

## Jim Jones "So Harlem"

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Jim Jones Talking:

Bounce! You Know, Like I Say Life don't Stop For No  
One. So You Betta Keep Grindin' Another Day Another  
Dollar,

Watch Them Boys, If The Try To Make A Collar  
And If You Want It, Gotta Get It.

Don't Be Fakin' Muh Fucka Gotta Live It.

[Intro]

I don't Know What To Do

I Be Paranoid Sometimes

Go No Where Wit Out My Crew

I Be Buggin' Out Sometimes

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Verse 1:

We Build Posters Tail Lights On The Roadster(Ferrari)

Livin' Life Vogure The F.B.I. Post Us(Fuck The Feds!)

The Fast Cars Pack Gunz No Holster(Fully Loaded)

We Act Dumb don't Approach Us(Watch It Son)

We Hit The Spot, And Sat On Club Sofas(Ballin)

So Get The Club Owners(Where Dey At?)

Cause We The Boss Type Knick Games 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 (jones)

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 hear 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, (What) 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 (yeah)  
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: Max B]  
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[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 (212 with him) before it go further

Mo money mo murder (hero)

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 break - 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)

[Chorus: Max B]

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is gettin funny to meeee

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Dipset  
Hahahahahaha  
[music fades]

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