

24s

Richgirl

[Hook- Perion]

You can find me on 24's
Blowin' on a pound of dro

Getting gone in the wind

Sitting behind tint

Getting bent

You can't see me

But you smell the smoke

Oh yeah

*Repeat[Bun B]

Now what you know bout the H town

Clutch city the throwdest

With them big body slab swangers on the grind

And you know thisGot them buttons and bumper kits

Them buckles and belts

With pop trunk, shiny grill

Keeping it Trill with ourselfWe break left and lack turn to the right

And bust his glock off - what

And if one time roll up

We ain't fittin turn this knock offI'm a crank this surround up

And show him my thang

And if we need us another corner to slang

It ain't a thangWe got that 3rd Ward, that Yellowstone, 5th Ward and the Acres

Dirty dub back to the Southside we fulla bar breakers

So anywhere you want to take us

Guarantee you can show him upI'm a crank him like a seal on a PT and pour him up

Paul Wall the OG Ron see to slow him up

So if ya'll reppin some down ass hoods player than throw 'em up

Keep the Trillness in front of me and them haters behind me

So Magic if you're lookin Bum bethis how you gone find me...my nigga

how?[Hook][Magic]

I'm on the 10 goin' West and I'm heading straight to the H

From Louisiana got money to make

They got some bitches I didn't cut

Some clubs I didn't crashSome bars I haven't run up the tab on a nigga ass

Neglecting my nuts I work too much

Fuck gettin' tipsy tryin' to get fucked up

I need some rup to sipSo I can lean in my cut dogg

Eyes focused on pussy

Run some G on a damn broad
I'm with Bun and Mike GizzleSippin' and dippin' til at least 7 in the morn
My 24's I call them the hoe catchers
Catch the type of hoes that wouldn't usually sweat ya
Bet cha I do it bigger than ya'll40 gals on call to entertain my dogs
Just bring me some good and a big fat goo
So I can puff and blow smoke on a hater like you[Hook][Mike Jones]
Makin money is all I know
24's is all I roll
Killa dro that's all I blow
In the lime light I shine and glowMr Magic and Bun bewant to live lavish then come with me
As I flip the script in my Humvee
Grindin for my currency
281-330-8004 hit Mike Jones up on the low'cause Mike Jones about to blow
I'm in a Lex
Black on black ballin'
24's and up when I'm crawlinGrind daily to keep from fallin
Got hot now majors callin
I'm Mike Jones
Puttin down for Swisher housePrincess cuts all in my mouth
Representin that dirty South
Stay on the grind from 9 to 9
Hope and pray one day I'll shineBody Head, Swisher House and Middle Fingers we on the
Grind
I'm in a Benz on Lorenz 24's in the wind
My daily routine is pimpin pensI'm Mike Jones
Who?
Mike Jones
Who?
Mike Jones
Swisher House and Body Head baby[Hook][Bun B]
Listen partner
You're to wet behind the ears
And you're to dry on the nose
Know what I'm talking aboutWhat you need to do is help yourself up in the slab
Catch a corner with a Trill player like myself
I'm a flip you through H Town
Know what I'm sayinI'm a keep it real with you
I'm a pour ya skee taste, know what I'm sayin
I'm a twist you up a Swisher you know what I'm sayin
Go on and hit the North Side, South Side, South WestI got them Body Head boys with me baby
It don't get no Triller than this here
No what I'm talking about

Songwriters

DAVIS, ALDRIN/HARRIS, CLIFFORD /Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.,
Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>