

Project Pat F/ Three 6 Mafia, Baby , H

"Cross the Border"

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(Boobonic)

Yo, once the Mo start drippin
Hoes start trippin
Tell em my name Boo
You know we all hittin
But look mami
I got 3 drinks in me stuck
And I aint tryna talk, I'm tryna fuck
If the pussy gets wetter
Chicks, I never sweat her
I'm gettin all the cheddar
Bitch, read the letter
I pattered the plan
Get a dick suck wit a gat in my hand
Bitch, it's thug passion
Chicks drive by in their whips
They be flashin
Do you know Bonic and Lib?
They be askin
If the bitch wanna ask me shit, I'ma hit
Attitude just like Cancun, I'ma trip
Now niggas pissed
Know why? Cause I'm the shit
If you cop a 5, imagine what I'm gone get
Lights out
Most Wanted bring the bikes out
Ball out
Bitches on the back
Ass all out
I got hoes wit accents
And I don't mean Hundai's
My hands touched more bricks than Quamay's
Ice'll blind you
For real dog, believe me
Only feel comfortable around Ray Charles and Stevie
So I'ma take it easy

Chorus (Female voice)

So why don't you run across the border mama?
(I'll run cross the border papa)
And what will you bring me back mama?

(You know what I'll bring you back papa)
So don't forget (I won't forget)
To bring me back (To bring you back)
What I need (What you need)
Tonight (Tonight)
Will you run across the border mama?
(I'll go cross the border papa)

(Mr.)
(Mr. Mr.)
I know the fuck you heard
Give me head while I drive
Bitch, I like to swerve
I'll take you to the airport so you can cop them birds
Now is you bout it mami?
Whoa, let me know
Is it the dick, the car, the looks, or the dough?
She said, "Mostly the dough, playa I don't lie."
I hit once, then hit her girlfriend
Ask, "When can we all get together again?"
And I never love hoes
What you talkin about?
I party your wife, nigga
You be eatin her out
And I sat there and told you that I cum in her mouth
And my connect the only reason she be runnin down
south
Bitches high for a ride dependin who key startin
So fuck a Jaguar
Cop a Aston Martin, pardon
No talkin, Mr. say sparkin
Niggas can't understand
They still walkin

Chorus

(Boobonic)
Hot ass whips is what they see Boo in
We play down in C-A-C-U-N
Uh, nice wit the O flex outta line
Cut a bitch off like O.J.
Yall aint ready
That's why all yall niggas look hurt
When yall see me
More Franklin's than Kirk
And I'm spendin em wit GP
Thick tube socks I rock like I'm from DC
Cash Money as in Juvenile like BG

(Mr.)
Top down on the Cadillac Allante'

I get street stripes like Carlito Brigante
Dog, I tax yall cause it costs to live
And still show no love like foster kids
I rent out homes in the hood and live across the bridge
My car's hotter than Negril
While y'all walk, I wheel
Oh, your Roley go tick and tock? It's not real
And keep a piece around my neck I know worth ya deal,
nigga

Chorus

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