

## Storm

## The Jacka

Killa on the road nigga  
(Riders on the storm)  
Nigga watch out nigga  
(Riders on the storm)  
The J-A nigga  
You know what

Spit my life on this beat, live my life on the street  
Got the thugs on my team, keep the strap in my reach  
And I'm lovin' the lean, but don't fuck with the peach  
Optimo, hit the Sco, 60 box of the sweets  
Yea I'm fully aware, even if I look sleep  
I really live this shit, these squares wanna be me  
But you niggas is weak, and you scared to get doe  
I done did road trips with 50 bricks of that blow  
Gangsta's buy 'em from me, but'll kill for ya nig  
Cause keep it real as fuck is all I did  
That's all I know, smoke everyday  
100 in my chop, cause we don't play  
Na we just kill, nigga where I stay  
Nigga where I live, hit a bank bare faced  
Just to feed our kid, got beef with the J  
Shoot my gun at your crib, and do a day at the block  
Never stop for the pigs, that's just how we rock

(Riders on the storm)

I'm from the city that Big rep  
Where coke droughts, got niggas cryin' like Isaiah on the Knick's bench  
A closed mouth don't get fed  
A real man, will keep his mouth closed even with the feds  
Never sleep you get enough rest when you're dead  
Fuck a dream what you need is a good connect  
If it's pure or compressed you've been blessed  
In other words less complainin' more to stretch  
Thorough niggas ain't born we bred  
I'd rather be loved than feared  
I'm smooth 'til I'm on the edge  
I don't move unprepared  
What part you ain't understand  
Fuck around lay around, while I over stand  
The road to redemption I'm on a chosen path  
To greatness ain't nothin' gonna hold me back  
Niggas know where my zone is at  
I spit it how I live it this is cocaine rap, ugh

(Riders on the storm)

Yea nigga, the Jack

Hustlin' in the rain with my nigs pushin' cane  
Push my thang to your ribs nigga you know what this is  
Fuck the drought I'm the Jack, give me all the shit  
I'm goin' in, let's get it in, I'll kill again to feed my kids  
I gives a shit about a bitch up in the yay  
East Bay gangsta like that S-P-I-C-E who rock with men  
You can eat, I walk around with my heat

But I'm cooler than a styrofoam cup full of lean  
If you know us if you don't you better scream mutha fucka  
Chrome 4-4 with the beam on the rubber  
Livin' nigga's dreams but a nigga had to suffer  
Ridin' through the storm I don't think I could recover