

# Gang (Feat. Trav & Neek Bucks)

Jim Jones

Just clean my fancy car  
Picked up my fancy clothes  
And we only in the hot spot,  
No, we got the bomb,  
We got the bomb  
This is Byrd gang money,  
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This is Byrd gang money  
Only niggas spending that Byrd gang money. Just clean my fancy car  
Picked up my fancy clothes  
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Only niggas spending that Byrd gang money. Reminiscing on my first slant,  
By the time I was sipping on my first Schlitz  
Hit the game, I started as a look out,  
See the fly cars that the big wheelies pushed out,  
Dirt bikes popping wheelies by the cookout, that was that summer,  
I was thirst to be plumper. It pays better but the risk was worst,  
Save the fly leather copping kicks with the work.  
It didnt work; I was fucken up the re-up.  
Bottles at the tunnel, that was 98, I called papa for the bundles,  
An easy ten grand, it felt like a hundred,  
These Gucci belts by the stomach, with guns in them.  
Its only wealth that we want, if we run wit em  
Till the death, until the feds come and get em  
Byrd gang money, it started off that Byrd Kane Money  
New cars, in that third lane money! Just clean my fancy car,  
Picked up my fancy clothes,  
And we only in the hot spot,  
No, we got the bomb,  
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This is Byrd gang money,  
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Only real niggas spending that Byrd gang money. Getting money is the hardest,

Your first hundred grand is a job  
Your first cool million, you're an artist.  
Especially if the niggas up the block, sell garbage  
Told it, crumbles all apart when you hold it  
Wasn't naturally born a crook, I was molded  
Drugs kept my uncles in the green, so I sold it  
Even learned to smell a good grade through the packing  
Headed Midwest and got financial backing  
Started networking with the wheelies on credit  
Any concepts of being robbed I was debited  
Anybody get it, don't come a day later with the eighth money  
Got to play it out, cause I said it  
Courts an acquittal, coming in the club with an entourage  
Me I'm the boss in the middle.  
The brain and the bran roc-a-house rope around the neck  
A lot of letters for the chain, and the charm. Come on man Just clean my fancy car  
Picked up my fancy clothes  
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Only niggas spending that Byrd gang money. At a young age, no bricks just grams  
Nigga stuck, then your mans a flip  
The situation real, then your mans a hit  
You slow on the get-a-way, the can you get  
You circle the block, you play track and field  
A lot of real niggas on that track got killed  
But you know me forever manning up,  
Never sit down when I pee, forever standing up  
I'm a boss, so I'm calling the shots,  
Big homie, pioneer of the block  
You wanna pump, nigga Ill tell you when and where at  
Don't face-fight; I'm not the one to stare at.  
Matter of fact dog, you and your man sits,  
In the back off cop car, dog, pointing your index  
I guess you could, cause you a Sammy the Bull  
But somebody gonna die if a hammer get pulled. Just clean my fancy car  
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Songwriters

CHAD DEXTER BURNETTE, DUANE STACY BRIDGEFORD, JOSEPH JONES, MEL MATRIX,  
MICHAEL J. CLERVOIX Published by

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