Baby Girl

Jim Jones

Clap, Byrd Gang, clap, Byrd Gang, clap Dip-Set
Can I get a G clap? Byrd Gang, clap, Byrd Gang
Clap, Byrd Gang, can I get a G clap?
I be like hold up, wait a minute
I'm in the coupe, laid up in it
Sunk in the seat, suede all in it
Drop top roof blowin' haze all in it
And yall know I'ma straight up menace
Run up in ya crib there's a safe up in it
New York City y'all ain't safe up in it
Y'all niggaz fugaze, my niggaz authentic
The game like bitches that need make-up
These niggaz beefin' and kissin' and then they make-up
Shit, I still prowl through the gutta
All you hear 'em say is that's a wild muthafucka
It's been a while muhfucker
Had to fall back, face trial 'cause of Rucker
One-Eyed Willie, you can come try kill me
Still ridin' that 5, you can get hung high silly
Baby girl, you tryna be down with the Dip-Set?
Well, then you gotta get ya lips wet
Baby girl we gettin' them big checks
Tre-pound, sawed-off, we splittin' them big checks
Y'all ain't thought he posed ta flow
Thought he posed ta go
Thought he posed ta blow
It's Dip-set baby, Dip-Set
Nigga it's Jim Jones
Now everybody know me
Usually in the club wit a bunch of O.G'z
We pop bottles and we all smoke weed
And we'll burn this bitch down, better call police
And y'all know y'all don't want that beef
I'm tryna G-Mack look at all these freaks
Besides, the dance floor look sweet
So like Lil' Jon we can all skeet skeet
I'm tryna bag this bimbo
Mad she spilled her drink on the tan Timbo's
Stuntin' hard in my B-Boy pose

You ain't got nuttin' on me dogz ain't V I ain't drove
Fuck about the law top-speed on the road
.44 squeeze, breathe, reload
And if I gotta take it that far
That mean I left the club nigga and went straight to the car
Baby girl, you tryna be down with the Dip-Set?
Well, then you gotta get ya lips wet
Baby girl we gettin' them big checks
Tre-pound, sawed-off, we splittin' them big checks
Y'all ain't thought he posed ta flow
Thought he posed ta blow
It's Dip-set baby, Dip-Set
Nigga it's Jim Jones
I live a hard rock life
Mix a whole pot 'til that hard rock white
Six 4-5, hard top white
Big 4-5 for you hard rocks aite
And my advice to the buyers
Although the city's hot, I rock ice thru the fire
Listenin' to Pac, live life like rider
When I pull up to the block fiends, wipin' off the tires
So I got to be the hardest
15th and Lennox when my posse in the projects
500 on the tennis, I'm like Gotti in the projects
Jewish lawyers niggaz so I gots to be the charges
So how's that for starters
.40cal niggaz, blow back ya starter
New Jack City 2 blocks from the carter
Foul hunreds double up a.k.a. this is harlem
Baby girl, you tryna be down with the Dip-Set?
Well, then you gotta get ya lips wet
Baby girl we gettin' them big checks
Tre-pound, sawed-off, we splittin' them big checks
Y'all ain't thought he posed ta flow
Thought he posed ta blow
It's Dip-set baby, Dip-Set
Nigga it's Jim Jones

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/