

# 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 cabbageMind on my money, my money on mind  
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You fuck wit' Dip-Set, I will press on this .9Mind on my money, my money on mind  
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Mind on my money, my money on mind  
You fuck wit' my paper, I'll press on this .9I'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 sourceYes, 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 chainsMind on my money, my money on mind  
Mind on my money, my money on mind  
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