

## What Is This

Jim Jones

What is this, that gangsta gangsta lets get back to business  
you gotta kill 'em dead so they dont ask the witness  
no questions on the stand is there especially to the BLAM  
yeah, I let 'em talk to the stainless  
if it's beef lets keep it G we don't talk wit disclaimers  
we say names we ain't playin we leave ya corpse on the pavement  
and I ain't hard to find I'm in New York like the Rangers  
my team, what, we all are nice  
we pack guns and go to clubs and we ball all night  
crack sales in the slums break the law all night  
so the glock stay stashed up it's cops tryin to harass us  
these pretty cars seem to grab they attention  
they know these pretty cars cost more cash than they pinchen  
plus the city's ours plus I'm back with a vision  
DipSet in this bitch you know I'm a menace, nigga

It's uh  
what is this  
DipSet  
what is this  
byrd game  
what is this  
that certified G lets get back to business  
say what say what say what  
you heard me  
say what say what say what  
you heard me  
say what say what say what  
you heard me  
man get a set of wings so you can fly wit the birdies

Harlem, (Harlem) across the 1-1-0, (thou-hundred)  
where it all seems to rain and the sun dont show, (sun don't shine)  
as long as it's white caine oh you know we gon blow, (get money)  
shit these dice games we bet lump sums on roll, (can't stop)  
wear white tees but the guns don't show, (got it on me)  
and my advice where I'm from dont go, (be careful)  
and we all love this life but we must follow codes, (follow that code)  
it's a sequel society all we ask, trust  
police keep on eyein' me now thats fucked up, (fuck 'em)  
enemies know the deal we will clap shit up, (what's good)  
we hit niggaz with heaters  
watch the morgue come and get 'em put them niggaz in freezers, (them black  
ziplock bags)  
shit, he bit off more than he could chew, (no homo)  
he did what he could but that was more than he could do, (stupid)  
DipSet, shit we more than just a crew, (power)  
we thick up in the hood, all aboard we on the move, (eastside)  
now y'all expect us to stop, (nope)  
I just cost 3 mill. of them records off Koch, (I'm still sellin')  
what you can expect, expect for a drop, (watch this)  
bubble back with the sky as my ceiling

Nigga I'm laughin' now I'm shoppin' on Madison, (why?)  
just was in a hustle fiends was coppin of Madison, (nicks and dimes)  
thats uptown though I was posted on 5th ave, (pollo)  
12th street movin' all the poker that Rich had, (hustler)

I'm 17 I was bumpin' up mixed slabs  
word, me I stashed every pack in this bitch lab, (stupid bitch)  
I should've told her now the shit where ya kids at, (dummy)  
don't get high on your own supply, (ya hear that)  
it's the rules in life that we must apply, (well name a couple of them)  
well we must get fly  
through this concrete jungle big chunks wit tribes, (shoutouts to the homeys  
)  
blow my fairy side