

Dipset

"Pour Wax Remix - Jim Jones feat. Hell Rell & Max B"

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Cheech & Chong Skit:

Yeah, you pour wax on the table, uh huh, and you set it
on fire

Jim Jones:

(Dipset) Uh, yeah (Uh)
You know (Let's do it)
This that dope boy shit nigga
(Ya dig) Ya smell me
(Can't) fuck wit' ya

[Verse 1: Jim Jones]

Your reign on the top, short like leprauchans
I came through in drops, Porches, and heavy charms
And I came from the block, was flawless with ex-cons
And we aimin' them Glocks, of course ready to bomb
Now I done seen a custy cop four pies of the same gear
I also seen a nigga cop four rides in the same year
The concrete jungle, no trees to swing from
Just weed and gettin' drunk
And heaters gettin' dumped
Or hit the highway nigga, keys up in the trunk
Back up in the city with some skeezers in the Trump
I ain't a playa but I do my dirt dog
Droptop Mercedes, better move when it murk off
I got it swayin' to the left lane
Plus a nigga coughin' cuz the haze give me chest pain
Yes muthafucka, the boys are back
With my vest and I'm tucked up with my boys in back,
fucka

Hook

Max B:

You don't want it with them niggaz
While y'all wildin', steady bitchin' my niggaz gettin'
richer
Bet you mad cuz we eatin', bet you mad cuz we decent
Chop your body in pieces, leave you in bags by the
precinct
Nigga we a regime, Byrdgang we the truth
Even four in Sedan, I'm swerving in the Coupe

See us whippin' the Benz, while swervin' in the Coupe
Oak wooden interiors, Persians in the roof
Shoot (Ruger) Shoot (Ruger)

Verse 2

Hell Rell:

Aw man, Hell Rell, he on the same bullshit again
Same black hoodie, yup
Same 4-5th again
Bitches stopped liking me but now they on my dick
again
See me in that Aston with my chain glistenin'
Yeah I'm bustin' off the chrome
Yeah I'm 'bout to off your dome
Kill a mother and a father, kids go to foster homes
Yeah I like to floss the chrome
Nigga leave the boss alone
See my neck and my wrist, I'm rockin' what it cost for
homes
Homie they don't call me Ruger for nuthin'
Back out on these bitch niggaz, get that Ruger to
dumpin'
So don't run up on me nigga, you know I stay wit' it
G'd up from my Beef & Brocs to the Oakland A's fitted
That's the bottom to the top
That's in the bottom of the pot
I got it white, I got it tan, it's either you coppin' or you
not
Nigga jets is pulling off and you stuck on the curb
D-I-P, B.G., fuck what you heard
Ruger

Hook

Max B:

You don't want it with them niggaz
While y'all wildin', steady bitchin' my niggaz gettin'
richer
Bet you mad cuz we eatin', bet you mad cuz we decent
Chop your body in pieces, leave you in bags by the
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Nigga we a regime, Byrdgang we the truth
Even four in Sedan, I'm swerving in the Coupe
See us whippin' the Benz, while swervin' in the Coupe
Oak wooden interiors, Persians in the roof
Shoot (shoot) Shoot (shoot)

Verse 3

Jim Jones:

We all strapped in the ride, I ain't talkin like the elderly
Yak when we drive, like we rollin' fuckin' felony
Trap to survive, get the buck selling keys

It's hard to get by, that's why we puff hella weed
But if this high don't come down
I feel the walls spinnin' like the sky gon' come down
I need air, top of the ride gon' come down
And I swear I stay fly when i jump out
Jeweled up in ice, that bent that dude like
Spyda, 430, with the blueish lights
Got the Coupe bright, but we still shoot dice
For my niggaz on the Eastside, this is true life

Hook

Max B:

You don't want it with them niggaz
While y'all wildin', steady bitchin' my niggaz gettin'
richer
Bet you mad cuz we eatin', bet you mad cuz we decent
Chop your body in pieces, leave you in bags by the
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