

# Emotionless (Feat. Juelz Santana)

[Jim Jones](#)

Lemme two-twelve wit' you for second, holla at you  
True story Cold sweats (sweaty sheets)  
From bad dreams (nightmares)  
I hope the Feds don't grab the team  
'Cause we been labeled as the trouble makers (Dipset)  
We sell whole pies so you ain't got to cut the cake up  
Tell no lies, so the Lord come and take us (solemnly swear)  
Praise to Allah, hope the Lord He forsake us (pray for me)  
And outlaws is what it made us  
We live the fast life, and so we ball out major (ballin')  
Until I see a ribbon in the sky  
Cop plush cars put ribbons on the ride (full speed ahead)  
Due to my political ties  
I can't roll around without the drip in the ride (East Side)  
And if my gun boys ain't heard of ya  
You're lightweight I get the young boys to murder ya  
You're looking at a cracker's worst nightmare  
Young, black, rich and with a fresh pair Nikes  
Boy you talk about my life here  
Fuck wit' OGs that put dice in the mirror  
And they tell me that life's but a gamble  
The media will turn your whole life into a scandal Put my emotions aside (why?)  
'Cause they can never take me alive (no)  
I'mma ride (I'mma ride)  
And don't cry (don't cry)  
'Cause Momma raised hell of a thug (I'm a thug)  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge (Guess what?)  
He can never take me alive (no)  
I'mma ride (I'mma ride)  
And don't cry (don't cry)  
'Cause Momma raised hell of a thug (I'm a thug)  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge Poured off Bentley  
Looking like steroids  
Jetson car, I'm looking like Elroy  
Maserati lookin' like a shark on land  
Neiman Marcus edition, contraband  
Neiman Marcus I'm in it, shopping and  
Five thousand spent on pants, man (man)  
Bitches love it, nigga's want it

So bad they wanna take it, but I kill 'em for it (huh)  
Believe it, I'm like a bear that ain't get his porridge  
You better stay out the forest, warning  
It's Santana you fucks,  
Money man, make you do a handstand for the bucks  
I see you clear, my antennas is up  
And that hand-scale is still in my pocket  
What you want? (What you want?)  
Dough boys in the trap, where ya at? (where ya at?)  
Coke dealer's in the hood, what's good? (what's good?)  
Boys getting them bricks with the stamp on the shit  
Well come meet the man that's stamping them bricks (us)  
Fly wit' the Byrds, or lie wit' the dirt  
Your corpse, flies will emerge Put my emotions aside (why?)  
'Cause they can never take me alive (no)  
I'mma ride (I'mma ride)  
And don't cry (don't cry)  
'Cause Momma raised hell of a thug (I'm a thug)  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge (Guess what?)  
He can never take me alive (no)  
I'mma ride (I'mma ride)  
And don't cry (don't cry)  
'Cause Momma raised hell of a thug (I'm a thug)  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge They say your enemies is close, your friends even closer  
Listening to 'Pac up ten in the roaster (speeding)  
Now, do you wanna ride or die?  
Blowin' smoke in the air, getting high as the sky (that purple)  
I'm drunk staring B  
I need therapy  
The paranoia got me thinking conspiracy  
Paper on the brain, the brain on the yayo  
I make it off the plane I'm a land to a payroll  
My right hand to God, put my right hand in the jar (that mixture)  
And it all come back, like grams of the hard  
You heard of us, the murderers, the most shady (DipSet)  
Been on the low lately, the Feds hate me (Jones)  
They try to put cuffs on me and my assailants  
When I push fees through the streets, they be tailing (speeding)  
They try to catch me out of bounds  
They know I got pistols if you catch me outta town (loaded)  
A thug changes, and love changes  
And since 9/11, the price of the drugs changes  
(Changes, changes, changes, changes, changes, changes) Put my emotions aside (why?)  
'Cause they can never take me alive (no)  
I'mma ride (I'mma ride)

And don't cry (don't cry)  
'Cause Momma raised hell of a thug (I'm a thug)  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge (Guess what?)  
He can never take me alive (no)  
I'mma ride (I'mma ride)  
And don't cry (don't cry)  
'Cause Momma raised hell of a thug (I'm a thug)  
And if I'm standing in front of the judge

Songwriters

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