

## Byrdgang

### "Reppin' Time - Jim Jones"

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Dipset, I'm back  
I'm on my Dipset shit nigga  
20, 30 grand in one pocket  
Foreign car outside, livin' life fast  
You niggaz need to catch up, slow-pokes  
(The Runners)  
NYC

Hook:

Dip-Dipset

I get on extra grind, I get on extra grind  
I get on extra grind when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
I get on extra grind, I get on extra grind  
I get on extra grind when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time

Verse 1:

I'm in the Coupe relaxin'  
You see the roof collapsin'  
I got my paper up although I'm still kufi-smackin'  
Hear the scar fearin', foreign car steerin' (Speeding)  
60 thou ya pa wearin'  
Just beat a trial hearin' (with lawyers)  
You should catch me walkin' cocky out the court room  
(Diddy-boppin')  
Like eat my dust, a buck 40 for da porsoom  
We're back in population (what else)  
We coppin' drops to race in (Ballin')  
We gettin' money over here, what's yo' occupation  
We on top of things (What)  
And we got them things (Dem birds)  
But we only sellin' birds, you tryna cop a wing  
I know the real Rich, the real Richie Porter (Ya hear that)  
R.I.P. he left the hood to us, we own the corners

(Harlem)

The bright lights of my big city  
My ice bright and the wrist silly (Flossin')  
Im riskin' fed time, front page headline  
Let the pedal hit the floor 'til the throttle red line

When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time

Verse 2:

I let my pants sag (Why)  
So I can show my ass (Kiss my ass)  
It's 20 Gs a pocket, that's cuz we blowin' cash  
And when the photos flash, Galattis gon' pass  
Lights, cameras, autographs, wet willies, call the calf  
The fast life is pricy, the time piece is icy (Blingin')  
And my niggaz movin' fish scales just like a Pisces  
My momma raised a thug, lawyers want me face the  
judge  
This is the chance you take, try and put your brains on  
drugs (What else)  
When we invade the clubs, standing on the furniture  
Throwing gang signs, two-steppin' with our burners  
tucked (Eastside)  
And we will burn you up like 3 star alarms (Let's go)  
We are the bomb, 100 G's on the charm (Byrdgang)  
You think I own the cleaners how I wash that paper (Get  
'em)  
And now we at the dealer tryna cop all flavors (Ballin')  
We at the dealer dog, so how you feelin' dawg (Yeah)  
Let's tear your cielling off  
Off the lot, we peeling off

Hook:

When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
I get on extra grind, I get on extra grind  
I get on extra grind when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time  
When its reppin' time, when it's, when it's reppin' time

Verse 3:

The young and the restless, live life reckless (Harlem)  
House money on the necklace, the pigs want him  
arrested  
Cuz I'm obsessed with the guns and the vests'  
Cuz when you get in cape the candles come wit' a

deathwish

The rockstar livin', the hot cars and women (The  
lavished life)

Let god forgive him, hope the cop cars don't get him  
(Squally)

Them bitches on them \*\* \*\*

At the club throwin' stacks (Ballin')

It's Star Wars, they threw two, I threw four back (We  
getting money)

And now I'm back, it's Mr. New York City (Dipset)

My hat to the back, I stay flyer than a frizbee (Fresh to  
death)

We still diddy-boppin', we still can get it poppin'

Ain't nothin' changed but the year of the Range

The 5 still moving with the swammie (Loaded)

And the gangstas don't doubt we get money and move  
to Miami

But when it's reppin' time, I get on extra grind (Dipset)

.40 Cal, a extra .9, Dipset, the city's mine

Hook:

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