

Jim Jones

"Don't Forget About Me"

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Byrd gang we get money
We won't stop, we destined to blow
I'ma take my niggaz and bitches wherever I go
So don't forget about me, don't forget about me
I know, I know

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Now due to me, me and my truancy
Running through the streets since early puberty
What influenced me? It was the jewelry
Tryna get cash so I can do it like the older G's

The 80's, big thick rope chains
Life was all crazy getting rich off cocaine
So I been caught up dog, nothing like Usher
More like a hustler

All night with customers, tryna get my paper up
Jealousy, envy gotta watch, they'll spray you up
But it was something bout the gun play
Rolling dice on blocks, double parked up on a one way

And breaking law was the norm'
The club break about 4 in the morn'd
So we parking lot pimp, hit the diner for some grub
The squad type thick you know I'm rolling with the thugs

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Now as I roll up my window, blaze up the indo
Get tore down for my homies in the pen
I'm ma take you the Cali with me
Know ya dress code, heavy sag on ya Dickies

If we're in Houston, the music we can slow it up
And get screwed, get a deuce and we can blow it up
ATL sharp, if you balling and you make it rain
In love with a stripper, alcohol on ya brain

Fast track life, the shit is uncanny
When it come to birds fly south to Miami
Weather like 80, drop-top Mercedes
"Sai Pa Say", on the block in Little Haiti

Chicago is the wolves, the bears and the gangster's
2 12'N with the OG's, tryna get the answers
And all these O. T trips got me tired, drive the wheels
'Til they fall off and I just bought some new tires

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