

## Jim Johnston

### "Baby Girl"

Visit "[Baby Girl](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Jim Jones:]

Clap, (byrd gang), clap, (byrd gang), clap, Dipset!  
Can I get a G clap? (byrd gang), clap, (byrd gang),  
clap, (byrd gang)

[Verse 1:]

They like hold up, wait a minute,  
I'm in the coupe, laid up in it,  
Sunk in the seat, suede all in it,  
Drop top roof blowin haze all in it,  
Now yall know I'm a straight up menace,  
Run up in ya crib there's a safe up in it,  
New York city yall aint safe up in it,  
Yall niggaz who gays, my niggaz authentic,  
The game like bitches who need makeup,  
These niggaz beefin and kissin and then they make up,  
Shit, I still prowl through the gutter,  
And you all you hear them say was that's a wild  
motherfucker,  
It's been a while motherfucker, had to fall back, face a  
trial cause of Rucker,  
One-eye Willie you can come try to kill me,  
Still ridin that five you could get hung high silly,

[Chorus:]

Baby girl, You tryin to be down with the Dipset?  
(Yeah) Well then you gotta get your lips wet (What?)  
Baby girl we getting the big checks, tre pound sawed  
off, we spending the big checks (OW!)  
Yall aint thought he was supposed to flow, thought he  
was supposed to go, thought he was supposed blow,  
(Who that?) it's Dipset baby, DIPSET! Nigga it's Jim  
Jones....

[Verse 2 (Jim Jones):]

Now everybody know me,  
Usually in the club with a bunch of Old G's,  
We pop bottles and we all smoke weed,  
And we'll burn this bitch down, better call the police,  
And yall know yall don't want that beef,  
Trying to g mack, look at all these freaks,

Besides, the dance floor look sweet,  
So like Lil Jon we can all skeet skeet (TO THE  
WINDOWS!)  
I'm trying to bag this bimbo,  
Mad she spilled a drink on the tan timbos,  
Stuntin hard in my b-boy pose,  
You aint got nothing on me dogs, aint a V I aint drove,  
Fuck about the law, top speed on the road,  
44 squeeze, breathe, RELOAD!  
And if I gotta take it that far,  
Don't mean I left the club nigga and went sraight to the  
car

[Chorus:]

Baby girl, you tryin to be down with the Dipset?  
(Yeah) Well then you gotta get your lips wet (What?)  
Baby girl, we getting the big checks, tre pound sawed  
off, we spending the big checks (OW!)  
Yall aint thought he was supposed to flow, thought he  
was supposed to go, thought he was supposed to blow  
(Who that?) it's Dipset baby DIPSET! Nigga it's Jim  
Jones....

[Verse 3:]

I live that hard rock life,  
Mix a whole pot to that hard rock white,  
Six 4-5, hard top white,  
Big 4-5 for your hard rockside,  
And my advice to the buyers, although the city's hot, I  
rock ice through the fire,  
Listenin to 'Pac live life like a rider, when I pull up to the  
block fiends wipin off the tires,  
So I got to be the hardest, 15th and Lenox with my  
posse in the projects,  
100 and the tenth I'm like Gotti in the projects,  
Jewish laywers nigga, so I got to beat the charges,  
So how's that for starters?  
40 cal nigga, blow back ya starter,  
New Jack city 2 blcoks from the carter,  
Found hundreds double up, aka this is Harlem

[Chorus:]

Baby girl, you tryin to be down with the Dipset?  
(Yeah) Well then you gotta get your lips wet (What?)  
Baby girl, we getting the big checks, tre pound sawed  
off, we spending the big checks (OW!)  
Yall aint thought he was supposed to flow, thought he  
was supposed to go, thought he was supposed to blow  
(Who that?) it's Dipset baby DIPSET! Nigga it's Jim  
Jones....

[Jim Jones:]  
Clap (byrd gang) clap (byrd gang) clap Dipset!  
Can I get a g clap (byrd gang) clap (byrd gang) clap  
(byrd gang)

Visit [Jim Johnston](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.