

J.I.M.M.Y.

Jim Jones

(Jimmy) Capo. . .whats my mothafuckin name?. . .Dipset. . .(Jimmy) Eastside (Jimmy) Cool chris. . .Say what. . .(Jimmy)
Ugh...Whats my mothafuckin name? (Jimmy) Dipset Dipset (Jimmy, Jimmy jones) Byrd gang. . .

Catch that boy capo (uh), cruisin up 8th wit the top blowin and caps low (roll out!)
I'm a Dipset boss, you don't wanna get clapped, get caught up in the cross (tch no)
and I'm caught in the floss, chain 500 hundred thou cause i'm caught up in the gloss (ballin!)
and im caught up in the cause, i'm a winner i aint tryin to get caught up wit a loss (no way)

Now, when the hell will it stop (never)
i keep evadin the law, gettin tailed by the cops (fuck em)
i keep breakin the law, got a bail on spot (fuck em)
and you can't cool me off, try to tell you i'm hot (sizzlin!)
goin hard since 16, livin that fast life like i majored the big screen (nice he can rap)
y'all kno how i get in the club, them nigga knew them bouncas fo' i flip in the club (and then what?)
im tryin to 2 step fo' i flip Cam bud, so i'm posted in the back while im twistin up bud (hey)
got some hoes in the back, and they sippin on suds, blowin smoke on the dough, poppin crys' wit tha thugs, shit...(now come over here...)
ima boss i said, a dipset gangsta i dont cross my legs (what else?)
G's up, eastside, code red
be frontin, we probly blow lead

what they gon do wit tha capo (nothin!)
got a hardbody clique, gotta that'll shoot for the capo (thas right!)
when i drive by the strip, they salutin the capo (eastside)
keep 1 fly bitch up in the coup wit tha capo (you know!)
nowadays all the babes think im cute and im macho (say what?)
my otha half must think im souped cuz i gato (fuck em!)
or maybe its because i keep my pants off my ass (kiss)
i am my own boss i only hear is the cash (ya hear that?)
i only fear the law so fuck a man wit a badge (fuck the police!)
and im tryin to duck the law dog from gettin indicted
and they show me the money shit the kid got excited
so if the kid get a inch, well im takin a yard
and if the kid do ya bitch, well im takin ya yard
(thats right, for life nigga)
thats to the day that im charged, we be leavin out the club
my crew racin the cars. . .who got ya neighborhood paused

i done ran through most clubs that they had in my city (what else?)
while dancin in the spot, while my hamma gettin pissy (click clack)
one hand up on the bitch, otha hand on my blicky (thats gangsta)
i kick my G mac, try and slip her a mickey (this niggas sly tonight!)
lord help the boy that try and get me (what else?)

always pull me ova, they be dyin to frisk me (fuck em)
car smell like weed and ive been drinkin the liqour (ALWAYS)
told me i was speedin, plus he see im a nigga (you just mad at meee)
it got him even more bitter (what else?) i said im from a hood where
police get hit up (get up)
lets not make it a issue, but if a nigga piss me off, im goin straigh
t to the pistol (thats fo sho)
shit, but we can make it official, next time you see yo momma be awak
e when she kiss you (my baaaaby)
im just tryin to get some paper (hoo!), ha, aint no boy or a nigga. .
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