

Max B

"Jim Jones"

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Yeah, it's ya boy...I'm back Byrd Gang

Another rap extravagance classic for you niggaz

[Chorus: Max B]

WE TRYNA GET PAAID, CAN I GET SOME BUCKS WITH
CHUUUUUU?

GET BLAAAZED, CAN I HIT FROM STUFF WITH
CHUUUUUU?

GET BRAAINS, NIGGA I FUCKS WITH CHUUUUUU....

CAUSE WE THEM NIGGAZ YOU LOVING!

WE FUCKS WITH EXPENSIVE HOEEEEEEES....THE BIRD
SWANG

AS FAR AS EXPENSIVE CLOTHEEEEEES....IT'S BYRD
GANG

NIGGA WE GETTING THIS DOOOOOOOOOUGH.....

CAUSE WE THEM NIGGAZ YOU LOVING!

[Stack]

If trap is the way out then y'all niggaz stuck there (for'
real)

Coffee shops the only way you see Starbucks here (for'
real)

And I'm a different story (ha!), feeling out of line

in that deuce so I think I need a whole different story!

Can't judge a book by it's cover

comes to yay you can't judge a brick by it's color
(what!)

You only know if it's butter when you put it in the raw
and that watch ain't flooded if you still see the border
If he doesn't hustle, somebody around him does

And if he ain't homie, somebody around him 'cause
(Cause?) Cause gangster ain't easily portrayed (nah)

Death before dishonor niggaz easily betrayed

Same niggaz from the sandbox, I bought drops (drops)

One year or two times we can watch the ball drop (ball
drop)

We by-coastal you niggaz ain't playing right (nah)

Drive-by and toast you, you niggaz ain't spraying right

[Chorus]

[Max B]

Five seven with thirty five homie pitch a buck

Hit the club with the bitches, ma ain't the only one to
fuck

Cause my BG's so prolific, you sluts can do whatever

I'm abusing my name buzzing from Brooklyn to
Bermuda

Nigga's caught him slipping again, he ain't never shoot
us

Bigga caught up pimping again and he ain't neva
Scooba

Thousand dollar bags of Buddha, I drop back on my
scooter

my Ruger'll do ya like they did Martin Luther Jr

A lil bigger rocking some shoes thinking that they
cushy

Lil niggaz got it confused thinking I'm a pussy

Watch how I scream with the team cause the clock is
ticking

I gotta lean when I squeeze cause the glock be kicking

I be blowing on the stank, blowing on the dank

my quarter across the border I ordered what it drink

Got ya daughter caught up in loops all up in the lane

All in the paint, we balling and caught up in the
mix.....OWWW

[Chorus]

[Jones]

We do it to the death, a hundred hoopties I done
wrecked (Capo!)

I got a bitchy attitude but stay super duper fresh (stay
fly!)

My shooters do the rest (bang bang), put the product
on the curb

if I'm not out of town I'm up in Harlem on the curb

Or handling B. I, in the office with my feet up

Stay running through the city, stay cautious if you see
us

Been known for going hard, be flossing off the meter
(balliiiiin!)

We gotta stay fly, Austin to the sneakers

I love the purple, stay coughing off the reefer (stay
high)

Break the speed limit something sporty with a heater
(speediiiiin!)

You fuckboys, you'll never be like us (not at all)

Stunting at the light, in a 07' Spyder

Behind the G-wall, I know several lifers (Eastside!)

Eight forty eights they was heavy in the Vipers

(balliiiiiin!)

Six forty five, cherry and it's piped up

The wrist forty five, chain heavy and it's iced up

[Chorus]

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