

Everybody Jones (feat. Aaron Lacrate)

[Jim Jones](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

And then this one time
I tried to talk to him and these other girls,
They totally got in my way.
Can you believe that their shoes (everybody choose, everybody choose)
Weren't even as expensive as mine The Tray, Fly boy Lifestyle (milk rain)
You Heard me
Drippin from my head to my feet, splashin
Everything new, you Heard me
If it's vintage it's new, Real nigga shit, you heard me
Uh, catch me in Soho getting stupid flies
Or catch me uptown getting super fly, you heard me?
Or catch me just riding my Coupe's fly
The beast, Trend setter, never been better (I'm feelin' good)
Yeah I love my bags, but the bank better
Killin' half of you you niggas is a vendetta (bang bang)
She saw the car when your girl start getting wetter
Uh and she was hot but I didn't sweat her
'Cause I'm way too cool you could get a sweater
I'm in the club with a two-thousand Dollar leather
And they say birds of a feather flock together
So you and you get in drop together
It was cool outside not the hottest weather
But a nigga still stuntin, dropped it on em' Hefers (word)
And we pull into the tele knockin salt n' peppa Funky fresh, Dress to impress, We at the party
Funky fresh, Dress to impress, We at the party
Funky fresh, Dress to impress, ready to party
Everybody Jones, everybody Jones Like oh my God, you guys isn't that like Jim Jones
He's totally amazing, do you know how he did that song
Like, what it's called, um "Popping Champagne?" I got more kicks then Jack Chan (check the closet)
In the face, I'mma wash it like black sand (check the watch box)
And I used to sell smack like a back hand (X-15 Sharif)
And I see through you niggas like a cat scan (get em')

And fuckers getting fax like a lap dance (fuck that)
They say I'm a rock star it's like the Gap Band (aye now)
It's new whips, I pull into the night club
I got them Jordan number 6 outta flight club
Sway still in seats all piped up,
And we ain't leave the club until the lights out (one more bottle)
Everyday I stay splashy like it's Easter (Word)
That's why they say I'm something like a fashionista
Roll some, burn some, pass the reefer
I turn the shit black and yellow, tape Like Khalifa (black and yellow)
I'm so fly, tell me where I'm landing
I hope the summer hot nigga, where we tanning Funky fresh, Dress to impress, We at the party
Funky fresh, Dress to impress, We at the party
Funky fresh, Dress to impress, Ready to party
Everybody Jones, everybody Jones How many pairs of Louis Vuittons do I have to have
Before Jim Jones is gonna fucking talk to me
I like, I wanna give him his own hashtag or something
Like Jim Jones problems, like I can't even Â (everybody Jones) They say diamonds are a girl's bestfriend (BFF)
Well, I don't want the girl, I got her bestfriend (Hey baby)
She all around my neck, I'm talkin precious gems Â
I caught her body in my 'rari they arrested Gem (camera)
Bitch breathe like carbon monoxide (clear)
I was speedin had the car lookin' lopsided (speedin')
I told em' come take a walk on the dark side
I'm from New York, where the motherfuckin sparks fly (boom)
My Nigga sell drugs, all the cars fly (aye)
Well black and white stones like apartheid (segregation)
It's unanimous, them bitches still love a thug (word)
No ceilin', all she was seein' was stars up above
I said girl I'm tryna cut like a laceration (deep)
Body Right I'm having all types of fascinations
She got a nigga talkin' nasty on a mobile phone
I hopped out lookin' splashy in my Kobe Foam (so fly)
Brand New, athletic feet wear (and)
Brand New car, shit we get em' each year (word)
I pave Stones in my watch, like the drive way
And Imma clone to the cops, like the highway
She had The ass shakin like a aftershock (drop it)
And I kept the weed low as I passed the cops (who watchin')
But the music so loud, we was blastin Pac (Knock it)
And I ran outta dutches so I had to stop (whoa) And I don't know what to say to him, I mean,
Do you think he blondes?
I guess I could be blonder
I mean, Do you think Jim Jones needs me to be blonder?
Maybe I just need to lose weight, I mean

I'm already down to like 20 pounds, but I could totally go lower
Because he is just so freaking unbelievably adorable
Like Popsicle Hot, like need to cry,
OK, where are my friends
I need to talk to them about this right away
Maybe we can invent some sort of like Twitter situations
That everybody decides that Jim Jones Should talk to meÂ (everybody Jones, Everybody Jones)
Oh my God, Oh my GodÂ he's coming over here.

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