

You Like

Project Pat

Ooh baby, I like I like... Ooh those rims they shiny
Ooh I like... bling bling... Ooh I like it I like it...
I could fry rice with you... Ooh shiny car shiny I like
it... I like it a lot

You see these rims flickin' on my car? (You like, you like)
Buyin' the freshest clothes out the mall (You like, you like)
I keep money rolled up in some knots (You like, you like)
The shiny jewelry I had to cop (You like, you like)
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You see this candy on this car? Broads wanna lick
Twenty fo', inches on the whip, got these niggaz sick
Flickin' out the parkin' lot, haters like to bark a lot
At the hoodie club, that'll make them pistols spark a lot
Akademik, jeans, starched up, wit' the Jordans on
Spot a freaky slut, get her number and I'm rollin' on
Maybe baby mama mayne, I don't want no drama mayne
She's a ghetto rat, they attract, to my diamond rangs
Ain't no thang, when it comes to ballin' nothin' new to me
Fronts in my mouth, part of jewelry and toolery
Cool to be, a hood rich nigga from this Memphis
Ridin' in this Cut-Dog, dog, feelin' pimpish, ya dig?

Mayne I stayed in them stores, stayed chasin' whores
Stayed ridin' clean, sippin' lean, dope, was in my drawers
Stayed in the club, kept a mean mug, had to keep a gun
In my mind, I'm the one, so I'm shinin' like the sun
Kept the cottonmouth, reppin' dirty south, stayed housin' broad
s
A blunt was in my mouth, always schemin' tryna break some laws
Stayed gettin' caught, by them cops, still was on the block
Tryna set up shop, still was slangin' rocks
Always kept a knot, stayed doin' time, still was on the grind
Had to pop that nine, nigga gots to shine, had to make 'em blee
d
Had to make 'em see, takin' somethin' from the kid
You'll be history, that's for any wannabe