

## Young Joc

### "Patron"

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[Yung Joc]

(Ohhh!) Uh-huh (Shit! What up Chino Dolla?)

New Joc City (Here it is)

But right now, you 'bout to witness a nigga gone off  
that Patron

(Heh-heh, aight) I'm talking 'bout seven shots up  
Y'knahmtalkinbout? (Seven shots? Wooooo-ooh, shit!)  
(Boyz N Da Hood) The next round on you nigga, ha ha  
Now what I want y'all to do (What'chu want me to do  
nigga?)

Take that shit to the motherfucking head, to the flo'  
nigga  
Let's go

[Chorus]

I just bought a zone, J's on my feet  
I'm on that Patron, so get like me  
I just bought a zone, J's on my feet  
I'm on that Patron, so get like me  
Er-ery'body love me, I'm so fly  
Niggaz throw the deuces ery'time I ride by  
Er-ery'body love me, I'm so fly  
Niggaz throw the deuces ery'time I ride by

[Verse One]

C'mon me tell me what it do, I do it for the A  
When the top drop, rock the platinum Cartier  
Got that Microsoft so they call me Bill Gates  
Ice links 'round my neck looking like I build gates  
I'm Mr. Amoco, yeah I got the pumps  
Pockets on swoll looking like they got the mumps  
I'm 'bout my change, gotta get the riches  
From the look of thangs y'all getting JC Penney's  
Pass that Patron, the lime's right thurr  
Rock with it, lean with it, in my Nike Urr  
Wink my eye at your bitch, now she wishing she could  
touch  
See the J's on my feet, and she love the diamond cuts  
Fresh to death, everyday like I jumped up out a caskets  
Ask Chino Dolla 'bout that dope boy magic  
Connected like apartments, keep one in the cartridge

Chevy seats ostrich, name in the carpet

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

I mix Patron and Everglow, I call it anti-freeze  
Take one sip her drawers fall to her knees  
Mister V.I.P., get it like me  
Ice piece on my wife beat I call it Ice-T  
Kush by the seven, I call it Mike Vick  
She call me officer I hit her with my nightstick  
My swag so mean need anger management  
You call it what you want I'm on some ol' eleven shit  
These niggaz wanna hate, God dammit we can handle  
it  
Mad cause I got juice, call me Tropicana bitch  
Joc feel good. Joc buy the bar  
Catch me in the hood pimp, rolling on a 'gar  
I plead to the judge I'm guilty of the charge  
I'ma ballaholic, can't help it I'ma star  
You see the yellow ice, you holla oh my God  
Trying to guess the price, ehh about thirty large

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Ery'body wanna know, how I do my thang  
Yeah I get money and I let my nuts hang  
Pull up to curb, cut it to the left  
My rims sitting tall 'til I dim the knee steps  
I just see what I want, then I go get it  
The apple jelly Chevy with the peanut butter in it  
So don't get mad, pimp keep it cool  
I hang with them goons and the boys keep them tools  
I hustle all day, that's just how I live  
Stack them big faces, give the strippers dollar bills  
Check the dictionary for a P.I.M.P.  
And when you look it up, potnah tell me who ya see  
Young J-O-C, yeah that's me  
Twenty-eight G's, on my feet twenty-three's

[Chorus]

[Outro]

I'm on that Patron, so gone that Patron  
So gone that Patron, so get like me  
So gone that Patron, so gone that Patron  
So gone that Patron, so get like me  
Get like me, get like me  
So gone that Patron, so get like me

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