

Still Ridin' Clean

Project Pat

Still riding clean, making cheese, and getting my dick sucked
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I swear I'm going through a thang but I gotta snap back
Give it all to God it's tha pistol but tha crack back
staying on my job dealing wit hatas wit a jap slap
dealing wit this mob lice watching studio phone tapped
You best believe that I could see it from a mile away
Thought that my girl was down sleeping wit the enemy
the streets are dangerous I could be dead any day
That's why I'm riding wit my dog smoking plenty hay
This shit contagious doing dope and its killing me
Even though I know I hit the snow is you feeling me
I'm looking good twenty-three's on that flipping paint
Them twelve golds in my mouth making these bitches faint
Now can't a nigga see I ain't got no time for games
I'm on this Hennessey and I'm quick to shoot dat thang
But fuck dat one of my young niggas'll take the charge
I'm stacking loot muthafuck looking behind some bars

Out slanging brickas the project nigga row-a
A playa that's fa show-a I'm charging a hoe-a
You weak niggas know-a you step and I fire
Yo life will expire you need to retire
Yo bitch call me sire she flat like a tire
Shot nut in her eye-a on that I don't lie-a
the fact of the matter she blow out the frizzame
I keep me some powder so I'm getting brizzain
I'm out dodging felonies and fuck dat coke
Cause a nigga loving these streets and that's of course
Mane I hate to see the judge face and that's fa sho
Praying that he'll drop the case and let me go
Cause I like smoking good green Motel-io
Stick my dick in a hoe's mouth and there I go
Getting drunk off of liquor and smoking this dope
Put the green in the Swisher I'm getting blowed

You know who you are you hating ass bitch
You tried to change yo name but you can chew on my dick
I ain't playing wit you hoes and you federal snitches
Wanna walk up to this pimp and get a hole in ya tensions
Always talking 'bout the Juice hoe I been on the town
I done blowed a hundred g's hoe you homey the clown
You can call ya girlfriend and me & Pancho can meet her
She can lick our ass out or she can suck on our peters
North North is the hood bitch you know we are real
Know you scared to ride through know you gon' meet the steel
Can't forget about you cowards you be high when you talk
Nigga I fuck yo fat ass wife and put her on the house
Juicy J is the playa that you love to hate
Boy you betta get a deal or try to sell you some weight
Everytime you see me coming lemons know what I mean
Cause I been riding Bentley, Roys, and I'm still on the scene