

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 coppin 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,

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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 manJust clean my fancy car
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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 I'll 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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