

# Jim Jones feat. Max B, The Bright Lights, And Big

THE BRIGHT LIGHTS, AND BIG CITY  
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Verse 1

Jim Jones:

This is a dream of a hustler (like a nightmare)  
I had the butter and the fiends was in love with us (That Fishscale)  
We copped the gutter, not a team that could fuck with us (Dipset)  
And word to mother, keep the thing in every truck with us  
Now I was frontin' like Rich was, and some of my bitches  
Was going so hard, got some of us sick thugs (Snags)  
And minor setbacks got some of us tripped up but  
The guns we done gripped up so we coming to get ya  
And fuck the local authorities (fuck 'em)  
And hope the big boys don't pick up my case  
Cuz for these big toys and these chips, we get chased (Ballin')  
Playing ball just like the Orioles to get to 1st base  
But the goons on 2nd, bust on 3rd (Watch it)  
You know they move with the weapons, get bucks off birds  
(It's crazy out here)

It's like I'm playing Chicken with my life

Tryna get this paper, moving pitches for a price

Hook

Max B:

We come to ride out with them niggaz, baby we gettin' figures

It's Byrdgang, we doing it big (big)

But we towered up, got the Remy, I'll get a cup

You slippin' good, can I get a squeeze (squeeze)

I don't think you want it with them niggaz cuz them hammers, they won't hesitate to squeeze (squeeze)

We on the road, travel 'cross the globe

All my homies up with this gettin' cheese (cheese)

Verse 2

Jim Jones:

Look, the nightmares of a trapstar (Scary)

With white tees, Nike Airs and my fast car (Cruising)

D.A. tryna wrap me in a charge

But I just bought some V's and a pack in my garage

Now, me rapping what's the odds

We the last crew standing, Diplomats now in charge

Now, 300 for the light show

Another 100 on the hand to watch the ice glow

Another 10 grand to watch the dice roll

Tryna let you muthafuckas see this how my life go (This is real shit)

The bright lights and this big city

I'ma live the nightlife until the pigs get me

Range Rov'ing, Big Truck Series

The chain frozen, big chunk jewelry

White girls say he's all semi cool

But you don't want to cost him cuz he got a short fuse

Hook

Verse 3

Jim Jones:

We live life on reality

And we flip white for a salary

You might catch us at the light in the lavish V

But watch them Blue & Whites try and grab a G

Makin' some chips so the hate's getting thick (I feel it)

Watch the world through my tint, smokin' haze in the whip (That purple)

Contemplate, maybe take a little trip

Ocean Drive, heavy gleam in my necklace

Call up cabs, rushing drinks out of Wet Willies

"Eu Seuy O Ballin'" but y'all foolish

Getting locked up for crimes and ya lawyer's ain't Jewish (Stupid)

That's why I keep the turnie's on the tainer  
Cuz everytime I turn I'm getting chained up  
They say what they want to search, tryna tame us  
I think they mad we from the turf and we dangerous  
And my whole crew icy, we playing hockey like the Rangers  
Hook