

# Journalist, When It Comes To This Shit

[Verse 1: Journalist]

Ay yo, its Journalist nigga even on my nicer days  
I heat you up spin you round, call me microwave  
Skate off like at an Ice Capade  
with the type of guage that bring the cops out like parades  
Leave your family in the triage, second guessin  
graf artist, I'm good with sketchin weapons  
Leave emancipations for lacerations  
With bunks to gun a pump like I'm half Jamaican  
You know the flow fascinatin  
Nigga I'm so sharp, when I walk I scratch the pavement  
I aim this gat right for your ways  
then I go to your mom's house to give her all types of bouquets  
or I can paralyze half of ya  
You don't wanna see your kids laugh at ya  
when they see you peein through a catheter  
However you want it, you can have it your way  
Capital J, and never use a gat for display

[Chorus x2: Journalist]

When it comes to this shit here  
Y'all the type to sit there  
I'm soon to rock that road, crotched in the big chair  
Studded up crown with forty below wristwear  
Prove y'all clowns couldn't fuck with the flow this year

[Verse 2: Journalist]

Ay yo, heres a few promises  
turn y'all to vomitters  
with different types of heaters if the waste got thermometers  
Niggas wanna climb with us  
Crazy World conglomerate  
Philadelphi dominant  
comin through the monitors  
My chumps beat you like drums, quite severe  
Then I fuck around and follow up, just like the snear  
I don't think you in the right career  
Maybe you should go back to cross dressin and them tight brazeers  
Cause y'all niggas ride mine, worryin bout my shine  
Stay on the sideline and work with the pom-poms  
Throw some rounds throw your arm or confetti your sleve  
When I'm in town, the sheriffs and the deputies leave  
Nigga I ain't got respect for you please  
You ain't sittin on dough, you fallin off like sesame seeds  
Cause you can't bear pressure  
if you don't wear vestes  
Crime unit find you I hope they got air freshners

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3: Journalist]

Yo when the gat is in my distance  
I have you datin fishes  
Your wive tears drippin on your graduation pictures  
Clutch glocks and what not  
rush spots, fuck cops  
I got enough shots to get cuz' block dustmopped  
When I stop the beamer  
Cock the neener  
Blood'll pour to the pavement like its Aquafina  
Come out on bail, fallin up the cops' subpeana  
Come back around, send more shots between ya  
Bullets burnin up your femur  
Turn into screamers

from uppercut swings of the permanent leaner  
Cause the guns I squeeze 'em  
If I shoot 'em just once like James Ingram  
Watch his brains leave him  
I'll be shinin my toys 'til the lost boys  
You rather see me sit in the can like Altoids  
Ock, I'm on the block, gettin narcs annoyed  
Passin out rocks like the Sixers ball boy  
Its Journ!

[Chorus x2]