

Patron

Yung Joc

(Ohhh!) Uh-huh (Shit! What up Chino Dolla?)
New Joc City (Here it is)
But right now, you 'bout to witness a nigga gone off that Patron
(Heh-heh, aight) I'm talking 'bout seven shots up
Y'knahmtalkinbout? (Seven shots? Wooooo-ooh, shit!)
(Boyz N Da Hood) The next round on you nigga, ha ha
Now what I want y'all to do (What'chu want me to do nigga?)
Take that shit to the motherfucking head, to the flo' nigga
Let's go

I just bought a zone, J's on my feet
I'm on that Patron, so get like me
I just bought a zone, J's on my feet
I'm on that Patron, so get like me
Er-ery'body love me, I'm so fly
Niggaz throw the deuces ery'time I ride by
Er-ery'body love me, I'm so fly
Niggaz throw the deuces ery'time I ride by

C'mon me tell me what it do, I do it for the A
When the top drop, rock the platinum Cartier
Got that Microsoft so they call me Bill Gates
Ice links 'round my neck looking like I build gates
I'm Mr. Amoco, yeah I got the pumps
Pockets on swoll looking like they got the mumps
I'm 'bout my change, gotta get the riches
From the look of thangs y'all getting JC Penney's
Pass that Patron, the lime's right thurr
Rock with it, lean with it, in my Nike Urr
Wink my eye at your bitch, now she wishing she could touch
See the J's on my feet, and she love the diamond cuts
Fresh to death, everyday like I jumped up out a caskets
Ask Chino Dolla 'bout that dope boy magic
Connected like apartments, keep one in the cartridge
Chevy seats ostrich, name in the carpet

I mix Patron and Everglow, I call it anti-freeze
Take one sip her drawers fall to her knees
Mister V.I.P., get it like me
Ice piece on my wife beat I call it Ice-T
Kush by the seven, I call it Mike Vick
She call me officer I hit her with my nightstick
My swag so mean need anger management
You call it what you want I'm on some ol' eleven shit
These niggaz wanna hate, God dammit we can handle it
Mad cause I got juice, call me Tropicana bitch
Joc feel good. Joc buy the bar
Catch me in the hood pimp, rolling on a 'gar
I plead to the judge I'm guilty of the charge
I'ma ballaholic, can't help it I'ma star
You see the yellow ice, you holla oh my God
Trying to guess the price, ehh about thirty large

Ery'body wanna know, how I do my thang
Yeah I get money and I let my nuts hang
Pull up to curb, cut it to the left
My rims sitting tall 'til I dim the knee steps

I just see what I want, then I go get it
The apple jelly Chevy with the peanut butter in it
So don't get mad, pimp keep it cool
I hang with them goons and the boys keep them tools
I hustle all day, that's just how I live
Stack them big faces, give the strippers dollar bills
Check the dictionary for a P.I.M.P.
And when you look it up, potnah tell me who ya see
Young J-O-C, yeah that's me
Twenty-eight G's, on my feet twenty-three's

I'm on that Patron, so gone that Patron
So gone that Patron, so get like me
So gone that Patron, so gone that Patron
So gone that Patron, so get like me
Get like me, get like me
So gone that Patron, so get like me