Gumbo

Jay Rock

Keep it one hundred, I'm one hundred and one
I ain't talking dalmatians up under the sun
On the road to Damascus, gun and a suit
You either coming with some products or you coming for loot
I'm coming with the peace so I'm chucking the deuce
I ain't tryna run a train I'm just in the caboose
And I'm tryna give these niggas the truth
I ain't 'bout to spazz on 'em, give 'em light
I'm just doing my Zeus
Rubbing on her body just like a masseuse
And it's money like a hobby for you to seduce
But if you blink twice nigga you can Maduse
See the snakes in here, look at Satan there
I pray that you niggas all playing fair
You can't help but stare as you face the glare, yeah
I'm not up on in short yellow
With a helmet on my head while I'm eating marshmallows
Playing jigsaw while I'm picking off devils
I can rock this shit on long levels
Straight up out the ES, journey over BS
I'm like a hundred kilos stuffed in the Prius
I'm going hard 'til they free us
Hold up wait a minute
Let me put some season in this Gumbo
Hold up wait a minute
Let me put some season in this Gumbo
Whole lot of flavor, flavor
Whole lot of flavor, flavor
Whole lot of flavor, flavor
Whole lot of flavor, for you
Whole lot of flavor, flavor
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Whole lot of flavor, flavorWhole lot of flavor, for you
Have you ever put your hand over fire just to see what you could tolerate?
And you can find no escape
Life is a Dominatrix waiting for shit to pollinate
To make you mind your mistakes
Keeping my chin down, nose clean, with my guards up
Charged up 'cause this ghetto got me scarred up
Yes, I'm the child with the crookedest smile
Look at my foul, look at what the star bucks
You can't swim if you don't paddle

Wake up in the morning with my nose to the gravel
Bloodhound, for that federal reserve note
That's when I noticed the switch niggas just turned coats
It's the way of the world, carry the weight of the world
Carry a blade too, for they forsake you
Yeah, I'm the vision, from the night I was born
To be the eye of the tiger in the eye of the storm
Eye on the clock, ain't no need for alarms
Just get on your A-game when it's time to perform
Yeah, and I can show you what it feels likeThe moment they want you defeated but yet you still fight
So what it feel like?Hold up wait a minute
Let me put some season in this Gumbo
Hold up wait a minute
Let me put some season in this Gumbo
Whole lot of flavor, flavor
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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