

# Shyheim, Jiggy Comin'

phone rings twice\*

Hello?

(arabic voice) You have a collect call phone call

In a New York state correctional facility

Press five five to accept, or hang up to decline

Verse One:

Whattup gangstas, how tha fuck ya'll feel  
We keepin it real, and hold on tight to your steel  
Let them caps peel, one by one  
And laugh while the nig run  
He shoulda been packin his gun, now he gone  
Cuz he got slippin like an old bitch  
in the wet staircase shaft, now watch his man snitch  
to tha police, but them no worry me son  
I ain't trying to get back it'd be my third felony  
Pataki he want to see us, criminals fry  
in the electric chair, but my spirit will never die  
A true project nigga, I won't hesitate  
to pull the BLAOW, peace to all busy niggaz  
One love y'all stay safe  
And fuck you, Officer Brown, peace to that nigga Case

Chorus: repeat 4X

WhOO WhOO

Jiggy comin, fuck tha police y'all, cuz I ain't runnin

Verse Two:

All ya'll police can suck my diiiiiick  
and Mayor Gulliani, that cracker boy full of shit  
I represent, for all my niggaz doing time  
And those who got beat up and killed by the swine  
Beo-tches, them porks, beotch  
Them think them bad, cuz they carry, glocks and badges  
And when I'm pimpin in my green Acura  
They pull me over, like I stole it from some nigga  
But all my paperwork is legit  
Registered insured in my name, so ya'll pigs can shit  
Police be cockin me like I'm some dime piece  
a G from the street so I can never turn beast

Chorus

Verse Three:

There's crooked cops, that's why they get shot by tha minute  
If you were criminal and you ready to represent, kid  
blaow, that's how I like it, word is bond  
My hair ain't blonde my eyes ain't blue so now I'm dead boo  
It's on like this is war, all my brothers in the hood  
I gots fam that's constant understand I wish they would  
but it's all good, peace to my niggaz locked in jail  
Bushy Kam, Killa Kane, Fogey Foo, and Ale  
Down Low Wrecka and Junior be on storm  
Keep your headz up, and keep it real cuz you know I'm gonna  
And for my niggaz doin six months  
I see yo ass next summer, word up

Chorus