

# Jim Jones feat. Max B, Baby Girl

[Intro: Jim Jones]

Clap, Byrd Gang, clap, Byrd Gang, clap Dip-Set!!!

Can I get a G clap, Byrd Gang, clap, Byrd Gang

Clap, Byrd Gang

Can I get a G clap

[Verse: 1 Jim Jones]

I be like hooold up, wait a minute

I'm in the coupe, laiiiiid up in it

Sunk in the seat, suede all in it

Drop top roof blowin haze all in it

And yall know imma straight up menace

Run up in ya crib there's a safe up in it

New York City yall aint safe up in it

Yall niggaz fugaze, my niggaz authentic

The game like bitches that need make-up

These niggaz beefin and kissin and then they make-up

Shit, I still prowl through the gutta

All you hear em say is that's a wild muthafucka

Its been a while muhfucker

Had to fall back, face trial cause of Rucker

One-Eyed Willie, you can come try kill me

Still ridin that 5, you can get hung high silly

[Chorus: Max B]

Baby girl, you tryna be down with the Dip-Set?

Well then you gotta get ya lips wet

Baby girl we gettin them big checks, tre-pound, sawed-off, we splittin

them big checks

Yall aint thought he posed ta flow

Thought he posed ta go

Thought he posed ta blooooooow

Its Dip-set baby, DIP-SET!!!

Nigga its Jim Jones

[Verse 2: Jim Jones]

Now everybody know me

Usually in the club wit a bunch of O.G'z

We pop bottles and we all smoke weed

And we'll burn this bitch down, better call po-lice

And yall know yall don't want that beef

I'm tryna G-Mack look at all these freaks

Besides, the dance floor look sweet

So like Lil' Jon we can all skeet skeet

I'm tryna bag this bimbo

Mad she spilled her drink on the tan Timbo's

Stuntin' hard in my B-Boy pose

You aint got nuttin on me dogz aint V I aint drove

Fuck about the law top-speed on the road

.44 squeeze, breathe, reloooooaad

And if I gotta take it that far

That mean I left the club nigga and went straight to the car

[Chorus: Max B]

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Well then you gotta get ya lips wet

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Yall aint thought he posed ta flow

Thought he posed ta blooooooow

Its Dip-set baby, DIP-SET!!!

Nigga its Jim Jones

[Verse 3: Jim Jones]

I live a hard rock life

Mix a whole pot til that hard rock white

Six 4-5, hard top white

Big 4-5 for you hard rocks aite

And my advice to the buyers

Although the City's hot I rock ice thru the fire  
Listenin to Pac, live life like rider when I pull up to the block fiends  
wipin off the tires  
So I got to be the hardest  
15th and Lennox when my posse in the projects  
500 on the tennis, I'm like Gotti in the projects  
Jewish lawyers niggaz so I gots to be the charges  
So how's that for starters  
.40cal niggaz, blow back ya starter  
New Jack City 2 blocks from the carter  
Foul hunreds double up a.k.a. this is harlem  
[Chorus: Max B]  
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Well then you gotta get ya lips wet  
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