

# This Is Jim Jones

Jim Jones

Killa

This my man Jim Jones  
You know we been through a lot of devastation, larceny  
Defeat, misconceptions  
Man, fuck all that, I don't know what that's about  
But fuck all that  
Jim, I'm in the building  
Dipset, it's your turn, you up nigga!  
Let's go!

I'm puffin my weed and these niggaz, they mad  
I'm frontin' this season (Dipset!)  
As far as they hoes, they want me to see 'em  
I fuck 'em and then they don't want me to leave 'em (Don't go!)  
An addictive obsession, I twist 'em, I sex 'em  
My dick's an obsession (Yeah!)  
They call me, they miss me, they stressin' (Jones!)  
I call 'em, they miss me, they stressin' (Jones!)  
These hoes, they sayin' that shit that'll kill ya  
I'm rich now, this kid look familiar (Oh yeah?)  
As far as my Dips, we rich  
The cars and the whips  
We spent what you spent on your car on my wrist  
Don't bother me bitch  
In the midst of this grind, i'm twistin' my lime (Yeah!)  
I'm 'bout to get cash, and you can kiss ass  
Dipset got this shit up on smash (Smash)

This is Jim Jones, he's breezin' on chrome  
Ya best bet is leave him alone  
O.G. in them stones, spent g's on them stones  
Now mami just send me the tone

These are true stories  
I used to live poorly  
And now man I live in two stories (That's the law)  
Get suited in Maury  
The coupe is Ferrari  
The coupe cost 140, you don't wanna race  
I will move on you shorty  
Look good on them cameras  
They love me, I put my whole hood up on cameras  
They bloody, niggaz in hood with them blamas  
Tell me, so do it for grandma (Sally!)  
We did it from druggin' and (?) (We did it)  
We did it from hustlin' and comin' up wrong (We did it)  
We did it from strugglin' and comin' up strong (We did it, we did it)  
Still runnin' with cons, with guns in their palms  
You front on Dipset, we will dump on your moms (Boom!)  
Or come through with bombs  
And stop and park, and set off them bombs (Boom!)

You got to admit (Yeah)  
I'm hot when I spit  
Like a summertime's tropic's eclipse (Sizzlin')  
Like a drop on the strip with no top on the whip  
A block (?) with them cops on the strips (Hot, hot)

With glocks on their hip (Yeah)  
Like shells when they drop when them shots get dismissed (Boom!)  
The pain in my heart been my aim from the start  
We started when we came from the star  
Now we all gainin' on charts (You know)  
With back to back hits, like Yankees an' shit (Uh)  
Dipset, we gangsta as shit (That's right)  
But I credit my ghetto  
'Cause now we rock platinum, the precioucest metal (Bling!)  
Don't press us, we'll press on this metal  
And blow you apart  
Shoulda known from the start (Yeah!)  
My jewels, they glow in the dark  
You fools, keep playin' ya part

[Hook]