it bang where I'm from
I'm out yeah, big boy rolling when I'm in the streets
Some money sex, money
I'm feeling really fresh when I'm on the scene
Ready to run, ready to hide, ready to die, ready to ride
What neighborhood coming from ?
Cause me and keep rocking over here son, here son
Keep it tough talking over there bro
Ah, nigga, what they saying nigga?
First she roll, she roll
What they saying nigga?
First she roll, she roll
Ah, let them up, let them up, red rum
The coop or theon fish bone
Defecating all niggers got a weak code
And we all hot headedso we heat holing
And the gangstas all in
This gps has them bullets tracked
How you family gather
Slick talking, you get murked over
Transporter like the road runner
Never hesitate to squeeze em up for sho gunner
Workingstrip constipated
Respect the rules and the regulation
Brain light goons get the regulating
got a coldest
Scarface with a hammer, I'm a
What neighborhood coming from ?
Cause me and keep rocking over here son, here son
Keep it tough talking over there bro
Ah, nigga, what they saying nigga?
First she roll, she roll
What they saying nigga?
First she roll, she roll
Ah, let them up, let them up, red rum.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>