

112 Bars

Jay Rock

Yeah niggaz!

Who the fuck you thought it was?

It's ya nigga Jay muthafuckin Rock, top dog!

Before I get started, let me get a rest in peace to my nigga Pac

Gotta go in on this one

Yeah, let's go

Give me my money and stacks and lace my swishas with kush, nigga

Hard liquir fuck up my liver, guaranteed I pick up

The west coast like the phone is ringing, hello,

Anybody on this phone this evening? Guess not

Jay Rock, out the bottom of Watts,

Gangsta, ain't shit pop but the water in pots

We cookin the crack, distributin' to the block

Gettin' it back, I use the same formula for rap

I'm warnin' ya, leavin' more dead bodies for the coroner

Shootin any witness with a cornia

As far as rap, I'm best the rapper out of California

Warrior, in the 300 like a sparley,

Gladiator, blast a hater, put em in a coffin

For coughin', that thera-flu won't do

Gonna need more if you don't wanna see the lord

Tell me what ya livin' for like 2 times 2

I'm a sureshot like marksmen, you all dead

Cold red, money clippers if a nigga fold bread

That will feed four people for the next four years

I ain't just got ends, I end cold reds Cosigned by the allmighty pac when I drop science

Like? I'm not lyin'

Put a scar on your face like cymbels uncle

Dumb fuck, I was built to tussle

Gangbang, murder state, west side of the mississippi

Where you can die like a shirt from an old hippie

Peep the irony, the heater on me when it's nippy

Hit a nigga on Q like I'm from the fifties

Roll through the sixties just to fuck withNnippsey

Hussle to the death like interpreters I'm hurtin' ya

I could close curtain ya, but I'll let you bleed

I'm a top dog, nigga, like?

Got the game on lock, well I'm still in the ki's

Don't get it twisted, honey, I'm still with the bees

Like sean carter on the yacht, what you got, nothing, nigga

Give it up, circle round the block (BUCK-BUCK a nigga)

What the fuck, this is hip-hop to the third degree

Murder emcees, send 'em up, throw 'em in a burboun truck

Throw some gasoline on 'em, light a match, burn em' up

I don't think you heard enough, fuck it, let me turn it up

Grab ya bitch, turn her out, sell her for a couple buds

Put her on a stroll, bet she'll bring back a armored truck

Tell her I'm a city nigga, gritty nigga, grimy nigga

Even when you eyes closed, guaranteed you'll find me

In the Watts with a backroad, the hood made my heart cold

Put me in a loophole, now the nigga do shows

Kick flows like I knew martial arts

Raving at Peter Parker once a nigga climb the charts

All my real niggas follow, I don't fuck with pussy niggas

Fuck with real bloods, real crips, who you foolin', nigga?

Jay Rock, jack the ripper, rep for every ghetto
I'm a still be here even when the smoke settle on a sunset
Rollin' down sunset, hand on the wheel
Middle finger to the cops, give a fuck how they feel
I'm a ride like a freighttrain on ya rap-lames
Screaming? got the projects on my back, mane
You ain't gotta aks mane, Jay Rock got it
Top Dog, aka they got dollas
Big like Chris Wallace, fly like weed parlors
Sig on my lap, we'll pop your collar
From the land where the coolest cat will drop your mama
Mouthpiece like barack obama, but still street
Stillll creep through your set, I'm a thug I guess
Cold stares for the clothes I dress, I'm well aware of that
Niggas be hatin', soon as they jump like a car cable
Homie gon' be disabled, screaming for help
Tryin' to kill me? Better of killing yourself, because
Suicide, it's a suicide
The way I was raised, either do or die
You can die any given time, it's not promised
Hop out, spray lamas, come back with the bic mac
Hassle McDonalds on our house, what you 'bout?
Big money?, for cheap talk
Bumping your gums, you'll get your teeth lost
Play me for dumb, we bust guns, leave ya street-chalked
Do this for fun, we hit ya block, let the piece bump
Like pitbulls, get shookup when the flow cook up
Tell 'em I got the hookup like candyman on your steps
I command respect like a law permitted to y'all
Y'all never come brawl with the west coast general
Criminal background, tell mama her son rap now
No more hustling rocks up in that crackhouse
All I do is bring it to you, pay per view
Food for thought, brought wordplay, what you brought
I brought the big boys with me, my project people
Call me Bishop Lamont, stand on top of the church steeple
Writin' raps 'til my hands collapse
Starin' at the world from a different view like my Crooked I do
Hold my beach cruiser as I ride by you
With my Glasses on, shout out to Malone
Out-of-towners want to trip, then I'm ready to rob 'em
See I got that K boy, who wanna pile 'em
And that K got a Dot, if I let a shot go
Hit you in your Ab, and there go your Soul
On my misson ready to roll, let's do this to a living
But Jay said that's a felony cause niggas keep on telling
If a coward snitch on me, then this what I'll do
Pull the rocket out and let it bang loose
Then give his mama the blues, like SBI
Got hot dollars now, so the FBI
All inside of my ride, that's the Cadillac Fleetwood
If the west blow, shit, you know that the east would
I'm coastal with it, look, me and Mistah Fab
Doing fabulous digits, it's a family business
In the field with that, then you get stuck up
Give it to you every day, seven years of bad luck
Who got the gin and the juice, toss it up for my name
I don't know how many bars, but this not a game