

Jiggy Comin

Shyheim

Phone rings twice*

Hello?

(arabic voice) you have a collect call phone call
In a new york state correctional facility
Press five five to accept, or hang up to decline

Verse one:

Whattup gangstas, how tha f**k y'all feel
We keepin it real, and hold on tight to your steel
Let them caps peel, one by one
And laugh while the nig run
He shoulda been packin his gun, now he gone
'cause he got slippin like an old bitch
In the wet staircase shaft, now watch his man snitch
To tha police, but them no worry me son
I ain't trying to get back it'd be my third felony
Pataki he want to see us, criminals fry
In the electric chair, but my spirit will never die
A true project nigga, I won't hesitate
To pull the blaow, peace to all busy niggaz
One love y'all stay safe
And f**k you, officer brown, peace to that nigga case

Chorus: repeat 4x

Whooh whooh

Jiggy comin, f**k tha police y'all, 'cause I ain't runnin

Verse two:

All y'all police can suck my diiiiiiiick
And mayor gulliani, that cracker boy full of shit
I represent, for all my niggaz doing time
And those who got beat up and killed by the swine
Beo-tches, them porks, beotch
Them think them bad, 'cause they carry, glocks and badges
And when I'm pimpin in my green acura
They pull me over, like I stole it from some nigga
But all my paperwork is legit
Registered insured in my name, so y'all pigs can shit
Police be cockin me like I'm some dime piece
A g from the street so I can never turn beast

Chorus

Verse three:

There's crooked cops, that's why they get shot by tha minute
If you were criminal and you ready to represent, kid
Blaow, that's how I like it, word is bond
My hair ain't blonde my eyes ain't blue so now I'm dead boo
It's on like this is war, all my brothers in the hood
I gots fam that's constant understand I wish they would
But it's all good, peace to my niggaz locked in jail
Bushy kam, killa kane, fogey foo, and ale
Down low wrecka and junior be on storm

Keep your headz up, and keep it real 'cause you know I'm gonna
And for my niggaz doin six months
I see yo ass next summer, word up

Chorus