

Y&T**"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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