

## Drama

### "187"

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[Project Pat]

Yea Project Pat up in this dang thang  
Crook by da book, the fed story  
Yall know how we do  
We do it like it sposed to be done  
The dirty dirty strapped with the gun  
Yall know how we ride, homicide  
Yall know how we do  
187 on a punk  
Yall know how we get down  
Let the bullets start talkin  
Thats how we do the walkin  
Yall know how we get down north(north, north)

[Project Pat]

Patty cake, patty cake, stack the money off the plates  
In a field, you remain  
You gon make me keep the blades  
Sucky boys, bring the noise  
Smoke you like a kush bubble  
Im the president of Drama  
Guess you get some kush trauma  
Haters hurl up, lighten up, cuz they broke niggas  
Hittin up a punk, cut his throat  
Call them folk niggas  
Hurt your mouth, hot in these streets  
Hood banga, ride by your house  
Wit the cake, let it bang ya  
Project pat, still in business  
On some handguns  
Niggas get to screamin out ya guy when the lead gun  
If ya think ya quick, Drama go in ya bullet  
Im head buttin suckas in the head wit these bullets

[Hook x2]

Now if ya wanna ya can get it no problem  
Glock go blocka, blocka, blocka, blow  
Now if ya wanna ya can get it I aint trippin  
Its 187 on a mothafuckin fool

[8Ball]

Big hat, low walkas, low custom fours oh

Put my pants down back, pockets almost all the flow  
i don't wanna touch it but the bad boy out in public  
If a nigga disresepect it then the trigga is the subject  
Take it how ya wanna take it, test it then, shit was fake  
Lookin at your mama from the casket cryin after weight  
I make dough  
Pimp niggas like we bake the cake  
Sit up in restaurants and get my fill on big ol steaks  
I hope im never that poor nigga seein blood, runnin  
Cant bleed cuz the shots took away half your tummy  
On your knees beggin Lord please not now  
Knock on wood, count your blessings while you still  
around

[Hook x2]

[MJG]

Look, look into the rearview  
Nigga followin me he got a slash on the gas  
No, fuck that slam on the brakes  
Jump out wit the pump and blast on his ass  
M Tight MJG, you dont really wanna come with the fo-fo  
When the low low bringin everybody get out the way  
And aint playin, but ya dont move  
Goin get a hold every little mothafucka  
Still roll by, still gon slide with blood all ova  
Anything that ya step by i work for Pat mothafucka  
Me and him I, put in some work  
I did my dirt, I did some bad, I did some good  
You can bring in any kinda wig ya wanna in bring boy  
I don't think ya really wanna bring it to the hood  
Go brang yo bitch, do yo thang, then it dont matta bout  
who you claim  
It don't really matta what another mothafucka do  
When its all over with you the man  
Dont make me get buck with the AK  
Cuz it may spray and it may shoot and it may hit  
Anybody that ya live or you stay wit  
Thats how worse than the average day hit, shit

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