Alright

JT Money

Yo if you wanna go to war, its alright
well if you ain't hardcore, its alright
you wanna get it on nigga, its alright
its alright (its alright), it's alright (its alright) (jt money)
i got a problem with fuck niggas
always talkin' shit and try to duck niggas
sucker niggas won't finish what they started
be coppin' dueces cause them niggas soft-hearted
they straight bitches
always puttin' on shows for these niggas and hoes
be wantin' to run your mouth but won't throw no blows
ain't got no scrap, better kill that rap
think life is a game, until that ass get tapped
and when it do, what you do, you run like a bitch
or do you straight turn state on a nigga and snitch
when you ain't got your boys, you ain't got no balls
and you ain't gangsta with all them 911 calls
real niggas don't call police
real niggas handle theirs when they got beef
flawed niggas talk shit and know they can't back it
know they ain't real but always trying to act it
I'm the original jacker, flawed boy attacker
taking your life ain't nothing but a factor
matter of fact, i'm a killer straight out the slums
no time to dump, i got these pumps for you chumps
and i ain't talking bout' the reeboks
getting three glocks and jumping out of treetops
making suckers flee spots, and leave knots
got guns, get funds, yeah i'm packing styles
suckers acting foul, get smoked like black and milds
nigga know a plan, laying down this thing
beyond all that rap shit, i only spit game
you scared, say you scared, but just peep what i said
i'm so wicked off the head, probably shoot out of dread
thats right, all you suckers better recognize
before i start recognizing, ain't gonna have you niggas sweatin' mine
i'm in this thang for real, ain't nothing fake here
putting down in the zone with my nigga shakespeare
(big gipp)
i wear my hat low, when i walk through a circle of folks i don't know
it ain't to much chalk in these streets that can hold me back
i make stacks and stacks, for the weeks and weeks i got slapped

freaks, i got the grill with the white gold
keep a pistol in my hand with the tight hold
from the city where they drop blows
known to pin-hold down off them figure fours
shit shady, we all about to bust on sight, lighting up the night
putting hoes off in 74's and watching em' all blow
it ain't shit funny, its the money man and gipp
holding sawed-off pumps in your face chump
don't disrespect the city, streets, that i'm standing on
niggas from miami and atlanta holdin' heat
it ain't nothing happy
you see, it ain't all about that rapping
(jt money)
straight up and down, i'm a let you fuck nigga know
you niggas don't want war, talking all that shit
cause you apted up on that motherfucking tough guy juice
get round' the motherfucking boys, listen to this goddamn rap music
and niggas think its a motherfucking game
alright, play with it
jt money, big gipp, let you niggas know
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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