

This Is Jim Jones

Jim Jones

Killa

This my man Jim Jones

You know we been through a lot of devastation, larceny

Defeat, misconceptions

Man, fuck all that, I don't know what that's about but fuck all that

Jim, I'm in the building

Dipset, it's your turn, you up nigga!

Let's go!

I'm puffin' my weed and these niggaz, they mad

I'm frontin' this season

As far as they hoes, they want me to see 'em

I fuck 'em and then they don't want me to leave 'em

An addictive obsession, I twist 'em, I sex 'em

My dick's an obsession

They call me, they miss me, they stressin'

I call 'em, they miss me, they stressin'

These hoes, they sayin' that shit that'll kill ya

I'm rich now, this kid look familiar

As far as my Dips, we rich the cars and the whips

We spent what you spent on your car on my wrist

Don't bother me bitch

In the midst of this grind, I'm twistin' my lime

I'm 'bout to get cash, and you can kiss ass

Dipset got this shit up on smash

This is Jim Jones, he's breezin' on chrome

Ya best bet is leave him alone

O.G. in them stones, spent G's on them stones

Now mami just send me the tone

These are true stories, I used to live poorly

And now man I live in two stories

Get suited in Maury, the coupe is Ferrari

The coupe cost 140, you don't wanna race, I will move on you shorty

Look good on them cameras

They love me, I put my whole hood up on cameras

They bloody, niggaz in hood with them blamas

Tell me, so do it for grandma

We did it from druggin' and [Incomprehensible]

We did it from hustlin' and comin' up wrong

We did it from strugglin' and comin' up strong

Still runnin' with cons, with guns in their palms
You front on Dipset, we will dump on your moms
Or come through with bombs and stop and park
And set off them bombs
This is Jim Jones, he's breezin' on chrome
Ya best bet is leave him alone
O.G. in them stones, spent G's on them stones
Now mami just send me the tone
You got to admit I'm hot when I spit
Like a summertime's tropic's eclipse
Like a drop on the strip with no top on the whip
A block it yeah I put with them cops on the strips
With glocks on their hip
Like shells when they drop when them shots get dismissed
The pain in my heart been my aim from the start
We started when we came from the star
Now we all gainin' on charts
With back to back hits, like Yankees an' shit
Dipset, we gangsta as shit but I credit my ghetto
'Cause now we rock platinum, the precioucest metal
Don't press us, we'll press on this metal and blow you apart
Shoulda known from the start
My jewels, they glow in the dark
You fools, keep playin' ya part
This is Jim Jones, he's breezin' on chrome
Ya best bet is leave him alone
O.G. in them stones, spent G's on them stones
Now mami just send me the tone

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