

# Inkredible Remix

## Jadakiss

Tray I see you, Rosay  
You know what it is  
(Maybach Music)

My attitude is fuck it, house big as Publix  
Shopping is a pleasure, pinky ring a nugget  
Niggas like the ride, sip lean out the bucket  
I lean to the side, white whip Michael Douglas  
Hard times, call for drastic measures  
I call my dawg, he bought a Mac eleven  
Forty rounds hollerin' "where the ? at"  
Nigga dead serious choppa with a shoulder strap  
Microphone Micheal Corleone I know I'm wrong  
The man up above love for me to sing them poems  
So sing along, you know the song I sing  
Bring them things along, I gotta feed the team  
It's Rosay, I need a hundred bottles,  
Yellow bitches, all of 'em swallow  
H town, nigga three o five  
I can move them packs, each and every night

Triple black Panamera, Phantom of the streets  
Quarterbackin' these bricks on top of these glass cleats  
All these stones from my neck and wrist part of the streets  
?  
I'm in the hood under surveillance, buncha haters watchin'  
Couple choppas out for dinner failin' ain't an option  
Reclinable seats, invisible ceilings  
Competition is murder, haters I'm killing  
Fuck a money machine, I don't count it I blow it  
Bitch my money conceited, it look good when I trow it  
I'm a asshole, therefore my temper is reckless  
I'm the city of Houston, you can tell I miss Texas  
The king of the streets, somewhere deep with gorillas  
Behind something that's tinted, bitch you see the gorillas  
These other niggas ?  
And when I seem 'em let's fuck 'em minus the penetration

I'm gettin' situation, I know you bitches hate it

I'm in the new Aston, the one Swiss created  
Can't give you a dime, but I can get you faded  
Before you become a member, you get initiated  
A lot of racks, big ice heavy weapon  
The hood still love me cuz I never left 'em  
I distributed, yeah, I get rid of it  
It's all coming back, every bit of it  
I'm territorial, it's your memorial  
And don't feel bad, I'm talkin' to all of you  
This is real shit, and that's nonsense  
I got AK's, I got Thompson's  
I got investors, I get sponsors  
They scared of the crew, I'm wit monsters  
And ain't nothin' for sure but we touchin' the raw  
And they gotta let us in or we rushin' the door

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