

Jim Jones**"SO HARLEM FT. MAX B"**

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(feat. Max B)

[Jim Jones]

Free bail posters, tail lights on the roadster (Ferraris)
Live life vulgar, the FBI posters (fuck the feds)
The fast cars pack guns no holsters (fully loaded)
We act dumb don't approach us (watch yourself)
We hit the spot & stand on club sofas (ballin)
So get the club owners (where he at)
Cause we the boss type knicks game court side
Big chain sporty ride
G4 the lord of skies (flyin)
And courts in session so you all could rise (stand up)
Then pay homage to the board that lies
So many niggaz on my corner died
A marijuana how I mourn you guys (I mourn you)
And nevermind that
My cash better find that (bring my cash)
We do the mask work
Kick doors cash search (I know you here me)
Now where the paper at, man where the yayo at (it get ugly)
You make me wait the gat where your baby layin at
(fuck your kid)
Cause it's a cold world, (Yup) after world
Emblem on the car it's no horn on the Capricorn

[Chorus: Max B]

Everybody talkin bout this byrd gang money & this shit
is gettin funny to meeee
Jump nigga think you a frog and I'ma hit you with one in
your knee
We switch up the cars, we switch up the broads
Got the bitches sayin oh my darling
We fucks with the stars, it's us against y'all
Bucks at the bar we oh so Harlem

[Jim Jones]

A desperado, (Jones) rich like I struck the lotto (ballin)
Trained to fight like Cus D'Amato
I paint the night in them custom models (galotti's)

Racin in the street duckin potholes (speedin)
Who gives a fuck is the motto (fuck em)
The new sneakers, blackberry's new beepers (text mail)
And no tops on the 2 seaters (no tops)
It's summertime give me Coupe fever (I'm hot)
It's four inches for my shoe divas (Chris)
You gon get it cause my crew G'd up
We take chances, (yup) flip label advances (get it)
3 day stays at atlantis (ballin)
Make way for the gangsters (byrd gang)
A 1000 deaths to the cowards (fuck em)
You let him die no flowers (fuck 'em twice)
I use to drive 4 hours, (right)
Switch with my man had a supply worth of powder (I
gotta get it)
You chumps want the power
But when it rain man you can't duck the showers (Nope)
It's Byrd gang and you don't wanna fuck with ours (let's
do it)

[Chorus]

[Jim Jones]

I got no manners, (kiss ass) ignorant with choppy
grammar (ebonics)
Where we livin at the cops can't stand us (fuck squally)
And belligerent & packin hammers (loaded)
And my constituents a act bananas (monkey business)
Cause they get hungry from gorilla talk (you here me)
I'm talkin beef not a bit of pork (no pork)
If you a soldier go get your boss (where he at)
We need to sit & talk (2:12 with him) before it go
further
Mo money mo murder ??
And we will pop at you
And whoever you got with you (blatddd)
My muslim niggaz too hard (hustle hard)
Cop jewels new cars (stafalah)
Take guns to jumar
Tryna avoid a new charge (lotti)??
Now I salaam to that & drop a bomb to that (stafalah)
It's war in these streets no sleep we insomniacs (no
sleep nigga)
You out your weight class, we'll eat you like Drake fast
(eat you up)
The credits all good motherfucker but I'm straight cash
(Ballin)
And I'm oh so Harlem
15th bang bang you don't want no problems (Eastside)

