Fucks With You

Jim Jones

Yeah, it's ya boy...I'm back Byrd Gang
Another rap extravagance classic for you niggaz
[Chorus: Max B]WE TRYNA GET PAAAID, CAN I GET SOME BUCKS WITH CHUUUUUU?
GET BLAAAZED, CAN I HIT FROM STUFF WITH CHUUUUUU?
GET BRAAAINS, NIGGA I FUCKS WITH CHUUUUU....
CAUSE WE THEM NIGGAZ YOU LOVING!
WE FUCKS WITH EXPENSIVE HOEEEEEEES....THE BIRD SWANG
AS FAR AS EXPENSIVE CLOTHEEEEEES....IT'S BYRD GANG
NIGGA WE GETTING THIS DOOOOOOOOOOUGH.....
CAUSE WE THEM NIGGAZ YOU LOVING!
[Stack]If trap is the way out then y'all niggaz stuck there (for' real)
Coffee shops the only way you see Starbucks here (for' real)
And I'm a different story (ha!), feeling out of line
in that deuce so I think I need a whole different story!
Can't judge a book by it's cover
comes to yay you can't judge a brick by it's color (what!)
You only know if it's butter when you put it in the raw
and that watch ain't flooded if you still see the border
If he doesn't hustle, somebody around him does
And if he ain't homie, somebody around him 'cause
(Cause?) Cause gangster ain't easily portrayed (nah)
Death before dishonor niggaz easily betrayed
Same niggaz from the sandbox, I bought drops (drops)
One year or two times we can watch the ball drop (ball drop)
We by-coastal you niggaz ain't playing right (nah)
Drive-by and toast you, you niggaz ain't spraying right
[Chorus][Max B]Five seven with thirty five homie pitch a buck

Hit the club with the bitches, ma ain't the only one to fuck
Cause my BG's so prolific, you sluts can do whatever
I'm abusing my name buzzing from Brooklyn to Bermuda
Nigga's caught him slipping again, he ain't never shoot us
Bigga caught up pimping again and he ain't neva Scooba
Thousand dollar bags of Buddha, I drop back on my scooter
my Ruger'll do ya like they did Martin Luther Jr
A lil bigger rocking some shoes thinking that they cushy
Lil niggaz got it confused thinking I'm a pussy
Watch how I scream with the team cause the clock is ticking
I gotta lean when I squeeze cause the glock be kicking

I be blowing on the stank, blowing on the dank
my quarter across the border I ordered what it drink
Got ya daughter caught up in loops all up in the lane
All in the paint, we balling and caught up in the mix.....OWWW
[Chorus][Jones]We do it to the death, a hundred hoopties I done wrecked (Capo!)
I got a bitchy attitude but stay super duper fresh (stay fly!)
My shooters do the rest (bang bang), put the product on the curb
if I'm not out of town I'm up in Harlem on the curb
Or handling B. I, in the office with my feet up
Stay running through the city, stay cautious if you see us
Been known for going hard, be flossing off the meter (balliiiiin!)
We gotta stay fly, Austin to the sneakers
I love the purple, stay coughing off the reefer (stay high)
Break the speed limit something sporty with a heater (speediiiiin!)
You fuckboys, you'll never be like us (not at all)
Stunting at the light, in a 07' Spyder
Behind the G-wall, I know several lifers (Eastside!)
Eight forty eights they was heavy in the Vipers (balliiiiin!)
Six forty five, cherry and it's piped up
The wrist forty five, chain heavy and it's iced up
[Chorus]

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