

Patron (Amended Version)

Yung Joc

(Oh, shit! What up Chino Dolla?)
New Joc City, (Here it is, Block..?..)
But right now, you 'bout to witness a nigga gon' of dat patron. (Hu-huh, alright)
I'm talkin' 'bout 7 shots (7 shots? whooo-hoo, shit?! Boyz in da hood)
The next 'round on you nigga, (Alright) hah-hah
Now what I want ya'll to do (Whatcha want me to do?)
Take that shit to the muthafuckin' head. Let's go[Chorus]
This ballers zone, J's on my feet
I'm on dat Patron, so get like me [X2]Er-er'body love me, boss so fly
Niggas throw dey deuces er'time I ride by [X2]C'mon, me tell me what it do, I do it for the A'
When the top drop, rock the platinum Cardier
Got that Microsoft, so they call me Bill Gates
Ice links around my neck, lookin' like I build gates
I'm Mista Amoco, yea I got the pumps
Pockets on swoll, lookin' like they got the mumps
I'm 'bout my change, gotta get the riches
From the look of thangs ya'll gettin' J.C. pennies
Pass dat Patron, the limes' right der. Rock with it, lean with in my nik'er
Wink my eye at cha bitch, now wishing now she could touch
See the J's on my feet and she love the diamond cuts
Fresh to death, everyday, like I jumped up outta caskets
Ask Chino Dolla about that dope boi magic
Connected like apartments, keep one in the cartridge
Chevy seats ostrich, name in the carpet[Chorus:]I mix Patron and ever glow, I call it antifreeze
Take one sip a drop off to her knees
Mista V.I.P, get like me. Ice piece on white beat', I call it Iced-t
Cush by the seven's I call it Mike Vic. She call me officer I hit her with my nightstick
My swag so mean, anger management
You call it what you want, I'm on some mo' eleven shit
These niggas wanna hate, godammit we can handle it
Mad 'cause I got juice, call me Tropicana bitch
Joc feel good. Joc buy the bar. Catch me in the hood pimp, rollin' on a gar
I plead to the Judge, I'm guilty of the charge
Imma balla-holic, can't help it Imma star
You see the yellow ice, you holla , oh my God!
Tynna guess the price, 'bout thirty large[Chorus:]Er'body wanna know, how I do my thang?
Yea I get money and I let my nutts hang
Pull up to curb, cut it to the left
My rims sittin' tall 'til I a dim the knee-steps

I just see what I want, then I go get it.
The apple jelly Chevy with peanut butter in it
So don't get mad, pimp keep it cool
I hang with them goons and the boys keep them tools
I hustle all day, thas just how I live
Stackin' them big faces, give 'em strippers dolla bills
Check the dictionary for a P.I.M.P
When you look it up partna, tell me who ya see?
Young G, Young see, yea thas me
Twenty-eight G's, on my feet twenty-three's[Chorus: Repeat 2X]I'm on dat patron
So gon on dat Patron, so gon on dat Patron, so get like me
So gon on dat Patron, so gon on dat Patron, so gon on dat Patron, so get like me
Get like me, get like me
So gon on dat Patron, get like me

Songwriters

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