

Bright Lights, Big City (Ft. Max B)

Jim Jones

Yeah, turn it up in your head phones
Ya know like that shit sound like rock music
You know what I'm talkin' 'bout
Yea, my man Bruno just stepped in You know how we living it up
We all gettin' money
That's what he like to say
Fuck it, it's my life nigga This is a dream of a hustler
I had the butter and the fiends was in love with us
We copped the gutta, not a team that could fuck with us
And word to mother keep the thing in every truck with us Now I was fronting like Rich was and some of my bitches
Was going so hard, got some of us sick thugs
And minor setbacks got some of us tripped up
But the guns we done gripped up so we coming to get ya And fuck the local authorities
And hope the big boys don't pick up my case
'Cause for these big toys and these chips, we get chased
Playing ball just like the Orioles to get to 1st base But the goons on 2nd, bust on 3rd
You know they move with the weapons, get bucks off birds
It's like I'm playing Chicken with my life
Tryna get this paper moving pitches for a price I come to ride out with them niggas, baby, we getting figures
It's byrd gang, we doing it big
But we towered up, get the Remy I'll need a cup
You slippin' good, can I get a squeeze? I don't think you want it with them niggas
'Cause them hammers they wont hesitate to squeeze
We on the road, travel 'cross the globe
All my homies ain't diggin' cheese Look the nightmares of a trap star
With white tees, Nike air's and my fast car
D.A tryna wrap me in the charge
But I just bought some V's and a pack in my garage Now me rapping what's the odds?
We the last crew standing diplomats now in charge
Yeah, 300 for the light show
Another hundred on the hand to watch the ice glow Another 10 grand to watch the dice roll
Trying to let you motherfuckers see this how my life go
The bright lights and this big city
I'ma live the nightlife until the pigs get me Range Roving, Big Truck Series
The chain frozen, big chunk jewelry
White girls say he's all semi cool
But you don't want to cost him 'cause he got a short fuse I come to ride out with them niggas, baby, we getting figures

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We on the road, travel 'cross the globe
All my homies and they get cheeseWe live life on reality and we flip white for a salary
You might catch us at the light in the lavish V
But watch them 'Blue And Whites', try and grab a GMaking some chips so the hate's getting thick
Watch the world through my tint, smoking haze in the whip
Contemplate, maybe take a little trip
Ocean Drive heavy glean in my neck chillin'Call up cabs, rushing drinks out of 'Wet Willies'
"Eu Seuy O Balling", but y'all foolish
Getting locked up for crimes and ya lawyer's ain't Jewish
That's why I keep the Turnie's on the tainer'Cause every time I turn I'm getting chained up
They say what they want to search, tryna tame us
I think they mad we from the turf and we dangerous
And my whole crew icey we playing hockey like the rangersI come to ride out with them niggas, baby, we
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Songwriters

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