

# Goonies

## JR Writer, Hell Rell & Jim Jones

[Hook]

It's the Dips, we can't fall off we are sick  
And keep ridin till the wheels fall off of this bitch  
Salute, Wooo Wooo, Wooo Wooo  
Wooo Wooo, Wooo Wooo  
If you get money like ain't shit funny  
And quick to tell a bitch she ain't getting shit from me  
Holla back, Wooo Wooo, Wooo Wooo  
Wooo Wooo, Wooo Wooo[J.R. Talks]  
Ok, Writer, (DipSet) Who ready?

[Verse 1]

Listen, This is natural, we're not compatible  
A hustler not a rapper dude, don't make me have to clap a few  
Wrap ya dude, Blat ya through  
Nigga, fuck a stash box, I got a box in the stash for you  
You aint a Goonie, yous a Looney Tooney  
I will use this Uzi to remove ya kufi  
Troops salute me, dude ya fruity  
Who's a groupie, and lucky that my shoes are Gucci (why)  
Cause I stomp creeps, I'm beyond beats  
Big war guns, check out my arm reach  
I'll get ya moms leaked (where) stretch out in Palm Beach  
Iffy till I put you underground then its concrete  
You stepping up there them hecklers'll flare  
Peter Rowe leave ya soul in a breathe full of air  
No body better this year (why)  
I'm in the zone, and it's like you goin bald, cause you'll never get here/hair

[Hook][Jim Jones Talks]

Wooo (Jones) Wooo Wooo Wooo Wooo (Capo) (One-Eyed Willy)[Verse 2 Jim Jones]

One-Eyed Willy, head of the Goonie-Goo-Goos (Capo)  
I'll put paper on ya head just like a su-su  
Blowin haze in the air out the moon roof  
While I'm racing, switchin gears in the new coupe  
So its nothing to 10-90  
Peter Rowe you hop in the Benz do 90  
I'll cop a new bed buck 90 (ballin)  
I'm on the block getting bent's where you find me  
I'm probably spittin out punka seeds  
40's off Autobahn tell black dump the weed (we gotta get high)  
It's 600 for my Dungarees  
I'm on the corner getting blunted with a bunch of G's (Eastside)  
So ya life's but a bleep away

Well I party at night where the Heat play (down in Miami)  
Until the cops sub do me (fuck it)  
I'm claimin DipSet ByrdGang we the Goonies (we the Goonies)[Hook][Hell Rell Talks]  
Ok, Ruger Rell DipSet, (I got us Writer) I got us, Yo[Verse 3 Hell Rell]  
I'm the shit Mr. Doodoo, I'll holla wooo wooo  
Hundred niggaz hop out hoodied up like boom boom  
I got Goons on the payroll shorty  
And I don't tough shit, they move the yayo for me (they move that shit)  
Money machines count the pesos for me  
Shit on my neck, that's Range Rove money  
My jewelry starting to add up to cars my brother  
Magnum on one wrist, Charger on the other  
When I die my house gonna be a tourist attraction  
You serious that's the same chair Hell Rell sat in (you serious)  
You lyin, that's the same toilet Hell Rell crapped in (na you lyin)  
Mink carpets and he got it from rappin, ruger double action  
You wanna learn about some cain nigga talk to me  
You wanna know who own the city cruise New York wit me (DipSet)  
I bring the grittiest out (yeah)  
And if Rell in the building all the Goonies in the city come out (yeah)[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>