

Mike Jones, Perfect Team, Part 3

[Mike Jones]

It's Mike Jones, back on the track
I pack a gat, when I'm in the 'lac
I wreck a track, title wack
To make sho' my paper stack
If I don't grind, then I don't shine
If I don't shine, I get left behind
I hit the block, stack a knot
And shake the spot for one time
I keep my business on the lo-lo
'Cause haters snitch and tell the po-po
I ride solo in my 4-do
Caren colored coated Volvo
I wreck the mic everywhere I go
My name heard everywhere I go
You tried to deny but I know you know
You tried to deny but I know you know
If you wanna get me for a show
Or get me to feature on a flow
Hit 281-330-8004
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[Tum-Tum]

Swang the Pacific in the DSR boat
I flip a lil, see these stacks and c-notes
So I'm puttin' diamonds all in ya face
Put on ya shades, VVS's gone glare in ya face
I rock the mic but I wasn't on tools
I eat at places where they call me Mizzu
Sit at the table can't read the menu
Stop the beat, look out the window, watch the rims continue
Tony Montana style, with a slit in my brows
See big rocks on the watch, five thou bling-bloaw
Call me Tum-T, I'm big homie with the rocks
Look at the ear, look at the grill, look at the necks, look at the watch
Tum-T, hood boss, O.G. out the 3
You would think I was Ashanti how the screens Rain On Me
Yeah!, Still Magnificent on the Mike like I was Jones
You lookin' at royalty bitch, go and direct me to the throne

[Paul Wall]

When you see me on the block, I'm on my grind (I'm on my grind)
And when I'm ducked off in the trap it's hustle time (It's hustle time)
I'm bout my paper, bout my cash, I'm bout that green (Bout that green)
I never roll, I'ma soldier, I'll take one for the team
Paul Wall, Swishahouse, Swishablast bout cash
Gotta get up off my ass, cause time fly's fast
Opportunities past but I'm still the same ol' G (Same ol' G)
Reebok's and white-t's, I'm still the same ol' me (Same ol' me)
When you see me at the club, I'm at the bar (I'm at the bar)
And if a gal all in my mix then she a star (She a star)
Pretty face, slim waste, with a coca-cola shape
but she don't want me, she just boppin' off my car (Off my car)
I'ma player, I'ma hustler, I'ma mac (I'ma mac)
Candy paint, swangas on the cadillac (The cadillac)
Paint drippin' kinda damp, Paul Wall the people's champ
I wonder what them haters think about that ('Bout that)

[Magnificent]

I'ma hood doctor, hit foot locker and grab jerseys
Bust a flow and make hoe's say "Have Mercy"
Like uncle jessie, my trunk is messy

From throwin' haters in it, I'm in a Navigator tinted
My rims spinnin', when I stop they do the wiggle-wiggle
Whip is little, candy paint look like little skittles
I'm in Dallas on that 635
I get brain from 6:30 til 6:35
Make them hoes go-live
New 4's buck-high
Make them hoes hop inside, and expose those thighs
After I nut it's like fuck them boppers
Pull-up, new Maybach truck on choppers
Glad that I made it, it's never been fun of the struggle
'Cause these chips on my shoulders ain't Funyons or Ruffles
Nigga, it's Magno, Mike Jones, Tum-T, Fat B
Fuck it man Perfect Team Part 3
Nigga