

## Max B

# "Bright Lights, Big City"

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### Verse 1

Jim Jones:

This is a dream of a hustler (like a nightmare)  
I had the butter and the fiends was in love with us (That Fishscale)  
We copped the gutter, not a team that could fuck with us (Dipset)  
And word to mother, keep the thing in every truck with us  
Now I was frontin' like Rich was, and some of my bitches  
Was going so hard, got some of us sick thugs (Snags)  
And minor setbacks got some of us tripped up but  
The guns we done gripped up so we coming to get ya  
And fuck the local authorities (fuck 'em)  
And hope the big boys don't pick up my case  
Cuz for these big toys and these chips, we get chased (Ballin')  
Playing ball just like the Orioles to get to 1st base  
But the goons on 2nd, bust on 3rd (Watch it)  
You know they move with the weapons, get bucks off birds  
(It's crazy out here)  
It's like I'm playing Chicken with my life  
Tryna get this paper, moving pitches for a price

### Hook

Max B:

We come to ride out with them niggaz, baby we gettin' figures  
It's Byrdgang, we doing it big (big)  
But we towered up, got the Remy, I'll get a cup  
You slippin' good, can I get a squeeze (squeeze)  
I don't think you want it with them niggaz cuz them hammers, they won't hesitate to squeeze (squeeze)  
We on the road, travel 'cross the globe  
All my homies up with this gettin' cheese (cheese)

### Verse 2

Jim Jones:

Look, the nightmares of a trapstar (Scary)  
With white tees, Nike Airs and my fast car (Cruising)

D.A. tryna wrap me in a charge  
But I just bought some V's and a pack in my garage  
Now, me rapping what's the odds  
We the last crew standing, Diplomats now in charge  
Now, 300 for the light show  
Another 100 on the hand to watch the ice glow  
Another 10 grand to watch the dice roll  
Tryna let you muthafuckas see this how my life go (This  
is real shit)  
The bright lights and this big city  
I'ma live the nightlife until the pigs get me  
Range Rov'ing, Big Truck Series  
The chain frozen, big chunk jewelry  
White girls say he's all semi cool  
But you don't want to cost him cuz he got a short fuse

Hook

Verse 3

Jim Jones:

We live life on reality  
And we flip white for a salary  
You might catch us at the light in the lavish V  
But watch them Blue & Whites try and grab a G  
Makin' some chips so the hate's getting thick (I feel it)  
Watch the world through my tint, smokin' haze in the  
whip (That purple)  
Contemplate, maybe take a little trip  
Ocean Drive, heavy gleam in my necklace  
Call up cabs, rushing drinks out of Wet Willies  
"Eu Seuy O Ballin'" but y'all foolish  
Getting locked up for crimes and ya lawyer's ain't  
Jewish (Stupid)  
That's why I keep the turnie's on the tainer  
Cuz everytime I turn I'm getting chained up  
They say what they want to search, tryna tame us  
I think they mad we from the turf and we dangerous  
And my whole crew icy, we playing hockey like the  
Rangers

Hook

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