

J.i.m.m.y.

Jim Jones

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Capo, what's my motherfuckin' name?
Eastside, say what, what's my motherfuckin' name?
DipSet, Byrd Gang
Catch that boy Capo
Cruisin' up 8th with the top low and the cops low
I'm a DipSet boss
You don't wanna get clapped, get caught up in the cross
And I'm caught up in the floss
Chain 500 thou' 'cause I'm brought up in the gloss
And I'm caught up in the cross
I'm a winner, I ain't tryin' to get caught up with a loss
Now when the hell would it stop
I keep evading the law, getting tailed by the cops
I keep breakin' the law, got a bail on spot
You can't cool me off, tried to tell you I'm hot
Goin' hard for 16
Livin' that fast life like I'm made for the big screen
And y'all know how I get in the club
A nigga knew the bouncer, a 4-fifth in the club
I try to two step, 4-fifth can't budge
So I'm posted in the back while I'm twistin' up bud
Got some hoes in the back and they sippin' on suds
Blowin' smoke on the dough, poppin' Cris' with the thugs
Shit, I'm a boss I said
A DipSet gangsta I don't cross my legs
G's up, eastside, code red
Beef what, we ride low pay
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What they gonna do with the Capo
Got a hard body clique that'll shoot for the Capo
When they drive by the strip they saluting the Capo

Keep one fly bitch up in the coupe with the Capo
Now a days all it pays to come jukin' them macho's
The other half must think I'm suite 'cause I gato
Or maybe it's because I keep my pants off my ass
I am my own boss, I only answer for cash
I only fear the law, so fuck a man with a badge
And I'm tryin' to duck the law dogs I'm gettin' indicted
They done showed me the money, shit the kid got excited
So if the kid get an inch, well, I'm takin' a yard
And if the kid do get bitch, well, I'm takin' a yard
That's till the day that I'm charged
We be leavin' out the club, my crew racin' the cars
Who's at your favorite broad
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I done ran through most clubs that they have in my city
Dancin' in the spot with my hammer getting pissy
One hand up on the bitch other hand on my blizzy
I kicked my G mac, tryin' to slip her a mickie
Lord, help the boy they tryin' get me
Always pull me over they be dyin' to frisk me
Car smell like weed and I be reakin' of liquor
Told me I was free but they see I'm the nigga
I gotta leave 'em one bigger
I said I'm from a hood where police gettin' hit up
Get up, let's not make it a issue
But if a nigga piss me off I'm goin' straight to the pistol
Then we could make it official
Next time you see ya mama
Won't be awake when she kiss you
I'm just tryin' to get some paper
And avoid all the haters
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