

# Don't Forget About Me

Jim Jones

Byrd gang we get money  
We won't stop, we destined to blow  
I'ma take my niggaz and bitches wherever I go  
So don't forget about me, don't forget about me  
I know, I know  
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I know, I know  
Now due to me, me and my truancy  
Running through the streets since early puberty  
What influenced me? It was the jewelry  
Tryna get cash so I can do it like the older G's  
The 80's, big thick rope chains  
Life was all crazy getting rich off cocaine  
So I been caught up dog, nothing like Usher  
More like a hustler  
All night with customers, tryna get my paper up  
Jealousy, envy gotta watch, they'll spray you up  
But it was something bout the gun play  
Rolling dice on blocks, double parked up on a one way  
And breaking law was the norm'  
The club break about 4 in the morn'd  
So we parking lot pimp, hit the diner for some grub  
The squad type thick you know I'm rolling with the thugs  
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Now as I roll up my window, blaze up the indo  
Get tore down for my homies in the pen  
I'm ma take you the Cali with me  
Know ya dress code, heavy sag on ya Dickies  
If we're in Houston, the music we can slow it up  
And get screwed, get a deuce and we can blow it up  
ATL sharp, if you balling and you make it rain  
In love with a stripper, alcohol on ya brain  
Fast track life, the shit is uncanny  
When it come to birds fly south to Miami  
Weather like 80, drop-top Mercedes  
"Sai Pa Say", on the block in Little Haiti  
Chicago is the wolves, the bears and the gangster's  
2 12'N with the OG's, tryna get the answers  
And all these O. T trips got me tired, drive the wheels  
'Til they fall off and I just bought some new tires  
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