

## **Jim Johnston**

### **"Fucks With You"**

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(feat. Max B, Stack Bundles)

Yeah, it's ya boy...I'm back Byrd Gang  
Another rap extravagance classic for you niggaz

[Chorus: Max B]  
WE TRYNA GET PAAID, CAN I GET SOME BUCKS WITH  
CHUUUUUU?  
GET BLAAAZED, CAN I HIT FROM STUFF WITH  
CHUUUUUU?  
GET BRAAINS, NIGGA I FUCKS WITH CHUUUUU....  
CAUSE WE THEM NIGGAZ YOU LOVING!

WE FUCKS WITH EXPENSIVE HOEEEEEEES....THE BIRD  
SWANG  
AS FAR AS EXPENSIVE CLOTHEEEEEES....IT'S BYRD  
GANG  
NIGGA WE GETTING THIS DOOOOOOOOOUGH.....  
CAUSE WE THEM NIGGAZ YOU LOVING!

[Stack]  
If trap is the way out then y'all niggaz stuck there (for'  
real)  
Coffee shops the only way you see Starbucks here (for'  
real)  
And I'm a different story (ha!), feeling out of line  
In that deuce so I think I need a whole different story!  
Can't judge a book by it's cover  
Comes to yay you can't judge a brick by it's color  
(what!)  
You only know if it's butter when you put it in the raw  
And that watch ain't flooded if you still see the border  
If he doesn't hustle, somebody around him does  
And if he ain't homie, somebody around him 'cause  
(Cause?) Cause gangster ain't easily portrayed (nah)  
Death before dishonor niggaz easily betrayed  
Same niggaz from the sandbox, I bought drops (drops)  
One year or two times we can watch the ball drop (ball  
drop)  
We by-coastal you niggaz ain't playing right (nah)  
Drive-by and toast you, you niggaz ain't spraying right

[Chorus]

[Max B]

Five seven with thirty five homie pitch a buck  
Hit the club with the bitches, ma ain't the only one to  
fuck  
Cause my BG's so prolific, you sluts can do whatever  
I'm abusing my name buzzing from Brooklyn to  
Bermuda  
Nigga's caught him slipping again, he ain't never shoot  
us  
Bigga caught up pimping again and he ain't neva  
Scooba  
Thousand dollar bags of Buddha, I drop back on my  
scooter  
My Ruger'll do ya like they did Martin Luther Jr  
A lil bigger rocking some shoes thinking that they  
cushy  
Lil niggaz got it confused thinking I'm a pussy  
Watch how I scream with the team cause the clock is  
ticking  
I gotta lean when I squeeze cause the glock be kicking  
I be blowing on the stank, blowing on the dank  
My quarter across the border I ordered what it drink  
Got ya daughter caught up in loops all up in the lane  
All in the paint, we balling and caught up in the  
mix.....OWWW

[Chorus]

[Jones]

We do it to the death, a hundred hoopties I done  
wrecked (Capo!)  
I got a bitchy attitude but stay super duper fresh (stay  
fly!)  
My shooters do the rest (bang bang), put the product  
on the curb  
If I'm not out of town I'm up in Harlem on the curb  
Or handling B. I, in the office with my feet up  
Stay running through the city, stay cautious if you see  
us  
Been known for going hard, be flossing off the meter  
(balliiiiin!)  
We gotta stay fly, Austin to the sneakers  
I love the purple, stay coughing off the reefer (stay  
high)  
Break the speed limit something sporty with a heater  
(speediiiiin!)  
You fuckboys, you'll never be like us (not at all)

Stunting at the light, in a 07' Spyder  
Behind the G-wall, I know several lifers (Eastside!)  
Eight forty eights they was heavy in the Vipers  
(balliiiiiin!)  
Six forty five, cherry and it's piped up  
The wrist forty five, chain heavy and it's iced up

[Chorus]

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