

## **Jim Jones**

# **"Bright Lights, Big City"**

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Yeah, turn it up in your head phones  
Ya know like that shit sound like rock music  
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Yea, my man Bruno just stepped in

You know how we living it up  
We all gettin' money  
That's what he like to say  
Fuck it, it's my life nigga

This is a dream of a hustler  
I had the butter and the fiends was in love with us  
We copped the gutta, not a team that could fuck with  
us  
And word to mother keep the thing in every truck with  
us

Now I was fronting like Rich was and some of my  
bitches  
Was going so hard, got some of us sick thugs  
And minor setbacks got some of us tripped up  
But the guns we done gripped up so we coming to get  
ya

And fuck the local authorities  
And hope the big boys don't pick up my case  
'Cause for these big toys and these chips, we get  
chased  
Playing ball just like the Orioles to get to 1st base

But the goons on 2nd, bust on 3rd  
You know they move with the weapons, get bucks off  
birds  
It's like I'm playing Chicken with my life  
Tryna get this paper moving pitches for a price

I come to ride out with them niggas, baby, we getting  
figures  
It's byrd gang, we doing it big  
But we towered up, get the Remy I'll need a cup  
You slippin' good, can I get a squeeze?

I don't think you want it with them niggas  
'Cause them hammers they wont hesitate to squeeze  
We on the road, travel 'cross the globe  
All my homies ain't diggin' cheese

Look the nightmares of a trap star  
With white tees, Nike air's and my fast car  
D.A tryna wrap me in the charge  
But I just bought some V's and a pack in my garage

Now me rapping what's the odds?  
We the last crew standing diplomats now in charge  
Yeah, 300 for the light show  
Another hundred on the hand to watch the ice glow

Another 10 grand to watch the dice roll  
Trying to let you motherfuckers see this how my life go  
The bright lights and this big city  
I'ma live the nightlife until the pigs get me

Range Roving, Big Truck Series  
The chain frozen, big chunk jewelry  
White girls say he's all semi cool  
But you don't want to cost him 'cause he got a short  
fuse

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But we towered up, get the Remy I'll need a cup  
You slippin' good, can I get a squeeze?

I don't think you want it with them niggas  
'Cause them hammers they wont hesitate to squeeze  
We on the road, travel 'cross the globe  
All my homies and they get cheese

We live life on reality and we flip white for a salary  
You might catch us at the light in the lavish V  
But watch them 'Blue And Whites', try and grab a G

Making some chips so the hate's getting thick  
Watch the world through my tint, smoking haze in the  
whip  
Contemplate, maybe take a little trip  
Ocean Drive heavy glean in my neck chillin'

Call up cabs, rushing drinks out of 'Wet Willies'  
"Eu Seuy O Balling", but y'all foolish  
Getting locked up for crimes and ya lawyer's ain't  
Jewish

That's why I keep the Turnie's on the tainer

'Cause every time I turn I'm getting chained up  
They say what they want to search, tryna tame us  
I think they mad we from the turf and we dangerous  
And my whole crew icy we playing hockey like the  
rangers

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