

Certified Gangstas

Jim Jones

The Game-

Jim Jones swervin, i got that purple I blow
tight grip on the escalade pole
yeah harlem just like compton, thats just how i roll
red bandana wrapped around the chrome 44
gun smokin like suge's cigar, show me how you stunt
get thrown out of a moving car
if that thang come come out, its murder she wrote
if doc come out its 30 impalas on a boat
nigga, we do this everyday, llamas under the thermal,
waitin by your stairs like Mary J
Beat niggas ride dirty like Jazzy Pha, Cashiss Clay,
knockin niggas out on the after day,
bring the mac your way, me and santana
blowin in the crowd like Donny Hathaway
West side blood gang, niggas know what im about
and they know im ruff rydin so they knock them selfs out

Jim Jones-Chorus

Since i made a gang of bucks,
no i aint been hangin much
Still slide through, fly coupes and the change is plush
Keep the banga tucked, in case i gotta bang a fuck
cuz we certified gangstas

All day we hangin smut dog, wit a gang of ducks,
hundred grand on our hand, cam got the ranger truck
kill wit the deal, still got caine to cut
cuz we certified gangstas

Jim Jones-

You know i keep my eyes wide, east side high rise
its west side lowriders, vest wit the 4 5s
Yes i fo sho fire, dip low rida, see police slow the ride,
see squalie nigga, cuz they think the rides stolen
keep yo head up adn yo eyes open, load the lead up,
while the ride rollin, creep up on em like,
what you say fucka? well fuck him, well if he live smoke him
we dont appeal to the law,
you know we ride this muthafucka
till the wheels ll fall off
and the first bastard get fly,
you know blat blat blat
was my reply, 89 wolfpack and be wilin,
p89 pull gats cuz we violent, fuck,
yea, we put coke on the strip dont quote
me boy i aint said shit

Jim Jones - Chorus

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Cam'ron-

Look at the ranges on glocks, raise our oxs
i lay on the dock, pump the bass on the pac
put the h on our block, in front of H&R Block
see the face on my watch, put yo face on my cock
i keep the luger hug, show you how to use the snub
whopty who, fuck around itl be you i plug,
i dont do the drugs, baby i move the drugs
right on the computer love, sounds like computer love,
duck the cop cappas, and the top hatas, fock flavas,
harlem world we got gatas, not dead i said they alive, lions,
tigers bears, oh my
this is straight zoo, a to z, may to april,
bring the apes through, fuck
around youll be ape food, bake food, nine bitches eight dudes,
diamond visions, great cubes, get it straight fool

Jim Jones-Chorus

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