

No Joke (feat. Ab-Soul)

Jay Rock

Starts rotting fertilizer neighborhoods with butter, butter
Black steel, no mass, no tags, gutter, gutter
Look up in the skies no stars, helicopters over
Grab my strap, kiss my mother, bust back duck for cover
Hit the bound straight hangar, main line speak your mind
Where you're from, take your time, bust a nigga, no response
Rest a hater, respirator, No response, green light, go time
We're all block, I know mine so you know

One time snitch nigga, bitch nigga, real up with a seven cause that's all I can get nigga
Small town hustler, me I'm just a governor on my city fuck with me juggle shots to your jugular
Projects hold me down, A1 customers, A1 army guns, A1 predators, pigs yelling 'man down'
Got the lost scared of us. Nigga we ain't scared of nothing, break it down show me something I
don't wanna have to hit you with this phone(?) mane, burn your whole block down like propane
Over that cocaine, trying to get more change (If you ain't know now know mane)

Ab-Soul:

Slang, game, green, rain, sleet, hail, snow (yeah)
Finna take another trip to the liquor store
The fiends when they smoke and you can get smoked cause (These streets ain't no mutha
fuckin' joke) Back to my bullshit, back on the block with it
Get it off me I'll flip it, getting off the car flipping
Mono bitch think I'm tripping, oh no, no dope, w oh no, 30 bucks mo-mo
What the fuck you thought this was? All i know is doing me
Flying spur, doing three, got a lane blowing trees
Homie what you're smoking on? I can get it dirty, I can get it for the low, hard rock of pure
blow

I could show you how to whip it, birdies getting off the show
Serving quail in the kitchen, remedy for the meal tickets
Dope gang real wicked, some deals go sour, real niggas locked up
Snitched on by known cowards, OG told me that's life
Murders keep me stressed tonight, my daughter keep me level headed
Reason why I sacrifice, story of a real nigga, this is how I feel nigga
Come between my peace and mind, get your ass killed nigga
I don't wanna have to hit you with this phone(?) mane, burn your whole block down like
propane

Over that cocaine, trying to get more change (If you ain't know now know mane) Ab-Soul:

Slang, game, green, rain, sleet, hail, snow (yeah)
Finna take another trip to the liquor store
The fiends when they smoke and you can get smoked cause (These streets ain't no mutha
fuckin' joke) My mamma tell me dress softly, gotta keep the feds off
Gotta keep the guns on me, I know the motherfuckers want me
Know I gotta hold it down, know I gotta run my town
No tomorrows, never promise, know I gotta get it now

Know I got a job to finish, know I need to start to grow
Know I need Lord's forgiveness, know I've been through obstacles
Know I gotta shit on nigga, know I gotta do my thang
Knowing that I'm knee deep, know the drama that it brings
Know I can't trust these hoes, know I can't chase these bitches
Know I gotta chase this bread, know I gotta push these pencils
Know I gotta push these drugs, know I gotta paint these pictures
Know I gotta give it up, know you better mind your business
Know I gotta stay solid, know I can fall for nothing
Know I know hard times, know I gotta stay humble
Know I gotta keep it gangster, know you gotta come and get me
Know I gotta keep it pushing, know you can't fuck with me I don't wanna have to hit you with
this phone(?) mane, burn your whole block down like propane
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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