

G's Up (feat. Max B)

Jim Jones

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

G's up, nigga, ho's down
If the bitch can't swim she gon' drown
Runnin' the streets, totin' the four pound
If you ain't know we was them niggas
Then nigga, you know now, DipsetG's up nigga, ho's down
If the bitch can't swim she gon' drown
Runnin' the streets, totin' the four pound
If you ain't know we was them niggas
Then nigga, you know now, DipsetI had to fade 'em into black
Hit 'em with the crossover, made 'em jump back
And before all that I used to make 'em pump crack
Ridin shotgun in the A slumped backMax leave the streets, please, they don't want that
They need me in the shit
The .40 cal's is mine, the nina's we could split
Cock back, squeeze off, started feedin' 'em with the fifth
And you couldn't really hide 'cause I seen that nigga tripYou ain't seen a nigga flip til they bank 50 G's
And you feed a nigga shrimps, 39, 40
And feed a nigga strips, beat the nigga bitch
'Til she bleedin' from the lips, yeahGot me speedin' in the six, drunk off the Hen'
Dreezin' in the mist, chicks believin' in the dick, dick
Fiendin' for a sniff, got me needin' for a spliff
Ain't a thing funny when you fuckin with this money
I'ma lean you off a cliff, G's upG's up, nigga, ho's down
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Then nigga, you know now, DipsetG's up nigga, ho's down
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If you ain't know we was them niggas
Then nigga, you know now, DipsetThe picture gettin' clearer
If it was bricks than the strip we had to tear it up

If it's beef, the .45th we had to gear
Lookin' at my life in this rear viewer mirror
Burnin' in the pike in this brand new Carrera
The game funny, mo' money, it's gets weirder
My gang hungry, no money that we scared of
And do us both a favor, my nigga and don't compare us
We still losin' soldiers at this war
Like every other week I'm pourin' cold ones at the floor
They just killed Ike, he was goin' to the store
That's why I roll around fully loaded in the door
Majority the time, I'm tryna stay above the poverty line
And that's a major part of my grind
I still hit the hood and park my cars in the nine
While the little niggaz pump hard with the dimes
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If you ain't know we was them niggas
Then nigga, you know now, Dipset
G's up nigga, ho's down
If the bitch can't swim she gon' drown
Runnin' the streets, totin' the four pound
If you ain't know we was them niggas
Then nigga, you know now, Dipset
They say success is like omen
You see police will arrest us while we rollin'
We stay on heat, so if you press us, we ain't foldin'
You see me in the streets, it ain't a question that I'm holdin'
We pimpin' easy, let niggaz hate, come teach me
The niggaz with the big cake, they couldn't reach me
Now when they see us, they kick game, everything all peachy
Snitch niggaz, put 'em beneath me, believe me
Fuck 'em I can't let them break me
If I don't die, well then a man is what it makes me
I rather ride in the Lambo's with the AC
Top down, stoppin' for nothin', comin' through frollin'
I'm tryin' to be one of them niggaz that do it for nothin'
I got a passion for this shit 'cause I love it
Like a piece of pussy when I'm fuckin', waitin' to cum
Runnin' the streets at Lennox Ave., wavin' my gun
G's up, nigga, ho's down
If the bitch can't swim she gon' drown
Runnin' the streets, totin' the four pound
If you ain't know we was them niggas
Then nigga, you know now, Dipset
G's up nigga, ho's down
If the bitch can't swim she gon' drown
Runnin' the streets, totin' the four pound
If you ain't know we was them niggas
Then nigga, you know now, Dipset
Gyeah, you know the rules, man, G's up, hoes down
Fuck it, just let the bitch drown, man
M.O.B. for life, I'm about my paper, man
You gotta G mack but you first gotta G stack
Get your one's up and then get your fun up, ya smell me?
Life is a lesson, you live it one and learn once
Ya make the same mistake twice, that might be yo' ass
Capo status, man, from the projects

That's the 'hood within a 'hood
That shit you dunno nothin' about, motherfucker
So trust me when I tell you, be easy

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