

# Jim Jones

## "Shotgun Fire"

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*[Intro / Chorus]*

Dip-Set, uh  
(Jones) Money on mind  
(Capo Status) Mind on my money  
(Dip-set nigga) My money on mind  
(You know the streets is what it is nigga) Mind on my  
money  
(Watch ya step and watch ya moves) My money on  
mind  
Mind on my money  
My money on mind

*[Verse 1]*

Shit, make 'em believe in this prophecy (movement)  
You can see I'm tryin to lead my democracy (Dip-Set)  
To get money and rip sleeve off of my city (New York)  
And slow down, then try to breeze thru the projects B  
(Taft)  
And how I speeds in velocity (160)  
We came up movin keys of that knotty B (that Yae-Yo)  
My man caught 10, couldn't find the keys to the lobby B  
The boys rushed him, 2 keys of mahogany (Damn!)  
In my life you can't see me not possibly (Nooo!)  
How we swoop up in Harlem, 20 Coupes when we  
mobbin'  
40 troops if it's problems (What Nowww!)  
Cause 1 nigga you know is a shotgun driver (jus 1  
nigga)  
Ready to dump triggers, that shotgun fire (blakka!)  
I ain't gone front nigga I shot some guys up  
(didn't kill 'em though, fuck 'em though)  
And they came back to my block like riders (Yop!)  
But I'm like "Crouching Tiger", spin, roll, crouch and  
fire (Boom, Yea!)  
A fast retally (Uh Huh!)  
Now it's cash we tally  
Miami, Atlanta, fuck it we smash to Cali (L.A.X.!)  
Back on L.A. Ave, you know the Lennox strip  
Where they Henny sip  
Beef we let the semi rip

*[Chorus]*

Mind on my money, my money on mind  
Mind on my money, my money on mind  
Mind on my money, my money on mind  
You fuck wit Dip-Set, I will press on this .9  
Mind on my money, my money on mind  
Mind on my money, my money on mind  
Mind on my money, my money on mind  
You fuck wit my paper, I'll press on this .9

*[Verse 2]*

And yeah we world renowned (U.S.)

And I might twirl thru town (uh huh)  
And in a Dip-Set mansion is where ya girl be found  
(hollaaa!)  
How can a pearl be drowned (yea)  
How can a diamond not shine (uh huh)  
Man I'm on my G mack  
I scoop up dimes all the time (bad bitches)  
They love my pimp juice (yeah)  
I let my crimps loose  
They get a glimpse, ooooooo  
Some went and cinch douche'  
Scoop her feed her feed her shrimp soup (that's right)  
Mind fuck her, brain fuck her  
mouth screw her 'til it hurt, uh, (then what?) shit  
She scream "Do me it hurt" (uh huh)  
Ill have her movin' that work  
I mean 2 of them chirps  
Up in her Dooney and Bourke (gettin' money)  
So ruthless it hurts  
I mean I'm truely bezerk  
When I scoop up my cash man, I swoop up and murk  
(errrrrrrrr!)  
Yea, a trick and a bag bitch (uh huh)  
2 bricks and a bad bitch  
Shit, them bitches mackin' (they love me)  
I'm as sick as maggot (rite)  
But I don't fuck wit no bitch if she ain't worth no chips or  
no cabbage

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse 3]*

I'm so problematic (yeah)  
And do to servin' Harlem-matics (damn)  
My fame and fortune still revolve wit' static (that beef)  
Still involve wit' savage types that move drugs  
365 all around set every nite (perrico)  
I ain't the passive type (nope)  
On the benches where I crashed them nites (movin')

Blowin' hemp, movin' slabs of white (hustlin')  
Spend days up in court  
How I shaved weight to snort  
Give that to the press or Dave Mays in the source (suttin  
to read about)  
Yes, since success it has changed  
Since we, stepped up in this game and stepped up wit'  
our game (ballin')  
No more chef cuttin' cain  
Hoes X'd up in they brain  
Lemme sex up in the Range  
So much princess cuts in my chains (Bling!)

*[Chorus]*

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