

# Pin The Tail (Ft. Cam'ron, Juelz Santana, Max B)

## Jim Jones

Bird gang Club Banger  
Tryin' to holla at you shorty  
One focus, one focus only  
Tryin' to hit that thang, let's goWe make hits in the studio nightly  
We out trying to get this money  
We take trips in the winter in jet planes  
To climates where it's sunnyWe got mami on the dance floor  
Grindin' to the beat, tipsy off the bubbly  
But at the end of the day, we feelin' to play  
I'm tryin' to pin the tail on the donkeyIt goes yes, yes yo, fresh to death balla  
You can play hard, under pressure I'm stoned  
We playin' tight D, I'm in the paint like a G  
Some say they gangstas but they ain't like meCame from an environment, came I was firin'  
Then hit the dealers see the range I was buyin'  
Don't test drive like a whole whip like you should  
Shoving up pies, a whole whip that you shouldThen take the proceeds, waist about four G's  
Bottles in the club tryin' to get the home and skeez  
I'm tryin' to get the dame to breeze  
But she putting up a fight like Layla AliI told the lady I'll be doin' the turnpike 80 in the fly V  
Middle name 40 on the wrist  
Last name you can't afford me bitch  
Get a camcorder bitchWe make hits in the studio nightly  
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To climates where it's sunnyWe got mami on the dance floor  
Grindin' to the beat, tipsy off the bubbly  
But at the end of the day, we feelin' to play  
I'm tryin' to pin the tail on the donkeyCases of purÃ©e, rosÃ©  
Look like Picasso painted on the bottles  
We throwin' money, we lookin' like lotto's  
I could cover chicks with cheese like nachosFly out the cove, land in the heat where  
New York to Miami bitch  
Bitch, I'm in the life of a hood star, rock star without the guitar  
Got em' all rubbin' they bitch braGot em' all shakin' their tush like  
I'ma givin' 'em a taste of the good life  
But I give 'em a taste of the good liquor, a taste of the good bud  
Next thing you know she'll be tastin' my goodI get money be quiet, you talkin' to the jolly green giant  
I see it, I like it, I buy it  
Baby I'm flyer then a pilot

Flyin' at his highest, climb itWe make hits in the studio nightly  
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We take trips in the winter in jet planes  
To climates where it's sunnyWe got mami on the dance floor  
Grindin' to the beat, tipsy off the bubbly  
But at the end of the day, we feelin' to play  
I'm tryin' to pin the tail on the donkeyWhere are my homies? Up to no good  
Where are my homies? Yup I'm so hood  
What up pimpin', pimpin', I'm exempt already  
See my hoes are like my plates, temporaryAct nil you beat it, move on strategic  
The marbles man, yup the floors are heated  
Cam half pound a quart a kid better ask 'round  
I'm sorta needed mack rounds you're deceivedIn the 90's, Z3, BB's  
Now in the crib the TVs watch TVs  
Killen Killen, mo killen and then a kitty purrs  
Fuck furs, his and hers, Bentley spursGun talk, real talk, speak mack to mack  
We like the Pistons, Bulls, you know back to back  
Mazirattis back to back, come ride wit me  
On 11 hundred, not the pipe, two five fiftiesWe make hits in the studio nightly  
We out trying to get this money  
We take trips in the winter in jet planes  
To climates where it's sunnyWe got mami on the dance floor  
Grindin' to the beat, tipsy off the bubbly  
But at the end of the day, we feelin' to play  
I'm tryin' to pin the tail on the donkey

Songwriters

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