

# Mike Jones, Laws Patrolling

(feat. CJ, Lil' Bran, Mellow)

[Intro: Mike Jones]

Who?! Mike Jones [3x]

Shyeah!

Keep ya eyes open

For them jackers, baby

It's going down

[Chorus: Lil' Bran (2x)]

Even though the laws patrolling

Them jackers is rolling

So the gat im holding

Cause I ain't another going down

[Verse 1: Mike Jones]

They see me doing my shit, that's why they in my miix

Jackers plotting along watching like I'm moving bricks

But I ain't move nothing, I'm on my grind hustling

Come at me wrong and my chrome gon' give you a concussion

I love to ride fresh, but hate to ride with Tec's

But the way that these jackers roll up, knowing for the best

With diamonds on my neck, bulletproof vest on chest

I got my own laws, I'm here to serve and protect

Myself, because they ain't finna get me

I'm in the club sober as fuck and you won't catch me tipsy

Nigga! Yeah! I'm Mike Jones Who! Mike Jones

Who! Mike Jones

[Chorus (2x)]

[Verse 2: CJ]

The way that I pull up, I got the jackers lookin at me

24's and swingers, sold the candy and got me caffie

And I don't give a damn if they rollin', cause my top gets folden

The AK I'm holding (Lil' Bran: Cause I ain't about to go down)

Presidential when we ride with the trunk open heat, clothes tryin' to jack playboy

You get three slugs to ya throat and I'm fo' sho' cause they don't know

I'm on a mission to get paid

Tryin to plot or set me up you get ya whole block sprayed

And I ain't knockin' ya hustle but a hollow head will hurt

In the heat of the moment, let's see if that heat gon buck first

And I'm a aim for the worst to make a jacker fall flat

And if I do get jacked, you better believe I'm coming back in all black

CJ!

[Chorus (2x)]

[Verse 3: Mellow]

I'm down the boulevard flippin', jammin' &quot;Still Tippin&quot;

See them jackers watching like I aint payin' attention

But really, I'm looking at them boys like they silly

Cause I know their handguns ain't gon' fuck wit this Milly

Cause I'm a pistol packer for them jackers that try to attack us

No need to call the po po, cause my fo fo gon' be my back up

Act up: If you wanna and I swear you'll be a goner

I put it all on my mama, you niggaz don't want no drama

It's Mellow, king of the hill, don't think I ain't holding that steel

When I pull up in that Deville, you crumb niggaz better chill

I'm from the streets I'm real, I grind hard for the scrill

I major without a deal, gotta keep it hot wheels

[Chorus (2x)]

