

# Jim Jones

## "Baby Girl"

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**(feat. Max B)**

*[Intro: Jim Jones]*

Clap, Byrd Gang, clap, Byrd Gang, clap Dip-Set!!!  
Can I get a G clap, Byrd Gang, clap, Byrd Gang  
Clap, Byrd Gang  
Can I get a G clap

*[Verse: 1 Jim Jones]*

I be like hooold up, wait a minute  
I'm in the coupe, laiiid up in it  
Sunk in the seat, suede all in it  
Drop top roof blowin haze all in it  
And yall know imma 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 fugaze, my niggaz authentic  
The game like bitches that need make-up  
These niggaz beefin and kissin and then they make-up  
Shit, I still prowl through the gutta  
All you hear em say is that's a wild muthafucka  
Its been a while muhfucker  
Had to fall back, face trial cause of Rucker  
One-Eyed Willie, you can come try kill me  
Still ridin that 5, you can get hung high silly

*[Chorus: Max B]*

Baby girl, you tryna be down with the Dip-Set?  
Well then you gotta get ya lips wet  
Baby girl we gettin them big checks, tre-pound, sawed-  
off, we splittin  
Them big checks  
Yall aint thought he posed ta flow  
Thought he posed ta go  
Thought he posed ta blooooooow  
Its Dip-set baby, DIP-SET!!!  
Nigga its Jim Jones

*[Verse 2: Jim Jones]*

Now everybody know me  
Usually in the club wit a bunch of O.G'z  
We pop bottles and we all smoke weed

And we'll burn this bitch down, better call po-lice  
And yall know yall don't want that beef  
I'm tryna G-Mack look at all these freaks  
Besides, the dance floor look sweet  
So like Lil' Jon we can all skeet skeet  
I'm tryna bag this bimbo

Mad she spilled her drink on the tan Timbo's  
Stuntin' hard in my B-Boy pose  
You aint got nuttin on me dogz aint V I aint drove  
Fuck about the law top-speed on the road  
.44 squeeze, breathe, reloooooaad  
And if I gotta take it that far  
That mean I left the club nigga and went straight to the  
car

*[Chorus: Max B]*

Baby girl, you tryna be down with the Dip-Set?  
Well then you gotta get ya lips wet  
Baby girl we gettin them big checks, tre-pound, sawed-  
off, we splittin  
them big checks  
Yall aint thought he posed ta flow  
Thought he posed ta blooooooow  
Its Dip-set baby, DIP-SET!!!  
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*[Verse 3: Jim Jones]*

I live a hard rock life  
Mix a whole pot til that hard rock white  
Six 4-5, hard top white  
Big 4-5 for you hard rocks aite  
And my advice to the buyers  
Although the City's hot I rock ice thru the fire  
Listenin to Pac, live life like rider when I pull up to the  
block fiends  
wipin off the tires  
So I got to be the hardest  
15th and Lennox when my posse in the projects  
500 on the tennis, I'm like Gotti in the projects  
Jewish lawyers niggaz so I gots to be the charges  
So how's that for starters  
.40cal niggaz, blow back ya starter  
New Jack City 2 blocks from the carter  
Foul hunreds double up a.ka. this is harlem

*[Chorus: Max B]*

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