

Jim Jones

"Favorite Dj Remix"

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[Jim Jones]Who's in charge? I'm asking y'all
Somebody better answer before I blast at y'all
Live life just as fast as y'all
But you little niggas know that my cash is tall
New York like Stoudemire
You think your hot, well I'm on fire
The money wash up and I'm tryna dry it
If a new car drops, then I'm tryna buy it
Cam front, kinda tired
Had a bitch last night, left her in the higher
At the party, music loud
(?) move the crowd
Then we Clinton Spark 'em
Damn right, let my niggas chalk 'em
All my dogs bite, we gon do the barking
And the money speak loud, we gon do the talking
And what you do with the bread
U went to the ghetto and tell 'em Su Woo bred
And I'm sorry to say, lift the back now home boy the
'rari today
Such a horrible day
(?) Bouquet
Married to the game, I don't need no bouqeut
Just a new whip and it got her to pay
So I tell 'em touche
Go nigga, Go
Rozay mo'
Just got started, tell 'em ten mo'
With a bitch on my side with some hips like woah

[Chorus]Lemme see you hit the floor (c'mon)
I know that your with it
Till ya body sore
Girl you know you can get it
I'm gonna play for you tonight like it's your birthday
Tonight I'm gonna be you're favorite DJ

Say Go, Go, Say Go DJ
Say Go, Go, Say Go DJ
Say Go, Go, Say Go DJ
Tonight I'm gonna be your favorite DJ

[Bun B] Lights is flashing, cameras filming
soon as we walked up in the building
Bopers fainting, haters kneeling
I smell like money, look like a trillionaire
and I really don't care how you feeling
Big-faced hundred dollar bills I'm peeling
Bottles stacked up to the ceiling
and I just can't explain the feeling
Fellas, put your grands up
Ladies, put your hands up
We sipping Jimmy Neutron, player, and I can barely
stand up
R.I.P. to the Pimp, you know I rep for UGK
Get 4 million with Clinton Sparks, your favorite DJ

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[Game] Hit 'em with the punchline, hit 'em with the bass
Blowing that orange kush all in my face
Glock on my hip, nigga, murder was the case
Any nigga want drama, boy, I hit 'em with the 'K
Nigga act cool, nigga, hit 'em with a J
Swim in that pool, Pat and Ryan all day
Nigga need work, I got birds in the safe
Ski mask in the cut hand, keys to the Maybach
Where you lay at, bitch, I scope I never miss where I
spray at
Underground King, nigga, UGK that
You should try crack all night, all day that
Tell me where the weight at
ZipLock baggies all in the trunk
Going through the zone blowing that purple stunk
Its the critics, get it?
(?) only got straight A's in physics
Dope boy business, Dope boy flashy
Chains on my neck, elbows still ashy
Hood nigga for real
Ask my nigga Pharrell
Turning my fingers on, the boy is the raw deal

Chicks all dimes, the motto is cash peels
Each one of them off down in Louis Vuitton heels
Tell 'em muthafuckas that the legend is real
Sleep next to a dime that I wake up to a meal
House on the hills
Where Hurricane lay his head at
Anywhere in the U.S., that's where I get my bread at
Nigga play the 9 by my waist, where the lead at?
Anywhere that I shoot, same spot nigga dig that?
Yellow take nigga
Clinton Sparks on the California quake nigga
When the light on, quick to kill a fake nigga
Cash Money in my pocket like the Drake nigga (nigga)

[Chorus] Lemme see you hit the floor (c'mon)
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