

# Mike Jones

## "Pac Man"

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First Round, First Round Draft Picks comin', "Who Is Mike Jones"

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(Mike Jones)

Might see me flippin' in with the top pushed back  
Took off my Roc-A-Wear and threw on my throw-back  
Do'Do I blow dat cuz I'm who? Mike Jones  
Who-Who Mike Jones, Who-Who Mike Jones  
I come threw ya hood and I'm bouta rock the block  
When I add 22's and subtract the rag-top  
I got the candy paint shinin' on the 5 or 6 hundred  
4-8-4-18's dumpin' so I know you hear me comin'  
My album, Who Is Mike Jones comin' soon  
My album, Who Is-Who Is Mike Jones comin' soon  
I chill with G-Dash, Big Watts and Magno  
T-Fast right behind me in a candy lambo'  
Rambo is who I act like, on a dude I get's like  
Now I'm in the spot-light, platinum teeth shinin' bright  
When I speak, hoes weap  
Haters know they can't compete  
With Mike Jones, Who?, Mike Jones  
I got love for all my fans that's jammin' my shit  
DJ's don't stop, keep playin' my shit  
In the club, keep em'-keep em' crunked up  
Don't step in the club if you ain't gettin' fucked up  
I'm talkin' bout gettin throw'd  
Ridin-ridin' 84's  
Bustin-bustin' threw ya kit cuz I got suicide do's  
Lil mama spread ya legs  
Before that gimme head  
Before I let you fuck you gotta suck my 3rd leg  
Cuz Mike Jones is the one and only  
Yall niggaz can't clone me  
Get off my dick, get ya own style and quit being phony  
Hoes on me cuz I'm real  
When I smile platinum grill

Candy paint wood-wheel  
Spreewell's on my 5th wheel  
I'm the don, you the son  
You number 2, I'm #1  
With 23's sittin' under me  
In plushed seats, poke'mon seats  
First Round-First Round Draft Picks comin', Who Is Mike  
Jones  
First Round-First Round Draft Picks comin', Who Is Mike  
Jones comin'  
Now I got that off my mind  
Barba-kit watch it fall down  
SwishaHouse we platinum bound  
It's to late try and stop us now  
Lemme get back up on the flow  
Had a fro' but cut it low  
To the wood, fo' bust fo'  
Is what I claim until I go  
Got much love for Boss Hogg  
Chamillionaire and Paul Wall  
Like Yao Ming I stand tall  
You got screens well let em' fall  
You got drank well po' it up  
You claim a set then throw it up  
You got dank let's blow it up  
When my album come I'ma sow it up  
Mike Jones-Jones, Mike-Mike Jones-Jones  
Mike-Mike Jones-Jones, Mike-Mike Jones *[Repeat til' the  
end of song]*

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