

Hobo Blues Band

"Gold Shine"

Visit "[Gold Shine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine

(Project Pat)

Hoody hoo is the one
Where we all play this game
Gold chain pinky ring
Say the hell for some fame
Hustle in to tha in
Aint afraid of the pen
Treated dogs like it's ken
Got his brand on his skin
Drankin this of that henny
I went to find some women
A hoe can come with genny
But she don't give a penny
I'm out there havin plenny
I'm slangin shit like Lenny
>From Good Times to South Park
You can die like Kenny
So try to get some money
Fo those actin funny
You stay about tha cheese mayn
Muthafuckin hunny
Now don't you be a dummy
Play me like yo mummy
I try to keep it business
To keep food in my tummy
Tha ghetty ghetty green
On them 20's ridin clean
Cause paper chasin
Just I'm like a fiend
It's yo boy Project Pat

Never catch me droppin dimes
I'm a let my gold shine
I'm a let my gold shine

(Chorus) x2

All playas hustle in
Let me see your gold shine
All my playas coming up
Let me see your gold shine
Gold rangs gold chains gold teeth on the grind
Let me see your gold shine
Let me see your gold shine

(Crunchy Black)

Could it be a dream
Crunchy bling bling
Crunchy on the scene
Rolex diamond ring
Hypnotize bling
When you see me
I'm a shine like diamond
In your fuckin screen

(DJ Paul)

Like a diamond
I'm a shine free
So you know its me
Every time you writin rhymes
Coco all you know its me
Bustas always hatin me
Knowin they be playin me
Get a name right
Next time you dissin me on this cd B

(Gangsta Boo)

Double O seven
Money I was playin on a play station
Ride by waving at you haters
Holla at ya
See ya later alligator
Skin cold world bustin
Cowards curtain
You aint fuck what you mean playa

(Juicy J)

Playas from tha Hollywood
Evergreen is my hood
Smokin city
Show them gold teeth
Ridin in tha woods
Brakin on some pound

In tha south
Memphis fuckin town
Chiffin on some hay
Every day
Like a coupon

(Chorus) x2

(Project Pat)
I was ridin through the wood
Now pushin me a ?
Nobody in tha hood
Now my chrome I think I flips
I was wishin I was you
Now you wish you was me
Take a walk in my shoes
Ahh it could never be
See you playas stayin down
Till you rise like some hoe
If he true to his game
Then his game stayin in flow
Who can go
With this real ass shit
That I spit
If you real and you know it then mayn
Toss a bitch
To a real tight playa
South side playa
Mask on my mug
When I blast on a hatea
Boots what I'm pockin
Robers are watchin
Nine milaluga mayn
That's what I'm pockin
Flames I diminish
I falls to the finish
This aint Popye so I don't need me spinach
I'm just a young mayn havin thangs on a grind
I'm a let my gold shine
I'm a let my gold shine

(Chorus) Till Fade

Visit [Hobo Blues Band](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.