

Shotgun Fire

Jim Jones

Dip-Set, uh
Jones, Capo Status
Dip-Set nigga
You know the streets is what it is nigga
Watch ya step and watch ya moves
Shit, make 'em believe in this prophecy
You can see I'm tryin' to lead my democracy
To get money and rip sleeve off of my city
And slow down, then try to breeze through the projects B
And how I speeds in velocity
We came up movin' keys of that knotty B
My man caught 10, couldn't find the keys to the lobby B
The boys rushed him, 2 keys of mahogany
In my life you can't see me, not possibly
How we swoop up in Harlem, 20 Coupes
When we mobbin' 40 troops if it's problems
'Cause 1 nigga you know is a shotgun driver
Ready to dump triggers, that shotgun fire
I ain't gone front nigga I shot some guys up
Didn't kill 'em though, fuck 'em though
And they came back to my block like riders
But I'm like, "Crouching Tiger", spin, roll, crouch and fire
A fast retally, now it's cash we tally
Miami, Atlanta, fuck it we smash to Cali
Back on L.A. Ave, you know the Lennox strip
Where they Henny sip
Beef we let the semi rip
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
You fuck wit' Dip-Set, I will press on this .9
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
You fuck wit' my paper, I'll press on this .9
And yeah we world renowned and I might twirl through town
And in a Dip-Set mansion is where ya girl be found
How can a pearl be drowned, how can a diamond not shine
Man I'm on my G mack, I scoop up dimes all the time

They love my pimp juice, I let my crimps loose
They get a glimpse, oo, some went and cinch douche'
Scoop her feed her feed her shrimp soup
Mind fuck her, brain fuck her
Mouth screw her 'til it hurt, uh, shit
She scream, "Do me it hurt", I'll have her movin' that work
I mean two of them chirps up in her Dooney and Bourke
So ruthless it hurts, I mean I'm truly bezerk
When I scoop up my cash man, I swoop up and murk
Yeah, a trick and a bag bitch, two bricks and a bad bitch
Shit, them bitches mackin', I'm as sick as maggot
But I don't fuck wit no bitch if she ain't worth
No chips or no cabbage
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
You fuck wit' Dip-Set, I will press on this .9
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
You fuck wit' my paper, I'll press on this .9
I'm so problematic
And do to servin' Harlem-matics
My fame and fortune still revolve wit' static
Still involve wit' savage types that move drugs
365 all around set every nite
I ain't the passive type
On the benches where I crashed them nites
Blowin' hemp, movin' slabs of white
Spend days up in court
How I shaved weight to snort
Give that to the press or Dave Mays in the source
Yes, since success it has changed
Since we, stepped up in this game
And stepped up wit' our game
No more chef cuttin' cain
Hoes X'd up in they brain
Lemme sex up in the Range
So much princess cuts in my chains
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind
You fuck wit' Dip-Set, I will press on this .9
Mind on my money, my money on mind
Mind on my money, my money on mind

Mind on my money, my money on mind
You fuck wit' my paper, I'll press on this .9

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