

Jim Jones**"LOVE OF MY LIFE FT. MAX B"**

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(feat. Max B)

[Jim Jones]

They got us fuckin up a storm (fuckin)
Kush up till the morn (you know)
Breezin from the telly puffin marijuan (all night)
White t & my pelly (crispy) thuggin like la fonz (got it)
Made it rain on them bitches a bucket full of ones
(ballin)
We got them gold diggers (what else)
Cold bitches that wanna party off patron liquor
Car hoppers the hard stoppers (you better watch em)
Catch 'em at the party call 'em bar hoppers (I see em)
We live up in the sky you call 'em star watchers
They chase dope boys trap stars with fast cars (ya
benz)
And executives rap stars with black cars (imported)
So we could swipe it charge it to the game
Trips to M.I.A. Murcielago in the lane

[Chorus: Max B]

She's got a thing for slippin clique & goin clubbin at
nights
Ain't nothin Like the love of my life
She likes the finer things & fuck with niggaz whose
money is right
Ain't nothin Like the love of my life
She love the dick suck it till it cum
She say I'm the best fuck of her life
She give a nigga the energy he need whenever he
feels nothin is right

[Jim Jones]

Now we in M.I. (sai pa say) party till the noon (ballin)
Hammers in the ride ferraris go zoom (speedin)
All types of incidentals (bottles) charges on my room
(maxed out)
From last night buggin we mobbin with the goons (byrd
gang)
We hit the town hard (zo pound) fuckin with the ladies
(g-mackin)

Bottles of viva clique (twisted) puffin on the hazy
(purple)
It's all deja vu (uh-huh) seen it all before (I seen it)
Got her in my drop heater on the floor (for real)
So I sped off from the spot (got her) gettin heady rock
(right)
Got her in the telly she wouldn't let a nigga pop (stuntin
on the cooch)
And when I woke all I seen was a note (what it said)
Nigga follow the trail & meet me in A-T-L (let's do it)

[Chorus]

[Jim Jones]
Now we pull up in the a (atl) shoppin in lenox mall
(ballin)
Gotta get fly squad ready to ball (stay fresh)
We thinkin 112 (112) or maybe even visions (maybe
visions)
Drinks at the bar like baby what you sippin (what you
drinkin on)
Then she told me magic city (what) fat asses & they
pretty (strippers)
They got me blowin thousands throwin stacks by the
fifty (I need singles)
Got some bitches out of strokers (fuck em) gotta get
focus (stay focused)
I'm tryin to play my cards like a game of strip poker
(place ya bet)
Flight up in the mornin (aw man) gotta get up on her (I
got a hour)
When I leave you can tell ya friends about my
performance (call me baby)
And all the time M.O.B. on my mind (uh-huh)
The weekend was nice baby but I'm back to N.Y. (21st)

[Chorus]

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