

100 Jewels

Termanology

They said I'm a righteous cat I write righteous raps
But I cook coke cook it to crack
Thinking what kind of life is that
Get tossed in the bin never knowin when you might come back
I listen to Jesse Jack black clip in the gat
And write lyrics to the soul of Geronimo Platt
I'm talkin to anyone who got a problem with that
I'm everywhere tell me where you met your politician at
I'm right there doin a show chain out by myself
Put my fist in the air bang out by myself
That's why your girl wanna polish my knob
And every rapper in the city wanna party so hard
But before I do a song with y'all
I'll blow my brains out on the bible and call it the knowledge of God
My cousin gutter get the problems resolved
He specialize in cuttin niggas up nice and doin robberies dawg
Probably y'all
And when I'm rippin the gauge
You be gone in 60 seconds like Nicolas Cage
Pay attention when I'm rippin the page
When I'm not on stage
I feel played with meticulous rage
I seen my first nigga shot at a rediculous age
Before Irv and Magic Johnson was a victim of aids
Cats think because they sit and they pray
Because they christian they saved
Till reality just spit in they face
But I'll tell you one thing when bullets start flying
Jesus christ aint gonna sit in the way
Like modern day slaves how we sit in the maze
Wont pay your child support but you can chip in for haze
My baby momma been trippin for days
She hate the fact I'm a star and model bitches wanna sit on my face
She love to see a brother sit in a cage
Take my daughter away
And let another nigga sit in my place
Momma told me that it's only a phase
But I throw up my dukes before that I put a clip in my fade
There's way too much opportunity to sit in and blaze
It's the evolution of man we been sittin in caves
Before I ever had a nickel to blaze
Meanin a nickel of weed
Or a nickel nine spittin them strays
I been tryin to get my shit on the waves
DJ's holdin me down but never play my shit in the days
It's no way that I might win with only the night spins
But but but I aint gonna sit and complain
Old? slingin shit in they veins
They be mad as hell cuz they know it wont hit em the same
Cats slippin and they chicken these days
Give em a trip in the range
And they be lickin on the pickle with aids
I wish my grandmama coulda heard this shit from the grave
I know she woulda loved to hear her boy rippin this way
Over the beat, life so cold on the street
You might get shot up or you can go in your sleep
To all my soldiers that die for they flag

Or they die for they rag
It's messed up you hadda lie in a bag
It's no fair ones aint no more relyin on jabs
Now it's supplyin the mask and a guy who'll just blast
Fucked up I gotta ride in a cab
But as soon as I get a cheque I gotta divide it in half
I feel like I should be ridin a jag
On a flight with a mag
And a 100G's right in the stash
They don't wanna see a puerto rican writin his bag
Cuz what I write on the pad
Get them tightened and mad
I'm hyper but sad
Cuz I got a lot of fame in rap
But I'm back living right with my dad
I'm part french part spic how racist is that
Police wanna treat me like I'm basically black
I'm basically that
And you don't wanna talk about my gats
Cuz they like Charlie Baltimore they German and black
It's hard to earn but I'm earnin a stack
This the moment of truth so I'm tryin to write verses like that
My vocals burn set fire to tracks
They're admiring that
That's why my CD's fly off the rack
Groupie bitches they be showin me love
When I roll in the club
They lovin the way that I flow on the drums
Plus the way I make dough in the slums
Keep smoke in the lungs
And write rhymes more potent than drugs
You don't wanna end up chokin on slugs
With a throat full of blood
You should watch how you open your mug
Watch how it go down when them pistols around
Cuz you can end up with a slug through your wisdom or child
Bullets flyin through your kitchen and blow
More people in the church than a christening now, isn't it foul
Prolly could have been avoided
But you was too paranoid
Out sniffing you aint see your choices
My voice is something like Kennedy except you gonna remember me for
Killin these mics not gettin murk'd up by my enemy oh
Livin the life most of these rap niggas pretend to be
Sellin and gettin locked up by the police and my friend will be
Way past due if I lay past 2
So I'm on that early bird shit grey that goose
Homie make that loot
And when you baggin up dimes of dro it's better to make that loose
Cuz it looks like there's way more to these customers
They don't understand the agenda of real hustlers
They just wanna cop what you sell em and roll dutches up
Get their mind stimulated and away from the troublesome
Situations we go through throughout our daily life
Which homie bangin your wife
It's prolly an A you like
He wanna tell you
But he don't know how he can say it right
You'll prolly pick up a knife
And slay him that very night
Then I don't be wifin up bitches cause they be trife
Make you put it on the line like ghost or baby trife
Get you shot up in your ride like BIG and Obie Trice

The bullets aint nothing nice
But until I see the light...
Imma lay em.