

## Mike Heron

### "Perfect Team Pt. 3"

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[Mike Jones]

It's Mike Jones, back on the track  
I pack a gat, when I'm in the 'lac  
I wreck a track, title wack  
To make sho' my paper stack  
If I don't grind, then I don't shine  
If I don't shine, I get left behind  
I hit the block, stack a knot  
And shake the spot for one time  
I keep my business on the lo-lo  
'Cause haters snitch and tell the po-po  
I ride solo in my 4-do  
Caren colored coated Volvo  
I wreck the mic everywhere I go  
My name heard everywhere I go  
You tryed to deny but I know you know  
You tryed to deny but I know you know  
If you wanna get me for a show  
Or get me to feature on a flow  
Hit 281-330-8004  
If you wanna get me for a show  
Or get me to feature on a flow  
Hit 281-330-8004

[Tum-Tum]

Swang the Pacific in the DSR boat  
I flip a lil, see these stacks and c-notes  
So I'm puttin' diamonds all in ya face  
Put on ya shades, VVS's gone glare in ya face  
I rock the mic but I wasn't on tools  
I eat at places where they call me Mizzu  
Sit at the table can't read the menu  
Stop the beat, look out the window, watch the rims  
continue  
Tony Montana style, with a slit in my brows  
See big rocks on the watch, five thou bling-bloaw  
Call me Tum-T, I'm big homie with the rocks  
Look at the ear, look at the grill, look at the necks, look  
at the watch  
Tum-T, hood boss, O.G. out the 3  
You would think I was Ashanti how the screens Rain On

Me

Yeah!, Still Magnificent on the Mike like I was Jones  
You lookin' at royalty bitch, go and direct me to the  
throne

[Paul Wall]

When you see me on the block, I'm on my grind (I'm on  
my grind)  
And when I'm ducked off in the trap it's hustle time (It's  
hustle time)  
I'm bout my paper, bout my cash, I'm bout that green  
(Bout that green)  
I never roll, I'ma soldier, I'll take one for the team  
Paul Wall, Swishahouse, Swishablast bout cash  
Gotta get up off my ass, cause time fly's fast  
Opportunities past but I'm still the same ol' G (Same ol'  
G)  
Reebok's and white-t's, I'm still the same ol' me (Same  
ol' me)  
When you see me at the club, I'm at the bar (I'm at the  
bar)  
And if a gal all in my mix then she a star (She a star)  
Pretty face, slim waste, with a coca-cola shape  
But she don't want me, she just boppin' off my car (Off  
my car)  
I'ma player, I'ma hustler, I'ma mac (I'ma mac)  
Candy paint, swangas on the cadillac (The cadillac)  
Paint drippin' kinda damp, Paul Wall the people's  
champ  
I wonder what them haters think about that ('Bout that)

[Magnificent]

I'ma hood doctor, hit foot locker and grab jerseys  
Bust a flow and make hoe's say "Have Mercy"  
Like uncle jessie, my trunk is messy  
From throwin' haters in it, I'm in a Navigator tinted  
My rims spinnin', when I stop they do the wiggle-wiggle  
Whip is little, candy paint look like little skittles  
I'm in Dallas on that 635  
I get brain from 6:30 til 6:35  
Make them hoes go-live  
New 4's buck-hide  
Make them hoes hop inside, and expose those thighs  
After I nut it's like fuck them boppers  
Pull-up, new Maybach truck on choppers  
Glad that I made it, it's never been fun of the struggle  
'Cause these chips on my shoulders ain't Funyons or  
Ruffles  
Nigga, it's Magno, Mike Jones, Tum-T, Fat B  
Fuck it man Perfect Team Part 3  
Nigga

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