

Yung Joc, Patrone

new joc city
your boy on that patrone real real hard right now
7 shots up
look at that nigga over there he look like he on it too
hold on, that look like that boy DJ styles (back again)
nigga is that you
cochie what is he doin (its that diamond cut) man look here chino dolla
(you might as well go on and get like me man) lets do it man
(to the floor) to the floor (bring that beat back!)

Chorus:

Just bought a zone, J's on my feet I'm on that patrone, so get like me
Just bought a zone, J's on my feet I'm on that patrone, so get like me
Er' Er' Body love me, I'm So Fly, Niggas throw them dueces everytime i ride by
Er' Er' Body love me, I'm So Fly, Niggas throw them dueces everytime i ride by

Verse 1

What it do, I do it for the A
When the top drop rockin platinum cartiay
Got that microsoft so they call me Bill Gates
Cubes round my neck lookin like a Bill Gates
I'm Mr. Amaco, yea i got the pumps, pockets on swole lookin like they got the mumps
I'm bout my change, got to get the riches
from the looks of things yall gettin JC Pennies
Pass that patrone, the limes right thurr
rock wit it lean wit in in my nikerr
wink my eye at cha bitch now she wishes she could touch
see the J's on my feet and she love the diamond cuts
fresh to def everyday like i jumped the body casket
ask chino dolla bout that dope boy magic
connected like apartments
keep one in the cartridge
chevy seats are stiched
name in the carpet

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Verse 2

Ok im on that patrone
im on that dro
im on a couple pills
Don't f**k wit the blow
Your voiced out black
mr. zodiac
gotta stay high
roll another sack
put niggas in the room

left to the right
we reppin zone 3
thats the west side
watch us two step
throw the head back
I'm in the strip club
cause thats my trap
yea i been annoyed
hated on the hip
one in the chamber
if you wanna trip

all the hoes love me
they best friends like me
popped a couple pills
now i got the hoes dyke'n
hit me on the phone
catch me on the street
14 grams trade a perc for the 3
dressed to impress gotta stay fresh
f**k wit your boy and you f**kin wit the best

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Verse 3

Take it to the head
toss it on back
gimmie that patrone we dont want no yak
I see you (you), you see me (me)
yep fresh to def from my head to my feet
I got a bad bitch and she got a bad bitch
so when we hit the door we got yo bitch yoo
don't get mad, just keep it cool
i hang with them goons and them boys keepin 2's
i hustle all day, imagine how i live
stack them big faces, throw away them dolla bills
its like a fairy tale, called me round the hood
takin bread from them suckas then i drop it in the hood
neighborhood trapstar gangstar bucks
everywhere i go i leave em star struck

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