

## **JamWayne - Deep**

{chorus: country jay}

I want to get this shit out of the mud  
Now i want it all, my diamonds all flawless  
Sayin' more money make problems  
I swim with the sharks  
A couple of 'em misunderstood  
I came out the dirt  
If i'm gettin' my time, i'ma gettin' mine  
I'ma put it in work  
My finger on the trigger, my eyes on the prize  
Make the wrong move, when he beats you get hurt  
I'm like, tell me what you want  
You gotta tell me what you know  
Rollin' up she got me stoned  
Came out the mud and now i know  
I've fuckĐµd up all my life, i know i was wrong  
They tryna paint a lil' picture of mĐµ  
Like mournin', they assume me gone, but i can't go  
Got the world with the grip on me, leave whistlin' below  
Deep down, deep down, deep in the sea  
I take 'em deep down, deep down, deep in the sea  
I take 'em deep down, deep down, deep in the sea  
I want it all, ain't gon' for nothin'  
I wanted you get the best of me

{verse 1: jamwayne}

Yeah, want some man to do make plans, boo  
Took to the streets but that's old news  
Got a couple peeps on speed dial  
Shit pop off, i call two  
Then walk off, grab the sawed off

Come back with it then saws out  
I'm back in it like soul gone  
That's rest in peace, my papa  
'til i see you again one day  
How you got took, while i stepped in the game  
Whole town got hood so i real in the bay  
They ain't asked me to eat, 'til i got me a plate  
Ain't asked me to be here, this where i stay  
Got a problem with it, make a fatal mistake  
Like i'm on a prison breakin'  
Lock all the guards in the water  
And pick a lock, time for the cat tail  
Pickin' the lock, flickin' the stick in the rock  
Brickin' the block, wrist hurt a lot  
Ain't got no time for the flock  
At to the head of the cost  
Soldier on war as packin' the heat for the flock  
Rackin' up peace for the part  
Do it regardless, bitch you know we the mob  
Run with the ruthless and heartless  
{chorus: country jay}

{verse 2: twista}

Expect the unexpected  
From the beginnin' i was dealin' with livin' on another level  
Cuz i knew i had to get it at an early age  
In my youth it was truth that got me feelin' like a rebel  
Didn't wanna be a victim of my surroundings  
So i came with a sound and went to go get it up out the dirt  
This poverty gotta be only a test of god  
It's the hand i was dealt so i had to go put in work  
Since i was blessed with vocal ability and agility  
I'ma spit it with a flow so witty and a style so pretty

I'ma put on my city and i wanna sit pretty  
I don't wanna feel pity, so i gotta bite down, dig deep  
Feel free, you can't make me do a damn thing  
You a fan of me, now i'm on track with what's his name  
Bama beast, jamwayne  
He got the "drip", you want "no problems" "old soul"  
"ready" "outlaw" for those that "sin"  
"hold my beer" while i'm in "america's kitchen"  
"do something" "real to me" then  
If it's "doo doo" i'ma "flush" it  
"thank u mean" cuz you know i'll be "smooth" "until"  
Those are all the songs on his new album  
I am twista, what's the deal  
{chorus: country jay}