

Jim Johnston**"J.I.M.M.Y"**

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[altered voice (Jim Jones)]

(Jimmy) Capo. . .what's my mothafuckin name? . .
.Dipset. . .(Jimmy) Eastside (Jimmy) Cool chris. . .Say
what. . .(Jimmy)
Ugh...what's my mothafuckin name? (Jimmy) Dipset
Dipset (Jimmy, Jimmy jones) Byrd gang. . .

[Chorus]

Catch that boy capo (uh), cruisin up 8th wit the top
blowin and caps low (roll out!)
I'm a Dipset boss, you don't wanna get clapped, get
caught up in the cross (tch no)
And I'm caught in the floss, chain 500 hundred thou
cause i'm caught up in the gloss (ballin!)
And im caught up in the cause, i'm a winner i aint tryin
to get caught up wit a loss (no way)

Now, when the hell will it stop (never)
I keep evadin the law, gettin tailed by the cops (fuck
em)
I keep breakin the law, got a bail on spot (fuck em)
And you can't cool me off, try to tell you i'm hot
(sizzlin!)
Goin hard since 16, livin that fast life like i majored the
big screen (nice he can rap)
Y'all kno how i get in the club, them nigga knew them
bouncas fo' i flip in the club (and then what?)
Im tryin to 2 step fo' i flip Cam bud, so i'm posted in the
back while im twistin up bud (hey)
Got some hoes in the back, and they sippin on suds,
blowin smoke on the dough, poppin crys' wit tha thugs,
shit...(now come over here...)
Ima boss i said, a dipset gangsta i don't cross my legs
(what else?)
G's up, eastside, code red
Be frontin, we probly blow lead

[Chorus]

What they gon do wit tha capo (nothin!)

Got a hardbody clique, gotta that'll shoot for the capo
(thas right!)
When i drive by the strip, they salutin the capo
(eastside)
Keep 1 fly bitch up in the coup wit tha capo (you know!)
Nowadays all the babes think im cute and im macho
(say what?)
My otha half must think im souped 'cause i gato (fuck
em!)
Or maybe it's because i keep my pants off my ass (kiss)
I am my own boss i only hear is the cash (ya hear that?)
I only fear the law so fuck a man wit a badge (fuck the
police!)
And im tryin to duck the law dog from gettin indicted
And they show me the money shit the kid got excited
So if the kid get a inch, well im takin a yard
And if the kid do ya bitch, well im takin ya yard
(that's right, for life nigga)
That's to the day that im charged, we be leavin out the
club
My crew racin the cars. . .who got ya neighborhood
paused

[Chorus]

I done ran through most clubs that they had in my city
(what else?)
While dancin in the spot, while my hamma gettin pissy
(click clack)
One hand up on the bitch, otha hand on my blicky
(that's gangsta)
I kick my G mac, try and slip her a mickey (this niggas
sly tonight!)
Lord help the boy that try and get me (what else?)
Always pull me ova, they be dyin to frisk me (fuck em)
Car smell like weed and ive been drinkin the liqour
(ALWAYS)
Told me i was speedin, plus he see im a nigga (you just
mad at meee)
It got him even more bitter (what else?) i said im from a
hood where police get hit up (get up)
Lets not make it a issue, but if a nigga piss me off, im
goin straight to the pistol (that's fo sho)
Shit, but we can make it official, next time you see yo
momma be awake when she kiss you (my baaaaby)
Im just tryin to get some paper (hoo!), ha, aint no boy
or a nigga. . .

