

Confront Ya Babe

Jim Jones

I gotta see how that thing sound but I got it
I'ma come right in wit it Dipset, uh If there's a need to confront ya babe
I'll let the nina come punch ya babe, Dipset
Fur beavers, big blunts and things
Byrd gang, Byrd gang, ow If there's a need to confront ya babe
I'll let the nina come punch ya babe, Dipset
Fur beavers, big blunts and things
Byrd gang, Byrd gang, ow Nigga, I'll leave you bleedin' on ya door slot
Max B look like Derek Jeter on the short stop, uh
I'll put the heater to ya soft spot
Waive the nina and make ya Adidas do the short stop, uh You don't want it with me B
Dickie under the snorkel heat and the mean V
Bend ya main bitches over, give 'em the wee wee
Big gun up close in ya face 3D, uh I'll put the thing near ya ear, let it bang near ya ear
Fivic grand crew haters linger in the air
Clothes fit right like the finger in ya beer
Last week hit anger in the rear Jim came threw he gave me the chain
And couple of 'guettes in my ear
Now the bird swingin' off the thermo
Tre pound tucked, bitch, I don't give a fuck, bitch If there's a need to confront ya babe
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Byrd gang, Byrd gang, ow Shit, I treats this game like it's '88
Nauti' sweats no socks hopped out the range with the paper plates
Hopped on the plane with the bathing apes
Hopped off the plane to see the hatian face so pound nigga, sa pa say We gangsta rappin', gettin' dough from
this violence, east side
I'm talkin' G4's blowin' haze smoke from the piolet, purple
I chartered that flight 'cause it was lookin' kinda rainy
Now I'm known to bring the goons out
Like that nigga John Chaney, Goonies Or catch me up on the hill in the whip doing 80, dimelo
Till the police pulled me over and the whip smelled all hazy
What you know about that cash get you thrown up in the trash
I'll put a gun up in ya mouth and have you blow it out yo ass Blunt up in my mouth blowin' out the grass
Show you how to stunt, pockets loaded with the cash
Show you how to dump, semi loaded ready to blast

I'll roll up on you chumps I got this whole shit in a smash
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Byrd gang, Byrd gang, ow
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I'll let the nina come punch ya babe, Dipset
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Byrd gang, Byrd gang, ow
Yo now when I'm cruisin' through Harlem I get my bunky charn on
Gotta dunny dunk broad with a dunky dunk car
I get all that chronic straight from them honky tonk guys
You junior muthafuckas I'm donkey don kong
I just left Jacob and he got me chunky on arm
Now I'm on my way to go smoke a dunky don bong
I brought da band out and I ain't talkin' Puffy Sean Combs
Dem drums turn into guns goin' brump ba bump, bump
Now ya mind out ya body
You wonder I got the nine in the party I was high in it proolly
Doggy, I put the kam in the kazi you need it pa
Holla I might go guide you, poppy it's the guy
Call me cardan tho, been passed dem, bust, if, ain't
We ain't with the village fags nah, we on Lenox Ave.
You mad, go get ya dad, you fag, you fit for drag
And that nina'll bump you, or if it's a need I confront you, fucker
If there's a need to confront ya babe
I'll let the nina come punch ya babe, Dipset
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