

# My Music

## Kenny Loggins & Jim Messina

Dis dat soso def shit  
Make my music for the boyz with the O's  
The old school pro's in the strip club  
Make my music for the boyz with the O's  
The old school pro's in the strip club  
Every time I do it, u know just who I do it fo'  
My o.g. niggaz, my gurls in the strip club  
And fa my top cats thats block cruisin'  
Thats for the coops serve the rocks on the block music  
And any club, any party don't rock dis  
I'm sendin' my trend dawg its lean wit it, rock wit it  
And fo' the projects buildings behind the locked gates  
They do wut they gotta do and hustle at a top rate  
Movin dem o's makin' dey pension  
We grind til we ride sittin' on 24 inches  
My ghetto niggaz and bitches know how to keep it hood  
I keep it gutta Im'a gangsta u know just how I do it  
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I?m the shit you can't say I?m not  
I keep white keep purp like a crayon box  
Aay, and got a nice whipped game and I can't lie  
Shit I could cook coke on a camp fire  
Put it in my hands, I can make it go  
If I can't move it then I'ma call Tony yo  
I let the bullets from my gun spread  
Sippin' hard while u down on the corn bread  
First I droppin? the mix  
Hit the pot like a Edward and bought 8 bricks  
Yup, in my white tee so u know I keep it white  
And I keep green like a traffic light  
Make my music for the boyz with the O's  
The old school pro's in the strip club  
Yo pimpin', u know who it be its B.U.N to the little b  
One hundred and one percent gangsta check my pedegree  
Movin? thru yo? city like a muthafuckin? mayor  
Hate on me nigga like I muthafuckin? care

I?m the king of the trill, got the streets in a head lock  
A head busta piece so heads up I keep the lead cocked  
Sellin' mo yayo than u could stuff in a bread box  
And im'a keep on pushin even when the fed's flop  
I represent the trill, I stand up fo? the hood  
I?m holdin? down the underground just like a nigga should  
UGK and DFB we do it fo? the block  
Dem d boyz in the trap holdin? work keepin? it cocked  
It don?t stop  
I make my music for the ones servin' J's, servin' j's  
The bitches in the club shakin' ass fo the pay, fo the pay  
Fo' the ones one the block, ten hoe block holders  
Fo' the ones that'll knock ya head off ya shoulders  
Thats gangsta I doin? fo? the thugz  
And the bitches in the hood on erry type of drug  
Shipped across the border from purp to the cola  
I hustle spreewells like fa three ten and molderz  
Pond shop niggaz, keep a couple handguns  
Chopper in the trunk and they keep one in the head son  
B. un is out the test u wanna test son  
My motive is to kill a nigga shoot above the chest boy  
Make my music for the boyz with the O's  
The old school pro's in the strip club

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