

My Jacket

Soulja Slim

You know how I'm coming (uh huh)
You know exactly how I'm coming
(I'm telling you) It don't stop
Shit don't stop

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
My jacket consist of
Batteries on robberies, pistol charges, and murder
I know I'm the realest nigga ya heard of besides 'Pac
Got niggaz screaming Soulja from the street to the cell block

[Verse 1]
You bitch u
Soulja Slim and his committee is coming to get'chu
My mag 90 bullets hit'chu and split'chu
In half, let a bitch boy stab
Won't last up against these motherfuckers that use to taking blood baths
I been smoking blunts with the devil thats why my eyes are red as the fuck
Now tell me do I look like the type that will be scared to bust?
Well guess what? I'm screaming out murder me and I'm vest up
Chest up
Test nuts
Watch up while I fletch ya
You bitch made and I'm self made
Magnolia Calliope Melph made
I get through like a scale blade
And Kunta Kinte your left leg
I play surgeon and I'll be splurging
In anonymous nasty big bourbons
Don't stunt dog
Whatever I say I'll come wit'cha I'll come dog
I'ma get mine for the two G's
Take it for I say please
I fuck with twirkers not the twirkees
Put it long will give a nigga the herpes
So I stay back, I mean way, y'all didn't notice how I say that?
Well motherfuck y'all hated waving on three G's laid back

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
At one time we was click tight
What the fuck going on? I just come home my shit ain't going right
Everybody branching off doing they thang
Some of 'em in the studio and some of 'em they slang
Thats how it go I know this rap shit ain't gone last forever
So I stash chedda for hard times flip it to make it better
I can take ten G's and make twenty more ten G's with that
I'm from the 6 'co circle where all the hustlers at
You busters skat get from round me with all that junk claiming
In ninety-five I ran in Tara Lane and bust a brain and
Smokin blunts and snortin 'caine with my girl Big Ree
Til I started spooking out thought a nigga was trying to kill me
Nigga feel me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Picture lil daddy think he raw musta forgot I'ma vet
Crushing up his memory and then get him set for the flow of death
I gotta way to make all real niggaz feel my pain
And dem ol' player hating ass fake niggaz look at me strange
Reverse the game, Fuck his head up leave him in the middle of the street
Nigga shit ain't tight enough to geep a G with me
Actually, you don't even suppose to be in my presence
So I'ma ask you like a man, (shit) playboy get to stepping
Now if you walk off with that look like you gone get your weapon
And I'ma do ya something for all that stuntin and reppin
Now as the beat on for my flow dont stop
Til I make your girl drop it like its hot
I can run some shit that will make ya pussy pop
It don't matter if you real or not
Play my game and I'll cheat on ya
Pull the rubber off and skeet on ya
Have ya slanging that shit pussy for me on the Magnolia street corner
You's a hoe nigga
You I know nigga
And I put that on all my 6 'co fa sho niggaz
I'm X4L chief of the mag booyay
Fuck what them niggaz doing tomorrow cause I doing my thang today
Thats how I'm living just game giving to make y'all recognize
I been doing this and I ain't never took of my camouflage

[Chorus] - 3X