

## **Jim Jones f/ Cardan, Max B**

### **"Confront Ya Babe"**

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[Max B]

I gotta see how that thing sound but I got it  
I'ma come right in wit it Dipset, uh

[Chorus: repeat 2x]

If theres a need to confront ya babe  
I'll let the nina come punch ya babe (DIPSET!!)  
Fur beavers big blunts and things  
Byrd Gang Byrd Gang (OW!)

[Verse 1: Max B]

Nigga I'll leave you bleedin on ya door slot  
Max B look like Derek Jeter on the short stop (uh)  
I'll put the heater to ya soft spot  
Waive the nina and make ya adiddas do the short stop  
(uh)  
You don't want it wit me b  
Dickie under the snorkel heat and the mean v  
Bend ya main bitches over give'em the wee wee  
Big gun up close in ya face 3-D (uh)  
I'll put the thing near ya ear Let it bang near ya ear  
Fivic grand crew haters linger in the air  
Clothes fit right like the finger in ya beer  
Last week hit anger in the rear  
Jim came threw he gave me the chain and couple of  
'guettes in my ear  
Now the bird swingin off the thermo  
Tre pound tucked bitch I don't give a fuck bitch

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Jim Jones]

Shit I treats this game like it's 88  
Nauti' sweats no socks hopped out the range wit the  
paper plates  
Hopped on the plane wit the bathing apes  
Hopped off the plane ta see the hatian face so pound  
nigga (sa pa say!)  
We gangsta rappin gettin dough from this violence  
(east side!)  
I'm talkin G4's blowin haze smoke from the piolet

(purple!)  
I chartered that flight cause it was lookin kinda rainy  
Now i'm known ta bring the goons out like that nigga  
John Chaney (Goonies!)  
Or catch me up on the hill in the whip doing 80  
(Dimelo!)  
Till the police pulled me over and the whip smelled all  
hazy  
What you know about that cash get you thrown up in the  
trash  
I'll put a gun up in ya mouth and have you blow it out yo  
ass  
Blunt up in my mouth blowin out the grass  
show you how to stunt, pockets loaded wit the cash  
show you how to dump semi loaded ready ta blast  
I'll roll up on you chumps I got this whole shit in a  
smash

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Cardan]

Yo Now when I'm crusin threw harlem I get my bunky  
charn on  
Gotta dunny dunk broad wit a dunky dunk car  
I get all that chronic straight from them honky tonk  
guys  
You junior muthafuckas I'm donkey don kong  
I just left Jacob and he got me chunky on arm  
now I'm on my way to go smoke a dunky don bong  
I brought DA BAND out and I ain't talkin puffy sean  
combs  
Dem drums turn into guns goin brrrrump ba bump  
bump  
Now ya mind out ya body  
You wonder I got nine in the party I was high in it proolly  
Doggy, I put the kam in the kazi you need it pa  
Holla I might go guide you, poppy its the guy  
Call me cardan tho  
been passed dem, bust, if, aint  
We ain't wit the village fags nah we on lennox ave  
you mad, go get ya dad you fag, you fit for drag  
and that nina'll bump you, or if it's a need I confront  
you fucker

[Chorus] - 2X

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