

Baby Girl (Featuring Max B)

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' hase all in it
And y'all know I'm a 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 niggas fugaze, my niggas authentic
The game like bitches that need make-up
These niggas beefin' and kissin' and then they make-up
Shit, I still prowls through the gutta
All you hear em say is that's a wild motherfucka'
Its been a while muh'fucker
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 [Chorus]
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
Its Dip-set baby, Dip Set!
Nigga its Jim Jones Now everybody know me
Usually in the club wit a bunch of O.G's
We pop bottles and we all smoke weed
And we'll burn this bitch down, better call po-lice
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 be-Boy pose
You ain't got nothin' on me dogs 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[Chorus]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 aight
And my advice to the buyers
Although the City's hot I rock ice through 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 niggas so I got to be the charges
So how's that for starters
.40cal niggas, blow back ya starter
New Jack City 2 blocks from the carter
Foul hundreds double up A-K-A this is Harlem[Chorus]

Songwriters

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