Lil' Jones

David Banner

Haa, haa
Where's Monica Lewinsky?
(Hello, hello)
She's right here
(Right here)
Hahahaha
Is that you Lil' Jones?
(Lil' Jones)
Comin' down on all that chrome
(That chrome)
Bumpin' that banner 'n bone
('N bone)
Ridin' dirty 'cuz the south side high
Is that you Lil' Jones?
(Lil' Jones)
Comin' down on all that chrome
(That chrome)
Bumpin' that banner 'n bone
('N bone)
Ridin' dirty 'cuz the south side high
Oh, my gosh, is it him? Hell yeah, it's David Banner
Daddy, I'm from Mississippi but I moved to Atlanta
From the Bronx to the queens, V12's sittin' clean
I'm dipped in candy painted punk you pissed 'cuz you ain't
TV's in this thang, watch the falcons play the saints
10's for my friends, 15's for my foes
Sterrin' wheel, hella drill man, this thangs a half a mill
Just to see chicken' head now, tell me what ya feel
Cow hide that's right, now I'm back to the lab
Me and bone on the slab [unverified] let's stab
Is that you Lil' Jones?
(Lil' Jones)
Comin' down on all that chrome
(That chrome)
Bumpin' that banner 'n bone
('N bone)
Ridin' dirty 'cuz the south side high
Is that you Lil' Jones?
(Lil' Jones)

Comin' down on all that chrome
(That chrome)
Bumpin' that banner 'n bone
('N bone)
Ridin' dirty 'cuz the south side high
Regals, Cadilacs, woodgrains and leather
Alright, on my thang call my crusher
Keep ridin' them dubz, can't tell me wutz up
Them country boys come down here and turned it out
And then I got 'em on the floor and made 'em scream and shout
I show my belly and it shake just like jelly, I know y'all ready
Everybody in this place please get on down
As I walk, walk, walk, walter on your tiny town
Is that you Lil' Jones?
(Lil' Jones)
Comin' down on all that chrome
(That chrome)
Bumpin' that banner 'n bone
('N bone)
Ridin' dirty 'cuz the south side high
Is that you Lil' Jones?
(Lil' Jones)
Comin' down on all that chrome
(That chrome)
Bumpin' that banner 'n bone
('N bone)
Ridin' dirty 'cuz the south side high
I'm ridin' dirry on lynch, rims be 20 inch
Callin' Mr. Grinch 'cuz I let 'em ride my inch
Don't y'all know about me, I'm a bad mama jam
Oh, a bad mama jama I guess we be da bomb
Give me the head, body, the torso, [unverified]
Cows and goats walk around where we from
Forever on the grind, like polish wine
And we gunna keep you ridin [unverified] every time, hahahaha

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/