

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]