

Jim Jones "Byrd Gang Money"

Visit "[Byrd Gang Money](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Just me my fancy car
Picked up my fancy clothes
And we only in the hot spot,
No, we got the bomb,
We got the bomb
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money
Only niggas spending that Byrd gang money.

Just me my fancy car
Picked up my fancy clothes
And we only in the hot spot,
No, we got the bomb,
We got the bomb
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money
Only niggas spending that Byrd gang money.

Reminiscing on my first slant,
By the time I was sipping on my first Schlitz
Hit the game, I started as a look out,
See the fly cars that the big wheelies pushed out,
Dirt bikes popping wheelies by the cookout, that was
that summer,
I was thirst to be plumper. It pays better but the risk was
worst,
Save the fly leather copping kicks with the work.
It didn't work; I was fucken up the re-up.
Bottles at the tunnel, that was 98, I called papa for the
bundles,
An easy ten grand, it felt like a hundred,
These Gucci belts by the stomach, with guns in them.
Its only wealth that we want, if we run wit em
Till the death, until the feds come and get em
Byrd gang money, it started off that Byrd Kane Money
New cars, in that third lane money!

Just me my fancy car,
Picked up my fancy clothes,
And we only in the hot spot,

No, we got the bomb,
We got the bomb,
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money
Only real niggas spending that Byrd gang money.

Getting money is the hardest,
Your first hundred grand is a job
Your first cool million, you're an artist.
Especially if the niggas up the block, sell garbage
Told it, crumbles all apart when you hold it
Wasn't naturally born a crook, I was molded
Drugs kept my uncles in the green, so I sold it
Even learned to smell a good grade through the
packing
Headed Midwest and got financial backing
[Jim Jones Lyrics are found on]
Started networking with the wheelies on credit
Any concepts of being robbed I was debited
Anybody get it, don't come a day later with the 8
money
Got to play it out, cause I said it
Courts an acquittal, coming in the club with an
entourage
Me in the boss in the middle.
The brain and the bran roc-a-house rope around the
neck
A lot of letters for the chain,

Just me my fancy car
Picked up my fancy clothes
And we only in the hot spot,
No, we got the bomb,
We got the bomb
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money
Only niggas spending that Byrd gang money.

At a young age, no bricks just grams
Nigga stuck, then your mans a flip
The situation real, then your mans a hit
You slow on the get-a-way, the can you get
You circle the block, you play track and field
A lot of real niggas on that track got killed
But you know me forever manning up,
Never sit down when I pee, forever standing up
I'm a boss, so I'm calling the shots,
Big homie, pioneer of the block
You wanna pump, nigga I'll tell you when and

where at
Don't face-fight; I'm not the one to stare at.
Matter of fact dog, you and your man sits,
In the back off cop car, dog, pointing your index
I guess you could, cause you a Sammy the Bull
But somebody gonna die if a hammer get pulled.

Just me my fancy car
Picked up my fancy clothes
And we only in the hot spot,
No, we got the bomb,
We got the bomb
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money
Only niggas spending that Byrd gang money.

Just me my fancy car
Picked up my fancy clothes
And we only in the hot spot,
No, we got the bomb,
We got the bomb
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money,
This is Byrd gang money
Only niggas spending that Byrd gang money.

Visit [Jim Jones](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.