

Project Pat, High Off The Ground

(feat. All-Star)

[Intro: DJ Paul]

Yeah... Hypnotize Minds... Project Pat... we
just want y'all to dance wit' us man y'all know what it is...
It's goin' down

[Bridge: DJ Paul]

Motorcycle wit' it, wit' it, motorcycle wit' it, wit' it
Motorcycle wit' it, wit' it, motorcycle wit' it, wit' it
From the back wit' it, wit' it, from the back wit' it, wit' it
From the back wit' it, wit' it, Motorcycle wit' it, wit' it whaaat!

[Chorus: DJ paul]

Yeah I'm ridin' high off the ground (off the ground)
I'm ridin' so high off the ground (off the ground)
I got dogs barkin' out the ass (out the ass)
Got dogs barkin' out the ass (out the ass)
Yeah I'm ridin' high off the ground (off the ground)
I'm ridin' so high off the ground (off the ground)
I got dogs barkin' out the ass (out the ass)
Got dogs barkin' out the ass (out the ass)

[Verse 1:]

I'm Tenn-o-see, Henn-o-ssey, ridin' in my Im-pala
When I flex, in ya face, I'mma make, dogs holler
7-6, Cut-a-lass, clean like the clap dock
Eyes gon' swell, to the max, when you see these screens drop
Non-stop, mouths drop, rims big, like the rangs
Put 'em on, any girl, say, we can do some thangs
Lookin' down, on you clowns, Project sittin', sideways
Haters look, had a frown, pullin' out the driveways
I stay, hangin' at these dust-bunnies, countin' money
Old school, twenty-fo's, wit' the Lamborghini doors
Sucker knows, how we floss, don't you come, wit' no static
If you got a problem wit' it, talk, to that automatic

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Fresh up out the paint shop, wetter than a rain drop
I got 'em lookin' hard, lookin' lookin', real hard
A nigga still mob, niggaz out here still rob
That's why I keep my killers close, wit' that thang cocked
I keep the brais blowed out, in a hard top
It's so much wood in my ride, they call me tree top
Now I ain't ridin' Phantom but I tell ya what I'm in
A '85 Box Chevy on some Phantom rims
Them fifteen's got my trunk like a earthquake
I'm ridin' through the hood mayne it make the earth shake
You average rim riders, y'all can gon', hit the benches
I'm 'bout to cut my fenders down and add some mo' inches

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

See the streets packin' heat, wit' these young killers and 'caine heads
Blow snorters that drain lead, wet smokers who brain dead
Gun toters who pop cone, ride Caddy and slang stone
Get paper and ride chrome, pull capers invade homes
Tryna hustle for rich-es, ride twenty six-es
Hard for us to quit, 'cause dope sellin' addictive
Sold my Chevy dog, and I flipped, to a Cutty
Pearly pearl on that girl wit' the guts, peanut butter

Dogs howlin' like a wolf, when I ride, in the wind
Out here stuntin', actin' bad 'cause I'm fresh, out the pen
Niggaz blowin' on that kush weed, that's that good weed
Frosty hairs on that green green and wit' no seeds

[Chorus]

[Bridge x2: DJ Paul]

[music to fade]