

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 maggots
 But I don't fuck wit no bitch if she ain't worth
 No chips or no cabbage 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 I'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 source Yes, 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 chains Mind on my money, my money on mind
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