

## **Jim Jones** **"My Life"**

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Jim Jones (Talking):

Uh huh

We back

We still on the streets

Rap game is now the crack game

Watch out for them rap police

Jim Jones (verse 1):

The rap police is on my ass

Searchin for the ratchet

Im stepping on the gas while im swirving through the traffic

Watching the sun rise, twisting up the grass

Money on my mind, got me thinking bout the cash

'cause i heard the plottin war

You gotta have your paper right

They knocking at the door

Im hoping they don't raid tonight

We moves pies

Trying to get the treasures,

Plush rides

Getting high till the FBI come and get us

And we hit them clubs in the city

Now i got the thugs and all the drug dealers with me

Splergin on the bottles

Hope the groupies follow

Im tryin to slide baby beeze of in the garllodo

The life styles of the thugs

Young rich and famous

Give a fuck about the judge

We runnin from arraignments

Speeding through life at a faster pace

So i pray to god tonight and im hoping i don't catch a case

Chorus:

Trying ride the wave in a deep sea

'cause i like to spend my life, my life, my life, my life

Ducking dt's in the z3 or the gt this is bg

Trying ride the wave in a deep sea

'cause i like to spend my nights, my nights, my nights, my nights

Ducking dt's in the z3 or the gt this is bg

Verse 2:

Now i aint sleep about a week

My 7 Day theory

Im gunning in the streets everyday is getting scary

And any minute meet aquittance wit da reeper

But we gotta stay alive getting fadedd of the reefer

Liquor, no chaser, shits gettin major

Fucking with the guns gotch ya nigga all cased up

Its for the thrill so we do it for the love of it

Like oh what a feeling mother fucker when we thuggin  
it

One for Mob, two to stay free

Three to cop a ride, hundred thousand on the V

Wallin in the whip, lets talk politics

They say niggas from new york is all about a flip

Got gas on my brain, cash on the chain

And im flying up lennox fast in the lane

They say it's hard up in the streets

Trying to make a million while im dodging from police

Mother fucker can u fell me

(Chorus)

(Outro)

Pay attention while i mention

That the birdgang is on the move

While you talking here we walking

Like the way you want to do

We dem rock stars, keep dem hot cars

And a hot one for you lames,

Just griding for all the paper we can get up out this  
game

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