

Jungle Love (feat. MED & Guilty Simpson)

J Dilla

(feat. M.E.D. & Guilty Simpson)[Guilty Simpson:]

Yeah

Guilty Simpson

My nigga Med

J Dilla

Raw ShitProlific

Flow might blow, listen

Get Zooted, banging that dope music

My mind is set

This year niggas better step it up

I get the job done way before the check is cut

I don't wrote write raps for free

If I did, I won't make it like Shaq from three

My motto is simple

Without that loot

Your instrumentals stay instrumentals

A blind man could see the kids potential

And take notice so I grind and stay focused

If I was any hotter

I'd drink straight vodka, spit out flames, and piss lava

That hot fam, try again

That's why I got hoes like firemen

You could plug them up to hydrants

I should push a big red truck with sirens

Got a flow that'll stop beginners

I mall y'all a shopping center

Every time I yell I say

J D-Troit I to the L-L-A

[x2:]

With that raw shit

Turn it up loud in your car shit

Finger tips split that cigar shit

Let's smoke nigga

Holler at cha man's

I'll smoke with chaJ D-Troit I to the L-L-A

J D-Troit I to the L-L-A

J D-Troit I to the L-L-A

J D-Troit I to the L-L-A

[Med:]
I bang nothing but that, raw shit
Nigga bang on the wall piss
From the noise and the blunt saying
With a chick getting blown like a trumpet
For wondering how I stand still and still run this
Full stomach hunger in the eyes greedy
In your speezy
Take shit like
Nigga you don't need these
Titles and mics
Homie you don't need these
My CD
Pack like 6 niggas in a Sea Breeze
I flow so sick and won't sneeze
[?] with no cheese
Rap Gs
Rubberband one hand
I part your gold teeth
J Dilla my nigga
I call him OG
The street symphony
Epidemy
The underdog who grind hard for the victory
Get them weak rhymes out a my face
I clap 16 bars that might catch me a case
I'm back
Don't stop til my lungs collapse
Til then close your eyes
Nigga imagin that

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