

## Paradisio

### "County Jail"

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(Chorus)

I don't wanna go to county jail no more more more  
Its a big fat policeman at my door door door  
He'll snatch you by yo collar make you pay a dollar  
I don't wanna go t county jail no more more more

(Project Pat)

Where is Project? Where is Project?  
Here I go here I go  
Suckas wanna take me suckas wanna break me  
Yeah I know yeah I know  
Here they come tha policia servin me a warrant  
Blastin off my piece-ia that's how I responded  
Eyes red off this refia stangin like a hornet  
Hood slang what I speak to ya thugs get up on it  
Hoppin out like a frog ribbit ribbit ribbit ribbit  
Pointed toes dodgin laws let me feel it can I hit it  
Freak ones wit tha curly tongues sturdy givin puns  
Early birds came to put the worm right down they lungs  
Gimme some little incident when them blues'll flash  
Jump and grab on the atf then I mash tha gas  
They just love mane to pull me ova cause I'm ghetto  
star  
Any weapons any drugs sir searchin in my car

(Chorus x2)

(Project Pat)

Sugar me timba dog and blow me down  
Pullin out tha tone tone and yall don't make a sound  
Lay it down for tha mista twista bottle caps  
Stick em up like a pirate but without a patch  
Chitty chitty bang bang nuthin but cheese mane  
Nitty gritty what I get to wit my thang thang  
When you try to come around-a don't try to down tha  
I represent tha dirty M to tha town-a  
Po-pos they be watchin chickens are flockin  
I'm game for some brain we call Doc and lockin  
Tha green is inhaled-a drunk like a sailor  
Did you see tha whale-a mane on her tail-a  
Tha jail I was locked up hell what I went through

Went just like a chef cause I kept a Ginsu  
Project doin time now that's just a no no  
I don't wanna go to jail no a mo' mo'

(Chorus x2)

(Project Pat)

Ba-ba-buka chickens don't be kissin me  
Like Alfred Hitchcock this really ain't no mystery  
Tha game don't stizop to hell wit suckas dissin me  
A burnt up blizock will send you penitentiary  
Get caught by tha narcs for slammin on tha con-a-crete  
Charge partna talk for straight killin on tha street  
You need to wa-watch tha company you keepin wit  
Tha tones p--p-pop tha bullets goin for a snitch  
A North Memphis veteran I ain't scared of nann  
Keep my hand on tha metal friend and that's off tha  
wam  
Understand where I'm comin from playas flexin  
Crown Vics, trucks, Chevy, Max, and them Lexins  
You can keep it on tha lowskey or get you some time  
All these hatas gettin nose you stay on tha grind  
Like Aaliyah robadowsky knockin suckas out  
Ain't no goin back to pokey what I'm talkin bout

(Chorus x2)

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