

# No Joke (feat. Ab-Soul)

## Jay Rock

Starts rotting fertilizer neighborhoods with butter, butter  
Black steel, no mass, no tags, gutter, gutter  
Look up in the skies no stars, helicopters over  
Grab my strap, kiss my mother, bust back duck for cover  
Hit the bound straight hangar, main line speak your mind  
Where you're from, take your time, bust a nigga, no response  
Rest a hater, respirator, No response, green light, go time  
We're all block, I know mine so you know

One time snitch nigga, bitch nigga, real up with a seven cause that's all I can get nigga  
Small town hustler, me I'm just a governor on my city fuck with me juggle shots to your jugular  
Projects hold me down, A1 customers, A1 army guns, A1 predators, pigs yelling 'man down'  
Got the lost scared of us. Nigga we ain't scared of nothing, break it down show me something I  
don't wanna have to hit you with this phone(?) mane, burn your whole block down like propane  
Over that cocaine, trying to get more change (If you ain't know now know mane)

Ab-Soul:

Slang, game, green, rain, sleet, hail, snow (yeah)  
Finna take another trip to the liquor store  
The fiends when they smoke and you can get smoked cause (These streets ain't no mutha  
fuckin' joke) Back to my bullshit, back on the block with it  
Get it off me I'll flip it, getting off the car flipping  
Mono bitch think I'm tripping, oh no, no dope, w oh no, 30 bucks mo-mo  
What the fuck you thought this was? All i know is doing me  
Flying spur, doing three, got a lane blowing trees  
Homie what you're smoking on? I can get it dirty, I can get it for the low, hard rock of pure  
blow

I could show you how to whip it, birdies getting off the show  
Serving quail in the kitchen, remedy for the meal tickets  
Dope gang real wicked, some deals go sour, real niggas locked up  
Snitched on by known cowards, OG told me that's life  
Murders keep me stressed tonight, my daughter keep me level headed  
Reason why I sacrifice, story of a real nigga, this is how I feel nigga  
Come between my peace and mind, get your ass killed nigga  
I don't wanna have to hit you with this phone(?) mane, burn your whole block down like  
propane

Over that cocaine, trying to get more change (If you ain't know now know mane) Ab-Soul:

Slang, game, green, rain, sleet, hail, snow (yeah)  
Finna take another trip to the liquor store  
The fiends when they smoke and you can get smoked cause (These streets ain't no mutha  
fuckin' joke) My mamma tell me dress softly, gotta keep the feds off  
Gotta keep the guns on me, I know the motherfuckers want me  
Know I gotta hold it down, know I gotta run my town  
No tomorrows, never promise, know I gotta get it now

Know I got a job to finish, know I need to start to grow  
Know I need Lord's forgiveness, know I've been through obstacles  
Know I gotta shit on nigga, know I gotta do my thang  
Knowing that I'm knee deep, know the drama that it brings  
Know I can't trust these hoes, know I can't chase these bitches  
Know I gotta chase this bread, know I gotta push these pencils  
Know I gotta push these drugs, know I gotta paint these pictures  
Know I gotta give it up, know you better mind your business  
Know I gotta stay solid, know I can fall for nothing  
Know I know hard times, know I gotta stay humble  
Know I gotta keep it gangster, know you gotta come and get me  
Know I gotta keep it pushing, know you can't fuck with me I don't wanna have to hit you with  
this phone(?) mane, burn your whole block down like propane  
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