

**Thomas Gilyard****"Eleanor"**

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I swerve, then it hit the curve  
Sitting low, I ain't flexing too hard  
Tryina pull up on a hoe  
Yeah I'm old school, kung fu joe with a bad bitch  
Just like this track, this caprice is a classic  
Pussy magnet, got damot drop 1987 same year's...  
Recktop with that stash box  
And I ride around town like the price is on dash drop  
Smoking on that cash crop  
Cooler than cudi, don't bite the hand that feeds you  
My presentation is feature, I do this in my leisure  
As I ride, gripping wood in a plank  
Where it ain't no telling I might fuck around and pull a  
plank  
Tell her, and she gonna do whatever I tell her  
Shawty fine as a wine cellar  
You niggas whack but the hell of it  
They hating but I'm on my own shit  
Like the veterans

Ok, my whip cream, taking my jeans and riding Sunday  
Guts clean, 6 lean back, for the funplay  
Plus I'm riding hard times too  
What chucks and deuces pay these hoes no attention  
But yet that don't stop them from choosing  
I'm poured up, remi, just ice, just like that  
Mud touch burning, the sour and kush with windows  
cracked  
And I'm feeling amazing, riding dolo so I drop the top  
To let the rays in, while plotting on my days in  
Somebody daughter in trouble you left it..  
And most these hoes are like most of you niggas  
music, sucking  
And that ain't no secret, shit  
All I had to do is pull up to pull up with your bitch nigga  
But you can keep her  
What you though hoe... we keep them on the team  
Just for our personal benefit, huh?

