

Kool Keith

"Border Patrol"

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[Verse One]

Yeah
The Commi\$\$ioner
Yeah border patrol
Border patrol
Everybody comin in
Y'all check each car one by one

I got my facial done up like Frankentein
I build up thangs, I put your ass on your mind
Mr. Weebles Wobble, 7 cents around when I sell
marbles
Girls get up early, yeah, get to the bathroom and
gargle
The motorcycle helmets with my crocos
Drink cases in the corner by myself, vomit a lil' bit and
crack the bottles
Park the Fleetwood bro, lean to the side in my
sombbrero
With white dogs in the backseat, the dogs feel the back
heat
Whitewall tires slide on all 360's in the street
That's how I do Freak Week, camcord on record
Shootin porn movies at the Greek, chicks called Candy
compete
8F float, Danny compete, my boys come up meat
markets
Bags grill set up the chopped meat
Trucks can't come in, we stop meat
That was our purse, two exhaust pipes, 28 inch rims
With a Hemi on the hearse

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Border patrol
Don't cross that line {*4X*}
Don't cross that liiiine

[Verse Two]

Border patrol, haha, don't cross that line boy
Gettin the money, that's what the mission is
Stop the yappin like a politician it's

cryin like them bitches
You a grown man, you on your period?
Hillbilly, I'ma speak the truth
I'ma keep it real, stomper who?
Gettin paid, that's all on you
Get up off your ass, do what you gotta do
Keep lookin at me cause I'm from the 'Ville
Cross the line, caps get pealed
What'chu know about the boy they call Hill
Be a few years 'fore I'm bustin that steel
From New York to the Down South
In the Midwest I'm what they they talkin about
The whole country ring, did you hear his name
But I ride the track, like a subway train
I'm on the grind, 365
Hard on 'em, but I gotta survive
I'm a soldier, on the frontlines
AK with a 45 down to ride

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Border patrol...
Breakin hoes, fresh clothes, pocket makin paper rolls
This is what I do, that's the life, that a player chose
Nice whips equal thick hips, so I'm flippin chips
Tired of bricks, that's why I'm in the studio, lettin it rip
I'm the truth, this is proof, vibin on a different loop
Grab a pen, let it loose, 'til labels give me recoup
All we need, City of a God when it come to rap
It's a wrap, that's a fact, look at where I started at
I'm all in, makin bread, dodgin feds, gettin head
From the baddest chick, that's that shit, check what
Petey said
He the man, what a plan, soon they'll all understand
What I'm all about, that's no doubt, pocket pickin man
Yeah, I said

[Chorus]

Border patrol {*echoes*}

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