

Mike Jones, Turning Lane

Who? Mike Jones!! Who? Mike Jones!! Who? Mike Jones!!

2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo' baby, geah!

[Chorus: Mike Jones]

I'm holdin wood wheel in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane

Piece and chain shinin in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane

TV screens rain in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane

I'm gettin brain from yo' dame in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane

I'm holdin wood wheel in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane

My candy paint leavin stains in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane

Them cats a muggin better chill in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane

I got my hand on the steel in the turnin lane - in the turnin lane

[Mike Jones]

I got that candy paint drippin, dabbers spinnin; in the turnin lane

Diamonds shinin, fifth wheel reclinin; in the turnin lane

Screens fall, 24's crawl; in the turnin lane

You know me, I ain't trippin 'bout the laws; in the turnin lane

Me and Mellow pull up real slow; to the turnin lane

Whip lookin like it's in a car show; in the turnin lane

My neck wrist and fist filled with snow; in the turnin lane

Call me conceited cause I jam my own clothes; in the turnin lane

While I'm waitin I blow green and sip lean; in the turnin lane

Seems like this light ain't gon' never turn green; in the turnin lane

But I ain't rushin because I got time, try to keep up behind

and I'ma hit ya with that nine; see in the turnin lane

Piece and chain icy rang showin; in the turnin lane

Show my grills and diamonds start glowin; in the turnin lane

I'm jammin Screw music while I'm waitin; in the turnin lane

"Who is Mike Jones?" anticipated; in the turnin lane

[Chorus]

[Mike Jones]

I'll leave some cats aside quick; in the turnin lane

Them boys really think they're slick; in the turnin lane

But if they even try trippin; in the turnin lane

I'ma have to empty out my clip; in the turnin lane

I keep my eyes wide open; in the turnin lane

Me and my infrared dot scopin; in the turnin lane

Haters hate to congratulate, mad at me cause I'm lookin great

Don't wanna grind just wanna hate, you crummy and I'll run yo 'plate

I'm Mike Jones - WHO? Mike Jones, from the Dirty South

They say my grill clean so you know I ain't got no dirty mouth

2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo'

Hit Mike Jones up on the low cause Mikes Jones about to blow

2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo'

Hit Mike Jones up on the low cause Mikes Jones about to blow

2 8 1, 3 3 oh, eight zero zero fo'

Hit Mike Jones up on the low cause Mikes Jones about to blow

[Chorus]

[Mike Jones]

I ride on the swang, I grip on woodgrain

I sip on purple drink Rover Range in the turnin lane

I got Escalade ESV's in my drop I watch DVD's

Now I'm hot hoes peepin me spittin game and come home with me; in the turnin lane

But befo' all this fame came, I sold cocaine to maintain

Day to day grind to stackin change, I did it to have thangs

Now I'm in it to win it drop the top 24 spinnin

I got diamonds in my grill, you can't tell when I'm grinnin; in the turnin lane

Befo' I got on a major, I was underground stackin that paper

Career pimps players and hustlers don't mess with them haters

My album - "Who is Mike Jones" in ya sto'

My album - "Who is Mike Jones" in ya sto' - cause

[Chorus - 2X]