

Out in the Jungle

Styles P

[Intro]

Just coolin', you know?
It's a jungle out here
Hyenas, lions, gorillas, snakes
I'm just movin'

[Chorus]

Out in the jungle, it's hyenas and lions
And gorillas and snakes and all that other shit (All that other shit, I'm coolin')
So I'm coolin', my nigga
That money movin', my nigga
Out in the jungle, it's hyenas and lions
And gorillas and snakes and all that other shit
(Cool shit, you know?)
But I load up my hammer for all that other shit

[Verse 1]

I light up two joints then a few joints
Turn the beat on just to prove a few points (A few)
Show 'em to the plug, get a few points (Hahaha)
A crew full of animals, a zoo, what do you do for 'em? (What do you do for 'em?)
Do you get 'em tamed or you leave 'em wild? (Huh?)
I'm infestin', I invested in my own style
Know I stay reppin' the hood (D-Block)
You ain't familiar with my neck of the woods (No)
You should check if you good (Check)
But if you check with a loc that's broke, what is the word worth? (What's that worth?)
Talkin' to the plug, what the bird worth? (How much is that?)
You tryna go straight, who you curve first?
Fuckin' right I'm a gangster, homie, but I'm a nerd first (Nerds)
Smart enough to read up on the art of war
Time is valuable, it's deeper than the Audemar (It's deeper)
Patek or Hublot, if you blow and you ain't on that shit (On that shit)
Then they might bust a TEC at your two-door

[Chorus]

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And gorillas and snakes and all that other shit
So I'm coolin', my nigga
That money movin', my nigga

But I load up my hammer for all that other shit
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And gorillas and snakes and all that other shit
So I'm coolin', my nigga
That money movin', my nigga
But I load up my hammer for all that other shit

[Verse 2]

If things get messy, know I'm Pesci with it
Billy the Kid, Jimmy Conway or Jesse with it (Woo)
I'm talkin' James
Let that .44 flame on the train for a bag
If he mad, you can bet he get it (You can bet he get it)
Been in a high-speed chase, drivin' steady with it
I've been rich, I've been poor, so I'm petty with it (I'm petty)
Fuck the karma, all I need is marijuana for the trauma
That's the suicide bomber that's cool as the Dalai Lama
Kids see Ghost, I ain't Ye, I ain't Cudi
But the .45's my buddy for all of the side drama (All of that)
Fuckin' with the scariest, you can Hail Mary
I'm probably plottin' like Tyrion (I'm plottin'), Lannister
They gon' need a janitor, there's matter on the banister
He ain't have the stamina
Hammer in my canister
Got it out the kitchen (Got it)
You won't catch me slippin' (Uh-uh)
'Cause the Ghost got the sauce and you know it's still drippin'
Out, nigga

[Chorus]

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And gorillas and snakes and all that other shit
So I'm coolin', my nigga
That money movin', my nigga
But I load up my hammer for all that other shit
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