

## **Project Pat f/ Will Wesson**

### **"Motivated"**

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(Intro, Project Pat)

Yeah man, this go out to all those who hated on the real  
Ya know I'm sayin, I'ma put it to ya like this right here,  
man  
The truth shall survive, ya know I'm sayin  
It's like this right here, man  
I mean, you hatin out here man  
But'chu needa get up on ya somethin, ya know I'm  
sayin  
I mean, ya know, good always overcomes evil, man you  
know  
And to all real guys out here man, thats handlin ya  
business  
All my brothers, brown, black, white, all accross  
America  
All ya gotta do man, is just uhh, put God first, ya know  
I'm sayin  
And you shall shine, ya know I'm sayin?  
Aye man, word to the wise and to the lame

(Hook, Project Pat)

Motivated by the haters, motivated by the haters  
Motivated by the haters, motivated by the haters  
[DJ Paul]  
Hater, hate on, hate on  
Hater, hate on, hate on  
Hater, hate on, hate on  
Hater, hate on, hate on  
[Project Pat]  
Motivated by the haters, motivated by the haters  
Motivated by the haters, motivated by the haters  
[DJ Paul]  
Hater, hate on, hate on  
Hater, hate on, hate on  
Hater, hate on, hate on  
Hater, hate on, hate on

(Verse 1, Project Pat)

Here I goes on my hustle playin  
Niggas know that I stay  
Down on this money man, this is do or die

Hater's mouths be runnin  
But the bills still comin  
Either you gon' lay it down  
Or you get up on ya somethin  
Bein broke is a joke  
Very hazardous to health  
I don't sell no dope  
Playa, dope sell it's self  
Gotta floss in my wealth  
If ya got it, then show it  
Twenty-thousand at the Lennox Mall, I'ma blow it  
Petrone, I'ma pour it  
Purp, I'ma roll it  
Gun to ya head, squeeze triggas, brains blowin  
Hood nigga from the North side, Memphis Tennessee  
Tatted on my left arm, spelled like Hennessey

(Hook)

(Project Pat)

Yeah, this go out to all you niggas in the streets  
Who don't know what'cha doin

(Verse 2, Project Pat)

Fe-fi-fo-fum, you can feel the slugs  
Of this Mossburg shotgun, chest full of blood  
You can say that'cha life could end in a flash  
Like the wind blows dead brown leaves to the grass  
I ain't goin back to jail, when it's on then I shoot  
Momma, get'cha black vest on and a body-suit  
Meet him at the altar, don't forget'cha flower basket  
Full of Holy water, dead in a casket  
I'm a basket, of a case  
Either them, either me  
Dyin all that older  
If you go, so it be  
See these niggas, they be hatin when ya flossin  
Got the bread, I'm just blessed out hurr  
And I gotta stay

(Hook)

I'm motivated by the haters  
I'm motivated by the haters  
I'm motivated by the haters  
I'm motivated by the haters  
I'm motivated by the haters  
I'm motivated by the haters

