

100 More Jewelz

Termanology

Don't get me vexed, like my ex through the text
Sending lectures and threats
Gas due and the electric is next
Listen to REKS, getting bent, sitting on steps
Dealing with this writers block, alcoholism and stress
Make me want to stab somebody to death
Grab the money and flex
I've been dying for a different address
I've been crying when I sip I'm a mess
I'd be lying if I said I never get jealous, it mess with my head
Make me want to grab the weapons, have you rest with the dead
Bought a new Flint, Guess I'm gonna test em instead
Life is like a box of chocolates, you fill you body with toxins
And amoxicillin and penicillin to cure your illness
But in realness, these medical companies will get you monthly
Prescribing me pills that make me ill, just to comfort me
Disintegrating your stomach lining
With no acknowledgement
Quick to take all your dollars
But never tell you the side effects
Lot of us, we like lotto picks
Richest country in the world
But let little kids die over crooked insurance policies
Shorty it's idiotic, believing in this demonic
System created by our forefathers, like George Washington
Murderers, we put they face on a dollar bill
Ain't shit changed, we murder for a dollar still
I had a friend he lost his life over a thousand pills
Detectives searching his wallet
Inside they said they found his will
Ready to die, Talk to God, let him reply
Let him see the wisdom and the honesty in your eye
Let him free the prisoners incarcerated for lies
That's the way to rise, push the plan Satan devised
I've been plagiarized, record labels bathing in lies
They feeding off our creativity and way that we rhyme
Executive decisions and propositions by politicians
And other rich men on how many children they going to fix
Make me sick, but it's more money to get
Hit the slot machine and it said 666
Critical news, alter my political views
It's pitiful the way they ridicule, the minute you lose

Just like these trife ladies that swallow babies, in a Mercedes
And fuck raw, with any shady guy who got the rabies
I know where the save it, but just the way they interpretate it
Is turn up, you only live once, why waste it?
You could trace it back to their parents or simply debate it
But no matter how you take it
You made that bed that you laying in
Not to say that betrayal, something I anticipated
But I guess I can identify where it originated
We twenty deep in a trap, only one makes it out
That's nineteen left, standing there with they hands out
That's mathematics when jealousy the mechanics
So your friends will vanish, instead of standing there like a man
They just dip, jump ship
Funny how the grass is greener
But nothing they did was helping feed
Reminisce of Aaliyah (right)
So why sweat it, there's no loyalty in business
Just a bunch of different hypocritical ignorant figures
I try to be analytical, and figure out they wishes
But every chick is a princess and friends will switch in an instant
Depending on the division of dollars you can distribute
And what position you could put your friends in
That will benefit them
By switching up, I could give a fuck, I'm getting bucks, listen up
You really rich, then hook your clique up with some
You phony rappers manipulating the fans
As if you blazing hammers and weighing grams
And slanging cane is bananas
The truth is your lies are ludicrous, someone Google this
I'm about to pull this card out the deck directly and ruin them
Makaveli on the celly, he telling me he doing it
Cuba weather feeling better than American, screw with us
Better to live your life on feet than try to bow down
Get shot up in downtown, them bullets surround sound
Too many enemies, never know who coming for ya
They been warning ya dun, them bullets going spill out your blood
I'm thinking differently, been through a lot of misery
Fill up the whole vicinity with lyrical calligraphy
History shows, if you want to instantly glow
All you gotta do is sell your decency and your soul
Me I'm on a different road, just strolling through life's tolls
Trying to figure out the meaning of life 'fore I go
All of this jewelry, clothes, money, cash, hoes
What is it really for? How much we really owe?
The video budgets the funniest of ugly tricks
They make you look rich, throw you back in the hood with shit
Them Ramen noodles is bomb when you starving truthfully
I'm with an army of thugs that will bug out and will shoot for me

I write about my real life, y'all write fantasy raps
You ever see the fire fly out a cannon and splash?
Somebody shit and they call the pigs and you gotta dash
Pray they don't find the guns that we hid in my mother's grass
Somehow my enemies just never disappear it get's crystal clear
When I look in the mirror and see why they would fear us
You know they fear what they don't understand
Fearless but a humble man
Got my mind set on Europe and Japan
The type of money I made overseas from rapping
Is more than you made from trapping
So really who the hustler man?
I'm sitting laughing at you dudes that judging bugging
Talking 'bout we underground so we don't see no real money
But what's funny is
I been to more countries than you could spell for me
And I ain't had no Birdman, Russell or Puffy helping me
My fans see me in the street, don't know what to expect from me
Is he in a Ferrari or is he taking the bus with me
Luckily I've been on the winning side of a lot of blessings
And aside from the stressing, I gotta say it's impressive
But even though I'm on that TV that you stare into
Ain't shit changed, the guns or yay' still available

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