

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