

# High Off The Ground

Project Pat

Yeah... Hypnotize Minds... Project Pat... we  
just want y'all to dance wit' us man y'all know what it is...  
It's goin' down

Motorcycle wit' it, wit' it, motorcycle wit' it, wit' it  
Motorcycle wit' it, wit' it, motorcycle wit' it, wit' it  
From the back wit' it, wit' it, from the back wit' it, wit' it  
From the back wit' it, wit' it, Motorcycle wit' it, wit' it whaaat!

Yeah I'm ridin' high off the ground (off the ground)  
I'm ridin' so high off the ground (off the ground)  
I got dogs barkin' out the ass (out the ass)  
Got dogs barkin' out the ass (out the ass)  
Yeah I'm ridin' high off the ground (off the ground)  
I'm ridin' so high off the ground (off the ground)  
I got dogs barkin' out the ass (out the ass)  
Got dogs barkin' out the ass (out the ass)

I'm Tenn-o-see, Henn-o-ssey, ridin' in my Im-pala  
When I flex, in ya face, I'mma make, dogs holler  
7-6, Cut-a-lass, clean like the clap dock  
Eyes gon' swell, to the max, when you see these screens drop  
Non-stop, mouths drop, rims big, like the rangs  
Put 'em on, any girl, say, we can do some thangs  
Lookin' down, on you clowns, Project sittin', sideways  
Haters look, had a frown, pullin' out the driveways  
I stay, hangin' at these dust-bunnies, countin' money  
Old school, twenty-fo's, wit' the Lamborghini doors  
Sucker knows, how we floss, don't you come, wit' no static  
If you got a problem wit' it, talk, to that automatic

Fresh up out the paint shop, wetter than a rain drop  
I got 'em lookin' hard, lookin' lookin', real hard  
A nigga still mob, niggaz out here still rob  
That's why I keep my killers close, wit' that thang cocked  
I keep the brais blowed out, in a hard top  
It's so much wood in my ride, they call me tree top  
Now I ain't ridin' Phantom but I tell ya what I'm in  
A '85 Box Chevy on some Phantom rims  
Them fifteen's got my trunk like a earthquake  
I'm ridin' through the hood mayne it make the earth shake  
You average rim riders, y'all can gon', hit the benches  
I'm 'bout to cut my fenders down and add some mo' inches

See the streets packin' heat, wit' these young killers and 'caine heads  
Blow snorters that drain lead, wet smokers who brain dead  
Gun toters who pop cone, ride Caddy and slang stone  
Get paper and ride chrome, pull capers invade homes  
Tryna hustle for rich-es, ride twenty six-es  
Hard for us to quit, 'cause dope sellin' addictive  
Sold my Chevy dog, and I flipped, to a Cutty  
Pearly pearl on that girl wit' the guts, peanut butter  
Dogs howlin' like a wolf, when I ride, in the wind  
Out here stuntin', actin' bad 'cause I'm fresh, out the pen  
Niggaz blowin' on that kush weed, that's that good weed  
Frosty hairs on that green green and wit' no seeds