

Jim Johnston

"Pin The Tail"

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Jim Jones Pin The Tail Lyrics
(feat. Cam'ron, Juelz Santana & Max B)

[Max B:]
Birdgang Club Banger
Tryin' to holla at you shorty
One focus, one focus only
Tryin' to hit that thang
Let's Go

We make hits in the studio nightly,
We out trying to get this money
We take trips in the winter in jet planes to climates
where it's sunny
We got mami on the dance floor, grindin' to the beat
Tipsy off the bubbly
But at the end of the day, we feelin' to play
I'm tryin' to pin the tail on the donkey

[Jim Jones:]
It goes yes, yes yallin, fresh to death ballin (ballin)
You can play hard, 'cause under pressure I'm stallin
(swish)
We playin' tight D, I'm in the paint like a G
Some say they gangstas but they ain't like me
Came from an environment, came I was firin' it (bricks)
Then hit the dealers see the range I was buyin' it (it was
nothing)
Don't test drivebut the whole whip like you should
Chefing up pies, a whole brick like you should
Then take the proceeds, waist about four G's
Bottles in the club tryin' to get the home and skeez (Get
twisted)
I'm tryin' to get the dame to breeze, but she putting up
a fight like Layla Ali
(Well what's your name nigga)
I told the lady I'll be doin' the turnpike 80 in the fly V
Middle name 40 on the wrist, last name you can't
afford me bitch
Get a camcorder bitch (Yeah)

[Max B:]

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[Juelz Santana:]

Cases of pur?e, ros?
Look like Picasso painted on the bottles
We throwin' money, we lookin' like lotto's
I could cover chicks with cheese like nachos
Fly out the cove, land in the heat where
New York to Miami beach
Bitch, I'm in the life of a hood star, rock star without the
guitar
Got em' all rubbin' they push bra
Got em' all shakin' their tush like
Im'a givin' em' a taste of the good life
But I give em' a taste of the good liquor
A taste of the good bud
Next thing you know she'll be tastin' my good
ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
I get money be quiet, you talkin' to the jolly green giant
I see it, I like it, I buy it
Baby I'm flyer then a pilot flyin' at his highest, Climate

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[Cam'ron:]

Where my homies? Up to no good
Where my homies? Yup I'm so hood
What up pimpin', pimpin', I'm exect already
See my hoes are like my plates, temporary
Act nil you beat it, move on strategic
The marbles man, yup the floors are heated
Cam half pound a quart a kid
Better ask round I'm sorta needed mack rounds you're
deceited
In the 90's, Z3, BB's, now in the crib the TVs watch TVs

Killen Killen, mo killen and then a kitty purrs
Fuck furs, his and hers, Bentley spurs
Gun talk, real talk, speak mack to mack
We like the Pistons, Bulls, you know back to back
Mazirattis back to back, come ride wit me
On 11 hundred, not the pipe, two five fifties

[Max B:]

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