

## **Jim Jones**

# **"What Is This"**

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What is this, that gangsta, gangsta? Let's get back to business

You gotta kill 'em dead so they don't ask the witness  
No questions on the stand, is there especially to the blam

Yeah, I let 'em talk to the stainless

If it's beef, let's keep it G, we don't talk wit disclaimers  
We say names, we ain't playing, we leave ya corpse on the pavement

And I ain't hard to find, I'm in New York like the Rangers  
My team, what? We all are nice

We pack guns and go to clubs and we ball all night  
Crack sales in the slums, break the law all night  
So the glock stay stashed up  
It's cops trying to harass us

These pretty cars seem to grab they attention  
They know these pretty cars cost more cash than they pinching  
Plus the city's ours, plus I'm back with a vision  
DipSet in this bitch, you know I'm a menace, nigga

It's uhh, what is this? DipSet  
What is this? Byrd game  
What is this?  
That certified G, let's get back to business

Say what, say what, say what? You heard me  
Say what, say what, say what? You heard me  
Say what, say what, say what? You heard me  
Man, get a set of wings so you can fly wit the birdies

Harlem, across the 1 1 0  
(Harlem, thou-hundred)  
Where it all seems to rain and the sun don't show  
(Sun don't shine)  
As long as it's white caine, oh, you know we gon' blow  
(Get money)  
Shit, these dice games, we bet lump sums on roll  
(Can't stop)

Wear white tees but the guns don't show  
(Got it on me)  
And my advice, where I'm from, don't go  
(Be careful)  
And we all love this life but we must follow codes  
(Follow that code)  
It's a sequel society, all we ask, trust

Police keep on eyein' me, now that's fucked up  
(Fuck 'em)  
Enemies know the deal, we will clap shit up  
(What's good?)  
We hit niggaz with heaters  
Watch the morgue come and get 'em put them niggaz  
in freezers  
(Them black zip lock bags)

Shit, he bit off more than he could chew  
(No, homo)  
He did what he could but that was more than he could  
do  
(Stupid)  
DipSet, shit, we more than just a crew  
(Power)  
we thick up in the hood, all aboard we on the move  
(Eastside)

Now y'all expect us to stop  
(Nope)  
I just cost 3 mill' of them records off Koch  
(I'm still sellin')  
What you can expect, expect for a drop  
(Watch this)  
[Unverified] bubble back with the sky as my ceilin'

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Nigga, I'm laughin', now I'm shoppin' on Madison  
(Why?)  
Just was in a hustle, fiends was coppin' off Madison  
(Nicks and dimes)  
That's uptown, though I was posted on 5th ave

(Pollo)  
12th street movin', all the poker that Rich had  
(Hustler)

I'm 17, I was bumpin' up mixed slabs  
Word, me, I stashed every pack in this bitch lab  
(Stupid bitch)  
I should've told her, now the shit where ya kids at  
(Dummy)  
Don't get high on your own supply  
(Ya hear that)

It's the rules in life that we must apply  
(Well name a couple of them)  
Well, we must get fly through this concrete jungle, big  
chunks wit tribes  
(Shout outs to the homeys)  
Blow my fairy side

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