

Murphy Lee, Jungle Gym

(Intro/Chorus)

Yo, turn the club 'to a jungle gym
Matter fact girl get all under him
If you know any freaks act like one of them
Get crunk again, have fun again, dirty
Err'body leave ya guns in the cars
And err'body run right to the bar
Get ya something staright or the bubbly
We ain't Bubba but it's finna get ugly

(Verse: King Jacob)

Yo, Vokal is so extreme
Strut up in the club wit the rest of the team
Thinking 'bout my dubs the compress is so mean
Got on blue and gray today, so fresh, so clean
Had to hide my eyes from the Disco beam
Just enough sight to find a Disco Queen
Just enough light to fire up this mo heat
Got just enough ice to not be low key
Look, I'm King Jacob you ain't gotta know me
But ya, you so real so you gotta know me
Addictive type and my baby moma OD
Descriptive writing made a million dollars for me
I'm just a Young Dude, young and doing young
Pursuing like them one dudes from St. Louis
Murph, come on dirty, where P, let's represent the turf (Youth City)
If you change in the game represent what we worth

(Chorus)

(Verse: Murphy Lee)

Hey yo I'm Murphy Lee the trouble maker
I'm in the club with my house shoes on
Don't like being in the house too long
Having dreams about buying the bar out
I don't own a dog so sometimes I got to let my cars out
Hit the lawn on my humble abode
My car dusty but it rassle the road
See I used to have "freetime"
Now my life like a "Nextel" and it's not "free OP" time
I'm three times, four minutes away
Peace to printed shirts for the LA in the ashtray
I ain't been in this car for a month
So I think I'm a call this a throwback blunt
Hit the corner bumping Old School, ready to drink
Cause my stomach full of Barbeque Tofu
I knew two people at the door
So I EIP, parked it and ordered some more

(Chorus)

(Verse: The Professor)

Hey wait, hey hey, hold up, is it my turn yet?
I been waiting the many let me introduce you to 'prentice
Plot - me in the club and it's 3 AM
With Murph and Jake so drunk I had to lean on them
Disgusted, I snapped myself up, this ain't no fun
I took a girl by the fat girl and smoke my one
High as can be, back on the scene, what do I see?
Dance flo' hiding her plan, they taking off things
Daisy Duke shorts unzipped with the thong inbetween
Girl, you got the fattest ass I ever seen
I give you, what you need dick, weed, but you gotta be clean
A fat ass ain't err'thing except if burning up slings

King I stumbled in to him, he still wanna drink
A thick chick took him away and gave gim head on the scene
Blinking, looked over my shoulder and tried to spot Murph
Spotted three dimes that swooped him up, Menage time

(Chorus)