## **Cleaning Crew**

## **Jackboy**

Down bad he feeling like ain't no one around to
Ain't one of my potna dem then nigga fuck you
Ain't riding with him then I probably got that glizzy glueSend one of your lil steppers to get
knocked up out his shoes

Send one of your lil steppers to get put up on the news
Toting big .40's that make you sing like you need autotune
Call the cleaning crew pull up with mop sticks and have the broom
Call the cleaning crew broad day whatever he gone leave youIt's easy to touch a nigga when
you playing with them bands

Type of money I could get you wacked uh by ya man

Type of money make me know why momma nem say don't trust yo friend

Cause these niggas be dead wrong and just gone cross you in the end

Keep ya lil hand out don't worry bout jack he gone be alright

Fuck the pilot baby I'm the flyest on this private flight

Rockin off-white thank the lord no more off nights

I tote big pipes sorry mom I like gun fights

RIP 2Pac but like him we caught lil one at the light

I can't speak on you and yours but me and mine gone shoot on sight

Tell lil boy up the 30 I said I'm up there like a kite

All my niggas that be with me don't

Care if I'm wrong don't care if I'm right

All my niggas them they be violent ran up stolo mileage Spinnin' pullin triggers til we catching arthritis Better yet gone catch us a body

Choppa got titties tryna get naughty And I'm creeping late night with the zombies

Late night got caught in ya pajamasDown bad he feeling like ain't no around to

Ain't one of my potna dem then nigga fuck you

Ain't riding with him then I probably got that glizzy glue

Send one of your lil steppers to get knocked up out his shoes Send one of your lil steppers to get put up on the news

Toting big .40's that make you sing like you need autotune

Call the cleaning crew pull up with mop sticks and have the broom

Call the cleaning crew broad day whatever he gone leave you

Before he even much started he knew he was gone win

Lil bad ass jit walk around with no

Shoes finally ran up all them bands

Bad ass jit used to walk with no shoes look how niggas envy him Fucked around and jumped on protools now these bitches jump on him Selling sand there was plenty sand I just play with grams

Give a damn about what you saying I'm a let it blamLet it blam make you disappear a la ka kazzam

Boy go ham that is not yo fam left you in a jam
Free Jaray she was right here with me doing day for day
Don't talk to you but every other month so son make sure you straight
Real nigga he step to the plate gone make something shake
Real nigga he grind for them racks then got out the wayDown bad he feeling like ain't no
around to

Ain't one of my potna dem then nigga fuck you
Ain't riding with him then I probably got that glizzy glue
Send one of your lil steppers to get knocked up out his shoes
Send one of your lil steppers to get put up on the news
Toting big .40's that make you sing like you need autotune
Call the cleaning crew pull up with mopsticks and have the broom
Call the cleaning crew broad day whatever he gone leave you

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/