

## Ya Boy "Patron On The Rocks"

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Yeah nigga your girl know him  
Bay Area bully, whole mouth frozen  
Still got the big 4-4 on him  
Tatted like a death row inmate: no grin  
Young Ya Boy, hotter than the oven  
'Cause racket like the U-S-O been  
I get mo' money, mo' dough, mo' yin  
Mo' cheddar, mo' scribble, mo' scratch, mo' ins  
Holla at your boy when I'm in your city (bitch)  
I'm a bad boy, I don't know P-Diddy  
Young feel mo' slim, Fresco City  
When I leave the club  
All the ho's come with me  
Patrone on the rocks blowin' quartz in the air  
Got your girl on my cock  
Baby boy I'm a player  
Got the toast in the spot  
You don't wanna get popped  
So hood, so block, so drunk I got

Ho's on my cock and patron on the rocks (I got) [x8]

We bottle poppin'  
You cock blockin'  
I'm on my gorilla's, oh shit  
Hood nigga, half a mil on my neck  
And I wish you would nigga  
I don't wanna do a song with you  
I'm good nigga  
I ain't at the bar 'cause the bar at my table  
Precise gang and I'm the star of the label  
Two chains, both hang down to my navel  
I don't need a record deal, look I'm stable  
Yeah I'm good baby girl I'm straight  
I've been the nigga mutherfucker you lay  
Step up in the spot with that Kushy smell  
Tryin' to get your girl to show me how that pussy feel  
All black congac, same old 2 step  
Bitch on my dick and she still ain't moved yet  
Still get it hot, baby girl we can rock  
Maybe the watch is the reason why I got

Ho's on my cock and patron on the rocks (I got) [x4]

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