

# 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  
Whole lot of flavor, flavor  
Whole lot of flavor, flavor  
Whole lot of flavor, flavor  
Whole 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 like  
The 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  
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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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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