

## Jeremih

### "Ol' Skool Pontiac"

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[Hook x2]

In my ol skool Pontiac, sippin on Cognac  
Ten racks, sit back, ditch that Cognac  
Niggas get to talking what they talkin' they be all that  
Runnin' round the city someone tell me where the  
party at

[Verse 1: Jeremih]

I'mma get this paper, like I did before  
Say you feelin' low, go and hit the dro  
Cruisin' like I'm aimless niggas famous and I got the  
dough  
I'mma a star so let me shine nigga .. glow  
Yeah, I aint stuntin' in this bitch  
Say you hurtin' yeah thats I'm fine in this bitch  
Did that song with Fab but now its my time in this bitch  
Not into the X-Games but I grind in this bitch  
Yeah, think its fair, think again  
Plenty one's, couple five's, stack the tens  
Got the tree, break it down, keep the stems  
By yourself? hell naw, bring a friend  
Nigga I be on that shit that ya'll aint heard of  
Girl you know your man down  
Tell me what you scared of?  
Gon' and lift your skirt up  
I know we usually cruisin' in the Beemer kinda tired of  
the Rover  
So you probably catch my leanin' in my

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: Big Sean]

Okay, I'm rollin' o-o-o-o-ozo boi  
I'm dumb high, I'm dumb high  
Yeah nigga West side bitch I run my  
Hoe slow it down like I got my thumb high  
and I got her on her knees like I got my gun (high)  
I'm in my old school I feel like the alumni  
Wishiing we could trade cars, comin' from the  
underground  
Cause bitch I'm working grave yard

Car lookin like its sittin' on thirty floors, thirty doors,  
thirty whores  
Few black bitches and Fergie whores  
Nigga this shit look like Jersey Shore  
I'm on fire bitch, a loose cannon  
My cars Bruce Wayne, I feel like Bruce Banner  
Rip her clothes off, car so big wanna whip that shit  
Don't stand to close when I hit them curbs  
Motherfucker might clip them toes off  
B-I-G I'm that important  
You spend all day with her spoonin'  
I spend all night with her forkin'

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Paul Wall]

Im in my old school American made build in Michigan  
Squeezin' that wood grain, my fingers keep on  
blisterin'  
Haters keep on whispering talking down snickering  
Cause my name the one boppers and groupies keep on  
mentioning  
Range Rover, Bentley, and Benz I've done em all  
But I'd rather flip a JFK Lincoln on white walls  
My motto is grind hard, paper shit to follow  
Philosophy for Franklins something like Aristotle  
Double cup filled to the top so drive slow  
In the '59 Bonneville with the bumper hangin' low  
I cruise through the Chi  
Hit Mc office for the munchies  
My slab is candy pomegranite I get some country  
Coming straight out of Texas, where the old schools  
rule  
Take notes how I slab professional act a fool

[Hook x2]

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