

Bernie Paul

"Platinum Stars"

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[Verse 1: Lil' Flip]

-Uh, Lil' Flip
I'm hoppin' out in a fendi suit
I got DVD's in my bentley coupe
I got hoes that's 22
they buy me clothes and tennis shoes
I'm so throwed when it come to hoes
before I get they phone number they come outta they
clothes
I might take 'em to Papa Deaux's
but only if she a proper hoe
I gotta lac (what kind), a cadillac escalade
I'm wearin' jordans (which ones), very first ones made
I gotta watch (what kind), iced out cartier
I gotta roley but that's somethin' that I hardly wear
I'm Lil' Flip, the coldest freestyle ever
Since day one I was programmed to get this cheddar

[Chorus]

Who you drive? Platinum cars
Who you pull? Platinum stars
Who you write? Platinum bars
Platinum teeth, inside yo jaws
Diamond gon' rock my platinum wrist
Platinum toilet to take a ish
Gold is gold, and platinum is happenin'
so whodi watch this

[Chamillionaire]

-Yeah, ay, it's Koopa
Gotta green back, stack in my palm
I come in Yukon black with alarm
Ice on the arm and a platinum charm
And you prolly had a thought about jackin' it nah
Of course you didn't nigga the force is hittin'
behind the throwback I show that the boys is trippin'
? sky hit a force and lift him
Top on the drop yeah of course it's missin'
Don't want her man to know
that I'ma hit when I'm finished I'ma hand the hoe
Back to her man before, he even have to know

A weddin' ring ain't somethin' I'ma hand the hoe
Do money grow on trees? nigga the answers no
I treat g's like seeds get a grand to grow
Car lookin' like a zoo in a candy store
Alligator on the floor with a candy door
Can't stand me no, cuz I'm havin' dough
I keep a tune on me just like a mechanic flow
You ain't gettin' paper what you up in the game fa'?
Gettin' paper now couldn't be a complainer
Trunk lift up at a acute angle
Isoceles triangle pokin' outta my swangers
Chain cost me 10 g's
Independent no label could pimp me
So it really ain't a thing you could get free
Unless you tryna get them chains off of Pimp C
We, jammin UGK you see the jewlrey ay!
Cover ya eyes it'll blind like a U.T. Ray
Stay throwed in the game, holdin' the grain (yeah)
Ice and the white gold in my chain
Raisin' the trunk and showin' my bang
Hoes on the swangs while the doors color change
Nah I won't let the change go to my brain
Respect better be somethin' you hope in the game
You gon' mess around and get choked with ya chain
Flip, Bun and Chamillion in control in the game

[Chorus]

[Bun B]

-U (Under), G (Ground), K (Kings)
Bitch I'm the King of the underground
and the pope of Port Arthur
Keep that fire heat on ya street
and a meat in your daughter
Got no love for a hater, got no hate for a lover
Just distribute my pollution, keepin' weight undercover
My brother, now we back up on the block again
I got them rocks again, and the blocks again
until' the cops come in
but see the better bring the SWAT my friend
Because I promise that we not runnin'
Nigga we gon' be here all day
posted in this hallway
Keep them cluckers comin' in cuz we serve 'em all yay
Them nickles and dimes and quarters
That pop of the rock you a boughta
But ? we oughta, nigga we turnin' ya projects into the
Carter
Got automatic starters, for they automatics choppers
And the Texas boy a automatic to break you off
somethin' proper

I knock off a bopper, break down a bird and bust me a
flow
I'm down with the Pimp and the Prince
from now forever you don't like it you must be a hoe so

[Chorus]

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