

## Jim Jones

### "Certified Gangstas"

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*[f/ Game , Cam'ron & Lil' Flip]*

Jim Jones swervin, i got that purple and blue  
tight grip on the escalade pole  
yeah harlem just like compton, thats just how i roll  
red bandana wrapped around the chrome 44  
gun smokin like suge's cigar, show me how you stunt  
get thrown out of a moving car  
if that thang come come out, its murder she wrote  
if doc come out its 30 impalas on a boat  
nigga, we do this everyday, llamas under the thermal,  
waitin by your stairs like Mary J  
Beat niggas ride dirty like Jazzy Pha, cash is clay,  
knockin niggas out on the other day,  
bring the mac your way, me and santana  
blowin in the crowd like danny hathoway  
West side blood gang, niggas know what im about

and they know im ruff rydin so they knock them selfs out

Jim Jones-Chorus

Since i made a gang of bucks,no i aint been hangin much

Still slide through,fly coupes and the change is plush

Keep the banga tucked, in case i gotta bang a \*\*\*\*

cuz we certified gangstas

All day we hangin smut dog, wit a gang of ducks,

hundred grand on our hand, cam got the ranger truck

kill wit the deal, still got caine to cut

cuz we certified gangstas

Jim Jones-

You know i keep my eyes wide,east side high rise

its west side lowriders, vest wit the 4 5s

Yes i fo sho fire, dip low rida, see police slow the ride,

c squad me nigga, cuz they think the rides stolen

keep yo head up adn yo eyes open, low to let him,

while the ride rollin, creep up on a mok like,

what you say fucka? well \*\*\*\* him,well if he live smoke him

we dont appeal to the law, you know we ride this muthafucka

till the wheels ll fall off

and the first bastard get fly,you know blat blat blat

was my reply, 89 wolfpack and be wilin,p89 pull gats cuz we violent,\*\*\*\*, yea, we put coke on the  
strip dont quote

me boy i aint said \*\*\*\*

Jim Jones - Chorus

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Cam'ron

Look at the ranges on glocks,raise our oxs

i lay on the dock, pump the bass on the pac

put the h on our block, in front of h on our block

see the face on my watch, put yo face on my cock

i keep the luger hug, show you how to use the snub

whopty who, \*\*\*\* around itl be you i plug,

i dont do the drugs, baby i move the drugs

right on the computer love, sounds like computer love,

duck the cop cappas, and the top hatas, fock flavas,

harlem world we got gatas, not dead i said they alive, lions,

tigers bears, oh my

this is straight zoo, a to z, may to april,

bring the apes through, \*\*\*\*

around youll be ape food, bake food, nine bitches eight dudes,

diamond visions, great cubes, get it straight fool

Jim Jones-Chorus

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