

# Black Rob, Jasmine

(feat. Carl Thomas)

(Verse One)

Yo had me in the LQ  
Yo shit was mad bumpin  
Rappers on the mic was like settin off somethin  
Now parties like this yo god  
I like lugin observin everything inside my surrounding  
Jasmine dancin wit this non-descrip sucka  
Okay cool as long as the sucka don't touch her  
Nigga  
Get the urge and can't control his hand  
Get a body bag cause "mauh" he's a dead man  
She was coolin sportin my table  
When the dance was done she like walked back to money's table  
I sat there like shit I can't believe this  
I wish you was there big fella so you could see this bitch  
Sittin there boo legs wide open laughin gigglin smilin and jokin wit homes  
Like they use to hang out real real tough  
He musta had a strong rap cause Jasmine looked gased up  
Sittin there played the role of a slouch  
Just watchin to see how Jasmine played herself out  
They sat there just talkin to each other  
I thought this kid was alone he had five more brothas wit him  
Wit out girl's night ain't this some shit  
If she don't recognize the game they can kiss this shit  
They introduced theyselves one at a time  
Saw 'em say how you doin so Jasmine say "fine"  
I was laughin but there was more in store  
I saw her get up and start walkin towards the front door  
I rolls too god and walked right behind em  
So where ever they go it won't be hard to find em  
I keep a guard you now I thought I better  
Plus I keep the stash deep inside the 8 pound leather  
Open doors vale was on the ready  
At the end Jasmine is gonna wish she never met me  
We're off two cars speedin deep in the night  
I'm doin 30 on the straight away 60 on the turnpike  
For Jasmine

(Chorus)

Know that i've got Jasmine on my mind  
Ohhhhh  
Playa freeze while I pull out my nine  
Know that i've got Jasmine on my mind  
Ohhhhh

(Verse Two)

Word up ain't nothin changed but the weather  
Still chasin them suckas in the '86 Jetta  
Thinkin different thoughts still not understandin  
How 7 people got in that fuckin Volkswagen  
Enough of that god yo back to the chase  
Yo man you should've seen the ruckus look on my face  
Slowin down cruisin on the cool out mode  
Then parked in front of his house on Gunhill road  
Man I started to get out  
Grabbed the rope and try to hang her  
Before I let this posse drop shots gang bang her  
They went inside man but I kept goin  
Parked across the street wit out them even knowin  
Got out the car still schemin the house

Tip toed around the back quiet like a church mouse  
If the neighbors looked out the window  
They would surely get leery and scream like "BAHANDO"  
Police they would hold my fate  
But they didn't so I crept up the fire escape  
I saw shadow's inside a bright lit room  
Which appear to be two bodies dancin to a slow song nigga  
I got closer decided I should check it  
I saw Jasmine and one of them kids dancin buck naked  
So I got the gat so I have no interference  
When I make my grand appearance  
For Jasmine

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

I seen a red dot tryna lock on me  
I can't believe these niggas tryna pull a pac on me  
I admit they had the drop on me  
Probably turned the burner around 20 degrees  
So I could see  
Who bust me  
Who knocked me out  
Who tried to choak  
Who tied the rope  
Who left me this bitch ass note  
I'm disgusted the murder she wrote  
Money she oaked all of my coke all of dope  
Up in smoke  
Made you follow me probably so mad you wanna hollow me  
But you won't be so lucky today so swallow me  
Got your GS4 and your Bently rose took all of your clothes  
And 99 bottles of Mo's  
What she didn't know is about the dynamite in the rose  
And if I get close I'll blow her cause I got the controls  
At the toll on the phone wit this bitch Nicole  
Said she left you in some hotel out in the road  
Room 112 penthouse sweet alumni  
On the 12th floor in front of her door was one guy  
On some Brandon Lee shit he wasn't handin me shit  
Understand me he flipped bust the 9 and he split  
Had my heat cocked busted right through the sheet rock  
How'd he drop he ain't the nigga I just shot  
Whas goin on all of a sudden it was nothin no jokin son  
Jasmine holdin the smokin gun  
By the time I realized I caught two in the chest had the vest  
As I fell I'm not thinkin of death  
Still fallin to a place wit more conscience though  
Long enough to see her aim and put one in her throat  
So I got up all shot up grabbed the Prada  
Faggots probably towed my truck  
You know how my luck  
Hoped in bleedin to death turned left  
Thought of Jasmine and how she went out to the death  
For Jasmine

(Chorus)