Presidential

A.J. Brown

Yeah, yeah
A town is on the gear
A town, A town, A town, yeah
Y'all know how we do around this time
Youngbloodz, Lil' Jon, yeah
I tote that thing, nah' mean?
Hat lean, clothes smell like green
That's a white tee and white rims
I bought bread, a real G get gees
Back to the streets, back with Lil' Jon
Back for the A back, reppin' for the stars
Put yo' hood up, show a nigga where your from
And if they hate that, then get the job done
What we buyin'? Big rims
Choppin' hard, like Bim
What we drank? That Patron
Keep the bottle poppin' all night long
What we smoke? That gush
Presidential shit George Bush
How we do it? Like this
Get crunk, b-b-bent
Sixteen, I'ma give it to you raw
Take it to your ass, slap you clean 'cross the jaw
Where they at? We want some
See I don't think y'all really want none
Sealed back with a whole new clip
With a bad ass chick on some brand new shit
Now put em' up, to the sky
We get fucked, get drunk, get high
Shake em' off, you know what to do
Take it to the floor, call out your whole crew
Like what? Knuck if you buck
See we still don't give a damn and I never gave a fuck
You see I'm big timin', wrists stay blindin'
Before I found freaks and my pinky ring shinin'
I stay grindin' and true to the streets
If you ever need to fight then you know where we can meet

What we buyin'? Big rims

Choppin' hard, like Bim
What we drank? That Patron
Keep the bottle poppin' all night long
What we smoke? That gush
Presidential shit George Bush
How we do it? Like this
Get crunk, b-b-bent
I'd be the big bang and drank drank
That's why I got a purple Sprite and y'all ain't
I ride big rims, 17 inches tall
So when you step down baby girl don't fall
Y'all niggas know the name, they call me Sean Paul
And I ain't got no flaws except breaking the law
Niggas call me dope 'cause I'm hard and I'm raw
Can't call me that thing, one hit'll make you cough
And it's always beside me, watch got diamonds
I ain't part timin', I'm full-time grindin'
The nigga wasn't shinin' now a nigga blindin'
Them niggas with the dimes and wish that I be ridin'
And I don't pull 'em out until the trunk beat
And you can see it movin', sittin' in the backseat
They wild on the east, they live in the streets
So I'm a keep my peace sittin' on the front seat
What we buyin'? Big rims
Choppin' hard, like Bim
What we drank? That Patron
Keep the bottle poppin' all night long
What we smoke? That gush
Presidential shit George Bush
How we do it? Like this
Get crunk, b-b-bent
Lil' John he dropped the beat
Lil' John he dropped the beat
Lil' John he dropped the beat
And make it bounce it like rubber
John crunk as can be

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