## Jim Jones feat.Max B, Don't Forget About Me

(feat. Max B) [Chorus x2: Max B & amp; Jim] BYRD GANG WE GET MONEY.... WE WON'T STOP, WE DESTINED TO BLOW I'MA TAKE MY NIGGAZ AND BITCHES WHEREVER I GOOOO SO DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME, DON'T FORGET ABOUT MEEEE.... I KNOW I KNOOOOOW [Verse 1:] Now due to me (JONES!) Me and my truancy (NINE TREY!) Running through the streets since early puberty! (YOUNG NIGGAZ!) What influenced me (let em know)....it was the jewelry Tryna get cash so I can do it like the older G's (BALLIIIING!) The 80's...big thick rope chains life was all crazy getting rich off cocaine (TRUE STORY NIGGA) ...so I been caught up dog, nothing like Usher (no)..... more like a hustler (yep) all night with customers, tryna get my paper up (right) Jealousy, envy....gotta watch, they'll spray you up But it was something bout the gun play.... rolling dice on blocks, double parked up on a one way (TRIPS NIGGA!) And breaking law was the norm' (yep), the club break about 4 in the morn'd So we parking lot pimp, hit the diner for some grub The squad type thick you know I'm rolling with the thugs [Chorus] [Verse 2:] Now as I roll up my window (R-Class), blaze up the indo (that purple!).... get tore down for my homies in the pen (miss you Zeke) I'm ma take you the Cali with me (WESTSIDE!).... know ya dress code, heavy sag on ya Dickies (B'S & Samp; C'S!) You catch me out in Houston, and usually we can slow it up (slow motiooon) And get screwed, get a deuce and we can throw it up! ATL sharp, if you balling and you make it rain (BALLIIIING!) "I'm in love with a stripper", alcohol on ya brain Fast track life, the shit is uncanny (I LOVE IT) When it come to birds fly south to Miami (OPIUM!) Weather like 80 (sunny), drop-top Mercedes (BALLIN) "Sai Pa Say", on the block in Little Haiti Chicago is the wolves, the bears, and the gangster's (you hear that?) 2 12'N with the OG's, tryna get the answers And all these O. T trips got me tired drive the wheels til they fall off and I just bought some new tires [Chorus]