

## **Jim Jones f/ Cam'Ron, Juelz Santana, Max B**

### **"Pin The Tail"**

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[Max B]

Byrd Gang club banger  
Tryna holla at ya shorty  
One focus, one focus only  
I'm tryna hit that thang!  
Let's go

[Max B]

WE MAKE HITS IN THE STUDIO NIGHTLY, WE OUT  
TRYNA GET THIS MONEYYYYYYYYYYYY (Tryna Get it)  
WE TAKE TRIPS IN THE WINTER IN JET PLANES, IN THE  
CLIMATES WHERE IT'S SUNNNYYYYYYY (MIA)  
WE GOT MAMI ON THE DANCE FLOOR GRINDIN TO THE  
BEAT, TIPSY OFF THE BUBBLYYYYYYYY (BUBBLY)  
BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY, YOUR FRIEND IN THE  
PLAY....I'M TRYNA PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEYYYY!

[Verse 1: Jim Jones]

It goes Yes Yes Y'all-ing (b-boy boys), fresh to death  
balling (BALLLLLLINNNN!)...  
you can play hard under pressure, I'm scoring (swish!)  
They playing tight D (uh huh), play the paint like a G  
(boxed out)...  
and some say they gangsta's but they ain't like me (not  
at all!)  
I came from an environment (uh huh), 'caine I was  
frying it (bricks)...  
then hit the dealer, see the Range I was buying it (it's  
nothing!)  
We don't test drive (uh huh), buy the whole whip like  
you should (fuck a lease!)...  
cheffin' up pies, a whole brick like you should  
Then take the proceeds, waste about 4 G's (balling)...  
buy bottles in the club, tryna get the older skeez (gettin  
twisted!)  
I'm tryna get the dame to breeze....  
but she putting up a fight like Laila Ali (and what's ya  
name nigga?!)  
I told the lady I be...  
doing the turnpike, eighty in a fly V (WHAT ELSE?!)  
Middle name "forty on the wrist"

last name "you can't afford me bitch!" get a camcorder  
bitch! (YEAH!)

[HOOK]

[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]

Case is a Perryay Rose (yep!)  
look like Picasso painted on the bottle (haha)  
We throwing money we looking like Lotto (you see it)  
I could cover chicks with cheese like nacho's  
Fly out the cold (cold), land in the heat (where?)  
New York to Miami Beach (yeah)  
Bitch I live the life of a hood-star  
rock-star without the gui-tar got em all rubbing they  
push-bra (AWWWWW)  
Got em all shaking they tush like  
I'mma give em a taste of the good life (nope!)  
But I'll give em a taste of the good liquor  
a taste of that good bud, next thing you know she be  
tasteing of my good UHHHHHHHHHHH!  
I get money, be quiet....you talking to the Jolly Green  
Giant  
I see it, I like it, I buy it baby  
I'm flyer than a pilot flying at his highest, climate

[HOOK]

[Verse 3: Cam'ron]

WHERE MY HOOOMIIIIIIIES? UP TO NO GOOD  
WHERE MY HOOOMIIIIIIIES? YEP, I'M SO HOOD  
Uh...What up pimpin pimpin? (what up pimpin!)  
I'm exec already (fuck that!)  
See my hoes are like my plates...temporary (out of  
here)  
I ignore ya, beat it (beat it), move more strategic  
(strategic)  
The marble's mad yep, the floors are heated (in other  
words)  
Cam half pound a quarter key it (key it)  
better ask 'round soon they'll need a Mac round, enjoy  
the scenic  
In the ninety's Z3's, BB's now in the crib TV's watch TV  
(flat screens watch flat screens)  
Killa killa more killing and then the kitty purs  
(meeeeow)...  
fuck furs, his and hers, Bentley Spurs (that's a fact)  
Gun talk real talk speak Mac to Mac (mac), we like the  
Pistons, Bulls...  
you know back to back (back to back CHAMPS!)  
Maesarati's back to back come ride with me  
on 1100 not the bike....two 550's!

KILLA!

[HOOK]

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