

Baby Girl (feat. Max B)

Jim Jones

[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 ain't safe up in it
Yall niggas fugaze, my niggas authentic
The game like bitches that need make-up
These niggas 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 ain't 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 ain't got nuttin on me dogz ain't V I ain't 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]
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 ain't thought he posed ta flow
Thought he posed ta blooooooow
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[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 niggas so I gots to be the charges
So how's that for starters
.40cal niggas, blow back ya starter
New Jack City 2 blocks from the carter
Foul hundreds double up a.k.a. this is harlem
[Chorus: Max B]
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