

Zeke Interlude

Jim Jones

Jim, Jim, Fucks up nigga nawmean, the beat all good you
feel me, Doin Me as Usual man, good looking for that glock, but you know its glock time
again, Set that out for your
boy, You Smell me? Fuckin Niggas Man, I'm sick of all these piss ant niggaz up in here, got me
hot like lava in this motha fucka, Bout to slap slob out one of these faggets that keep fuckin
with me, word is born, got all these
coward ass niggaz sweatin like it aint no A/C in this motha fucka, Fuckin With me Freekey,
Any motha fuckin way man, I aint even really wanna holla at you about that bullshit, I really
wanna talk about that phantom shit you was talking bout, that shit aint me son, word is born im
too gangsta for that shit, want no motha fuckin phantom, nawmean, I need some low key
inexpensive shit, you know wut I sayin, Cop the boy a lil Ashton Martin or something, Black on
Black with the black tint, you know what im sayin, The Rims, let me see, put my face on them
rims, You know what im sayin that's how I like to do it you know what im sayin. Have all these
bitches connected to my dick like nuts. You know what im sayin, Its ya boy man, doin what he
does best, Fuck wit you hard, You know what im sayin. I Fucked With You Hard Nigga, You
Know What Im Sayin, Get At me

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