

High Off The Ground

Project Pat

Yeah, Hypnotize Minds, Project Pat
We just want y'all to dance with us man
Y'all know what it is, it's goin' down
Motorcycle with it, with it, motorcycle with it, with it
Motorcycle with it, with it, motorcycle with it, with it
From the back with it, with it, from the back with it, with it
From the back with it, with it, motorcycle with it, with it what
Yeah, I'm ridin' high off the ground
I'm ridin' so high off the ground
I got dogs barkin' out the ***
Got dogs barkin' out the ***
Yeah, I'm ridin' high off the ground
I'm ridin' so high off the ground
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Got dogs barkin' out the ***
I'm Tennessee, Hennessey, ridin' in my Impala
When I flex in ya face I'mma make dogs holler
Seven six, cutlass, clean like the clap dock
Eyes gon' swell to the max, when you see these screens drop
Non-stop, mouths drop, rims big like the rangs
Put 'em on any girl, say we can do some thangs
Lookin' down, on you clowns, Project sittin' sideways
Haters look had a frown pullin' out the driveways
I stay hangin' at these dust-bunnies, countin' money
Old school, twenty-fo's, with the Lamborghini doors
Sucker knows how we floss, don't you come with no static
If you got a problem with it talk to that automatic
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Fresh up out the paint shop, wetter than a rain drop
I got 'em lookin' hard, lookin', lookin' real hard
A *** still mob, *** out here still rob
That's why I keep my killers close with that thang ***

I keep the brains blowed out in a hard top
It's so much wood in my ride they call me tree top
Now I ain't ridin' Phantom but I tell ya what I'm in
A '85 Box Chevy on some Phantom rims
Them fifteen's got my trunk like a earthquake
I'm ridin' through the hood, mayne it make the earth shake
You average rim riders, y'all can gon' hit the benches
I'm 'bout to cut my fenders down and add some mo' inches
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See the streets packin' heat, with these young killers and *** heads
Blow *** that drain lead, wet smokers who brain dead
*** toter's who pop cone, ride Caddy and slang ***
Get paper and ride chrome, pull capers invade homes
Tryna hustle for riches, ride twenty sixes
Hard for us to quit 'cause *** sellin' addictive
Sold my Chevy dog and I flipped to a Cutty
Pearly pearl on that girl with the guts, peanut butter
Dogs howlin' like a wolf when I ride in the wind
Out here stuntin', actin' bad 'cause I'm fresh, out the pen
*** blowin' on that kush weed, that's that good ***
Frosty hairs on that green green and with no seeds
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