

# My Jacket

Soulja Slim

You know how I'm coming (uh huh)  
You know exactly how I'm coming  
(I'm telling you) It don't stop  
Shit don't stop

[Chorus: repeat 2X]  
My jacket consist of  
Batteries on robberies, pistol charges, and murder  
I know I'm the realest nigga ya heard of besides 'Pac  
Got niggaz screaming Soulja from the street to the cell block

[Verse 1]  
You bitch u  
Soulja Slim and his committee is coming to get'chu  
My mag 90 bullets hit'chu and split'chu  
In half, let a bitch boy stab  
Won't last up against these motherfuckers that use to taking blood baths  
I been smoking blunts with the devil thats why my eyes are red as the fuck  
Now tell me do I look like the type that will be scared to bust?  
Well guess what? I'm screaming out murder me and I'm vest up  
Chest up  
Test nuts  
Watch up while I fletch ya  
You bitch made and I'm self made  
Magnolia Calliope Melph made  
I get through like a scale blade  
And Kunta Kinte your left leg  
I play surgeon and I'll be splurging  
In anonymous nasty big bourbons  
Don't stunt dog  
Whatever I say I'll come wit'cha I'll come dog  
I'ma get mine for the two G's  
Take it for I say please  
I fuck with twirkers not the twirkees  
Put it long will give a nigga the herpes  
So I stay back, I mean way, y'all didn't notice how I say that?  
Well motherfuck y'all hated waving on three G's laid back

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]  
At one time we was click tight  
What the fuck going on? I just come home my shit ain't going right  
Everybody branching off doing they thang  
Some of 'em in the studio and some of 'em they slang  
Thats how it go I know this rap shit ain't gone last forever  
So I stash chedda for hard times flip it to make it better  
I can take ten G's and make twenty more ten G's with that  
I'm from the 6 'co circle where all the hustlers at  
You busters skat get from round me with all that junk claiming  
In ninety-five I ran in Tara Lane and bust a brain and  
Smokin blunts and snortin 'caine with my girl Big Ree  
Til I started spooking out thought a nigga was trying to kill me  
Nigga feel me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Picture lil daddy think he raw musta forgot I'ma vet  
Crushing up his memory and then get him set for the flow of death  
I gotta way to make all real niggaz feel my pain  
And dem ol' player hating ass fake niggaz look at me strange  
Reverse the game, Fuck his head up leave him in the middle of the street  
Nigga shit ain't tight enough to geep a G with me  
Actually, you don't even suppose to be in my presence  
So I'ma ask you like a man, (shit) playboy get to stepping  
Now if you walk off with that look like you gone get your weapon  
And I'ma do ya something for all that stuntin and reppin  
Now as the beat on for my flow dont stop  
Til I make your girl drop it like its hot  
I can run some shit that will make ya pussy pop  
It don't matter if you real or not  
Play my game and I'll cheat on ya  
Pull the rubber off and skeet on ya  
Have ya slanging that shit pussy for me on the Magnolia street corner  
You's a hoe nigga  
You I know nigga  
And I put that on all my 6 'co fa sho niggaz  
I'm X4L chief of the mag booyay  
Fuck what them niggaz doing tomorrow cause I doing my thang today  
Thats how I'm living just game giving to make y'all recognize  
I been doing this and I ain't never took of my camouflage

[Chorus] - 3X