

# Jamal, Insane Creation

Intro:

A yo man chill let's take this moment of silence out for my man C A Dogg.  
Claude Austin. Rowdy 9 5.

Hook:

1 2 to the breaker 1 9 9 5 Jamal represent to keep it live

Testin' 1 2 3 I flows rhymes wicked Jamal represent to keep it live (x2)

Verse 1:

Back in the day where I'm from in the slum it was ill  
Drive around the corner catch a view to a kill  
Move up the block on the O they slang rocks  
When niggas get hot they lickin' shots at the cops  
Come with me (uh ha) I take you back to 1983  
It was shell top sneakers and it was all about me  
Me growin' up makin' a man out of myself  
Kindergarden's cool I'm thinkin' about makin' to the 12th  
Semester went by, by 5th grade I'm strugglin'  
My mind was on bitches and smoke I'm not functioning  
On waht I need to be to get me through  
The world is a school, and me? Fuck it I'm rollin' with the crew  
Now boom there it is I'm labelled as  
An eleven year old, a 5th grade fast ass  
A year went by (uh ha) and I'm still bad as hell  
I got a taste of jail nothin' major I'm only twelve  
My grandmas pissed off not understandin' what's happenin'  
But come with me, creep into the darkening  
(Back in the day) It's southwest  
Fuck with Jamal you catch two to your chest  
Contest if a nigga want to fool  
I be the leader of the new school I straight rule  
That was (back in the days) the days of wayback  
But nowadays it's all about million stacks (word)

Hook (x2)

Verse 2:

It all started on December 25th 1991 on the Illadelphiatic streets  
Jamal took a step up and gave his rep to someplay  
Prayin' that I make it to this day  
I met this female her name was El  
Said she liked my style of rap we chatted for a little while  
Told me haps on how to make the snaps  
She said she lived in Atlanta where business booms like rockets  
And she had connects outta sockets  
We exchanged numbers and I was off to the crib  
Cause January 1st I had to start my bid (for what?)  
For being a wild unruling child  
A week my granny sent complaints to the juevenile  
Finally January 1st, the day I hated  
My granny flew away to Georgia I got reinslated  
Now I'm off, no more sun for a year of two  
No more get high no more lampin' with the crew  
(what could you do?) Nothin' so I lamped for about 20 months and a half  
Then I got amped (what?)  
I'm losing my mind, I can't take (what)  
All of this bullshit I'm about to break (Where?)  
Atlanta where they got some wealth to share  
Hits the poster with my granny I got some tracks to tear  
So I did it, soon as I got home I did it  
Then I got that bitch Janey Ace to get the ticket and I'm out

Hook (x2)

Verse 3:

A wild little shortie on the straight looney expedition  
Gut a nigga (uh ha) who ever thought I'd be in this position  
I went from rockin' basement paprtys to placements to all these  
Opportunites, I got to GA o.k. and I got situated  
Reinstated in school and fell El too

I never forgot my number one plot  
Was for me to rock the crowd and make my granny proud  
No doubt I had to shape up or ship out  
Never to be a failure so I found another route  
At last to get the cash  
And then massed to meet El in North Cacalac  
She had this black little juvenile wild as hell that got busy  
It's real so we packed up and bailed to the city  
Together to shop around the sound and get down  
With my nigga D hooked me up with E and I'm on  
Hook (x5)