

## Tony Yayo

### "Pass The Patron"

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(Oh, shit! What up Chino Dolla?)  
New Joc City, (Here it is, Block..?..)  
But right now, you 'bout to witness a nigga gon? of dat  
patron. (Hu-huh, alright).  
I?m talkin? 'bout 7 shots (7 shots? whooo-hoo, shit?!  
Boyz in da hood).  
The next 'round on you nigga, (Alright) hah-hah.  
Now what I want ya?ll to do? (Whatcha want me to do?).  
Take that shit to the muthafuckin? head. Let?s go?

[Chorus]

This ballers zone, J?s on my feet  
Im on dat Patron, so get like me [X2]

Er-er?body love me, boss so fly,  
Niggas throw dey deuces er?time I ride by [X2]

[?]

C?mon, me tell me what it do, I do it for the 'A?.  
When the top drop, rock the platinum Cardier.  
Got that Microsoft, so they call me Bill Gates.  
Ice links around my neck, lookin? like I build gates.  
I?m Mista Amoco, yea I got the pumps.  
Pockets on swell, lookin? like they got the mumps.  
Im 'bout my change, gotta get the riches.  
From the look of thangs ya?ll gettin? J.C. pennies.  
Pass dat Patron, the limes? right der. Rock with it, lean  
with in my nik?er.  
Wink my eye at cha bitch, now wishing now she could  
touch.  
See the J?s on my feet and she love the diamond cuts.  
Fresh to death, everyday, like I jumped up outta  
caskets.  
Ask Chino Dolla about that dope boi magic.  
Connected like apartments, keep one in the cartridge.  
Chevy seats ostrich, name in the carpet.

[Chorus]

[Yung Joc]

I mix Patron and ever glow, I call it antifreeze.

Take one sip a drop off to her knees.  
Mista V.I.P, get like me. Ice piece on white beat?, I call it  
Iced-t.  
Cush by the seven?s I call it Mike Vic. She call me  
officer I hit her with my nightstick.  
My swag so mean, anger management.  
You call it what you want, I?m on some mo? eleven shit.  
These niggas wanna hate, godammit 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, rollin? on a 'gar.  
I plead to the Judge, I?m guilty of the charge.  
Imma balla-holic, can?t help it Imma star.  
You see the yellow ice, you holla ?Oh my God!?  
Tynna guess the price, ?Eh, 'bout thirty large.?

[Chorus]

[?]

Er?body wanna know, how I do my thang?  
Yea I get money and I let my nutts hang.  
Pull up to curb, cut it to the left.  
My rims sittin? tall 'til I a dim the knee-steps.  
I just see what I want, then I go get it.  
The apple jelly Chevy with 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, thas just how I live,  
Stackin? them big faces, give 'em strippers dolla bills.  
Check the dictionary for a P.I.M.P,  
When you look it up partna, tell me who ya see?  
Young G, Young C, yea thas me.  
Twenty-eight G?s, on my feet twenty-three?s.

[Chorus (X2)]

Im on dat patron,  
So gon on dat Patron, so gon on dat Patron, so get like  
me.  
So gon on dat Patron, so gon on dat Patron, so gon on  
dat Patron, so get like me.  
Get like me, get like me,  
So gon on dat Patron, get like me

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