

Hoffman Lauren**"Bye Bye"**

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2x[Chorus]

Now only weak niggahs like to start bullshit'uh
Now only weak niggahs like to start bullshit'uh
Auto Au Au Automatic when I aim you say bye bye
Automatic when I aim you say bye bye

[DJ Paul]

Ruthless

That was my style as a juvenile
I ran with gangs niggahs I slanged
But in the meanwhile
I hang with b.a.z rockers rockers on twenty-three
chrome
You got your gun on you
I hate it if you done left it at home
Cause six is blasting nice and fast
And better clean your glasses
We quick to sneak
And put you to sleep like a certa mattress
You soft like pussy
So i guess thats why you smell like one
Bitch fuck alone
You better go and get your fucking gun
I'll have you begging for a double dose of percoscent
Your money bank if i touch you
And you dont get wet
We made a movie on you hoes
I know you loved it didn't
You started telling your girl
Man i could of been in it
But you a fuck niggah
Niggahs dont fuck with you niggah
You donny brasco
Need to cali coat niggah
I'm sick and tired of dissing you hoes on these cd's
I'm bout to start dissing you hoes on my dvd's

[Chorus]

[Project Pat]

I'ma start this one off with a toss from mah niggah

Ross
We don't run the rap game
But this city we the Boss
North Memphis South Memphis Westwood Orange
mound
Project pat in this motherfucker layin smack down
Crackin down on you punk niggahs talkin to much gang
Snortin all your dope up claiming that you in the game
False flaggin bitches, i'll catch you outta hell
If forman ass snitches protection fees in jail
What you pay dead body lay once the bullets spray
Round the way with the sk Edward Norton lay
You gon' pay cause these nine mil'uh mills quick to
mop'uh
Wack a snitch off take ya life off the whoppa choppa
Get the choppa put the mask on
Nobody gon' hear knock knock
Get my blast on
All up in your grill
All a niggah wanted dawg was a piece of the pie pie
But when my tones in your face you say bye bye

[Project Pat]

Niggahs love to see this hate on the ten o clock news
Project pat got arrested by them boys in blues
He must be guilty of sin send his ass to the pen
God have mercy on his boys so i'm back here again
Niggahs lie to they dawgs bout the shit that they do
Point blank range one in chain when i aim staraight at
you
When i squeez on this triggah its uh ooh spaghetti o's
The holo hit you and the bloody run down your nose
Kidnap a suckuh put the duck tape around his mouth
A snitching fucker and he knows whos i'm talkin bout
The nina popping and i'll put you permandisly
Push you in river with some bricks wrapped around
your feet
Cause when its ana' best believe we gon' bring the heat
With extra clips cause we do not except defeat
I'm busting rounds and your chest will see cave'uhment
Then get on down when your body hit pave'uhment

[Chorus]

[Project Pat]

Ho!

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