

Just Like Candy

8Ball & MJG

(Chorus)

Just like candy (candy)

Just like candy

Its the same feeling (looks good to me)

[MJG]

I'm creepin low in a flip, flop drop

Top Stang, leanin to the left, gold dadens on them thang

I'm the MJG, pimp tight

Put it to the floor, 5-0 swang a right

In a pina, butta, guts is a must

Drivin in the shop, take a mile, grab em up

Paint a ten clear coats, to make it shine

Make me circle through the neighborhood 55 times

With my gas tank full, drank a boor

Fall up in the park after dark try to pull

Me a young, stout woman, sumpin pretty

Nice round hills, with them wear shaped titties

As the sun goes down, I'm gettin dirty

Fall up and press a word get cleaned in a hurry

In my 77 Chevy, ass tight

Pull off cuttin rubber, disappearin in the night

(Chorus)

Just like candy (candy)

Just like candy

Its the same feeling (looks good to me)

[Eightball]

10 o'clock in the morning, his A got up

Chief and Haywood some Kool-Aid in my favorite cup

Comb my hair, get my grill right so I can feel tight

Havin starch in my jeans and a fresh pair of Nikes

As I strike, out the door, to my superb

Parked by the curb, candy coated bird

The sun got my candy lookin good enough to eat

You can tell by the way the girls act across the street

Hit the horn, but no stallin, keep ballin

4 o'clock sunday, I gotta hit the mall and

Fall in full of them green trees

Hurry up so I can catch Martin Luther King

Fools all in the way with that econo-spray

Need to take a few classes, learn about Manassas

Pressure got me beamed, I'm talkin on the phone

Tellin Penny that's the way to do it, baby represent ya home

(Chorus)

Just like candy (candy)

Just like candy (It takes over me)

Its the same feeling (looks good to me)

[MJG]

Mechanical to pain will bring flavors to your mind

And in the summertime we got the whole block blind

Some busta in a primed out Pinto poppin game

Lying sayin he goin get the same thang

If you ain't ridin wood, and leather, your ride ain't hittin

A plane dash for a crush, forever got you itchin

99.95, 30 day paint jobs

Got niggaz ridin round lookin like a junk yard

You need to pull a check, wheeler check, wheeler check

Stack up on your grip, get your shit sprayed wet

See most of these new paint jobs they don't do

But if it ain't candy then the job ain't true

[Eightball]

Its reserved for them ballaz, who make that cheese

It ain't candy if it didn't cost a couple of G's

On your Jeep, your truck, your Chevy or your Lexus

5th wheel on the grill like them playaz do in Texas

My folks gettin sideways in Vallejo

Ballaz in Memphis slammin shut the Cadillac doors

Full of ink so blinked I could fly

To a world where you have to roll candy or you die

Descending, my mind goes back into reality

To some, having candy paint is just a fantasy

Custom leather everywhere you look is woodgrain

Big Ball tellin you it's all about the candy mane

(Chorus) x5

Just like candy (candy)

Just like candy

Its the same feeling (looks good to me)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>