

# Dem Boy Paigon

J Hus

Hustla baby  
Hustla baby  
Oh my

Dem Boy Paigon  
I can't stand them  
I don't trust you if you ain't mandem  
They wanna do me  
Imma do you  
Before you do me  
Imma do you before you do me  
You must have lost your mind  
Small boy take your time  
I said take your time  
You must have lost your mind  
Small boy take your time

All these niggas turn fake as the time goes by  
All I need, all I need is my Ride or Die  
Yo B, what's your name  
What's your number  
Face looking pretty  
But I'm staring at your AuhAuhAuh  
And she don't want no scrub  
A scrub is a guy that can't get no love from her  
Zim Zimmer  
Who's got the keys to the bimmer  
Ride for my G's  
And there ain't no team realer  
J Hus enter the place  
Big fat tool round my waist  
Dem Boy Paigon  
You can't bring them round me  
Are you mad, you dey craze  
Are you mad, you dey craze

Sexy girl called Chyna  
Make me wanna wine and dine her  
But one man can't satisfy her  
She needs more wood for the fire  
And if you don't wanna dance to the beat  
Just bop your head to the beat  
I invested in heat  
So let a paigon try me...  
Now he's thinking why me  
J Hus enter the scene  
Big fat tool in my jeans  
Dem Boy Paigon  
Don't bring em round me  
Are you mad, are you lean?  
Are you mad, are you lean?  
Oh, they don't wanna grind  
Go get a day job, go bill a line  
I said, oh they don't wanna grind  
Go get a day job, go bill a line  
I said, oh, they don't wanna grind  
Go get a day job, go bill a line

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