Pour Wax

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, B 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
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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
Jewled 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
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