

**Jim Jones f/ Max B****"G's Up"**

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[CHORUS]

G's up nigga (G's up), ho's down (ho's down)  
If the bitch can't swim she gon' drown (she gon' drown)  
Runnin' the streets totin' the fo' pound  
If you ain't know we was them niggaz, then nigga you  
know now (DIPSET)  
[2x]

[Max B]

I had to fade 'em into black  
Hit 'em with the crossover, made 'em jump back  
And before all that  
I used to make 'em pump crack  
Ridin 'shotgun in the Eight slum back  
Max leave the streets? Please, they don't want that  
They need me in the shit  
The .40 cal's is mine, the nina's we could split  
Cock back, squeeze off, started feedin' 'em with the  
fifth  
And you couldn't really hide, 'cause I seen that nigga  
trip  
You ain't seen a nigga flip  
Until they bank 50 G's and you feed a nigga shrimps  
39, 40 and you feed a nigga strips  
Beat the nigga bitch,  
'til she bleedin' from the lips (yeah)  
Got me speedin' in the six  
Drunk off the hen', breezin' in the mist  
Chicks believin' in the dick (dick)  
Fiendin' for a sniff  
Got me needin' for a spliff  
Ain't a thing funny, when you fucking with this money  
I'ma lean you off a cliff...G's up

[CHORUS] x2

[Jim Jones]

The picture gettin' clearer  
If it was bricks than the strip we had to tear it up  
If it's beef, the .45th we had to gear  
Lookin' at my life through this rear viewer mirror

Burnin' in the pike in this brand new Carrera  
The game funny, mo' money it's gets weirder  
My gang hungry, no money that we scared of  
And do us both a favor my nigga, and don't compare  
us  
We still losin' soldiers at this war  
Like every other week I'm pourin cold ones at the floor  
They just killed Ike, he was going to the store  
That's why I roll around fully loaded in the door  
A majority the time, I'm tryna stay above the poverty  
line  
And that's a major part of my grind  
I still hit the 'hood and park my cars in the nine  
While the little niggaz pump hard with dimes...

[CHORUS]

[Jim Jones]  
They say success is like omen (pray for me)  
You see police will arrest us while we rollin' (I know my  
rights)  
We stay on heat, so if you press we ain't foldin'  
(fuckers)  
You see me in the streets, it ain't a question that I'm  
holdin'

[Max B] (Jim Jones)  
We pimpin' easy  
Let niggaz hate me, come teach me  
The niggaz with the big cake, they couldn't reach me (I  
KNOW)  
Now when they see us, they kick game, everything all  
peachy (Ay, suckas)  
Snitch niggaz put 'em beneath me, (fuck) believe me

[Jim Jones]  
Fuck 'em (that's right) I can't let them break me (not at  
all)  
If I don't die, well then a man is what it makes me  
(makes me stronger)  
I rather ride in the Lambo's with the AC  
Top down, stoppin for nothing, coming through frollin'

[Max B] (Jim Jones)  
I try to be one of these niggaz that do it for nothin' (I  
need the money),  
I got a passion for this shit 'cause i love it (me too)  
Like a piece of pussy when i'm fuckin' (fuckin'), waitin'  
to cum  
Runnin the streets at Lennox Ave., wavin' my gun

[CHORUS] x2 with ad libs from Jim Jones  
[Jim Jones talking until end]  
Byrd gang...yeah!  
You know the rules man...G's up, hoes down  
Fuck it...just let the bitch drown man...  
M.O.B. for life!...  
I'm about my paper man...  
You gotta G mack, but you first gotta G stack  
Gotta get your one's up, and then get your fun up, ya  
smell me?...  
Life is a lesson...you live it one and ya learn once...  
Ya make the same mistake twice...that might be yo' ass  
Capo status man..  
From the projects....that's the 'hood within a 'hood  
That shit you dunno nothin' about motherfuckers...  
And trust me when I tell you...be easy

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