

# Jungle Love

J Dilla

Yeah  
Guilty Simpson  
My nigga Med  
J Dilla  
Raw Shit

Prolific  
Flow might blow, listen  
Get Zooted, banging that dope music  
My mind is set  
This year niggas better step it up  
I get the job done way before the check is cut  
I don't wrote write raps for free  
If I did, I won't make it like Shaq from three  
My motto is simple  
Without that loot  
Your instrumentals stay instrumentals  
A blind man could see the kids potential  
And take notice so I grind and stay focused  
If I was any hotter  
I'd drink straight vodka, spit out flames, and piss lava  
That hot fam, try again  
That's why I got hoes like firemen  
You could plug them up to hydrants  
I should push a big red truck with sirens  
Got a flow that'll stop beginners  
I mall y'all a shopping center  
Every time I yell I say  
J D-Troit I to the L-L-A  
J D-Troit I to the L-L-A  
J D-Troit I to the L-L-A  
J D-Troit I to the L-L-A  
J D-Troit I to the L-L-A

With that raw shit  
Turn it up loud in your car shit  
Finger tips split that cigar shit  
Let's smoke nigga  
Holler at cha man's  
I'll smoke with cha

J D-Troit I to the L-L-A  
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J D-Troit I to the L-L-A

I bang nothing but that, raw shit  
Nigga bang on the wall piss  
From the noise and the blunt saying  
With a chick getting blown like a trumpet  
For wondering how I stand still and still run this  
Full stomach hunger in the eyes greedy  
In your speezy  
Take shit like  
Nigga you don't need these  
Titles and mics  
Homie you don't need these

My CD  
Pack like 6 niggas in a Sea Breeze  
I flow so sick and won't sneeze  
with no cheese  
Rap Gs  
Rubberband one hand  
I part your gold teeth  
J Dilla my nigga  
I call him OG  
The street symphony  
Epidemy  
The underdog who grind hard for the victory  
Get them weak rhymes out a my face  
I clap 16 bars that might catch me a case  
I'm back  
Don't stop til my lungs collapse  
Til then close your eyes  
Nigga imagin that