

## La' Chat

### "U Claimin' You're Real"

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(feat. Project Pat)

[Chorus]

Bitch you claimin yo real

[Verse 1: La Chat]

I got these bitches jockin me cuz I stay on they mind  
I'm strickly dickly while you lickin I don't fuck with ya  
kind

Yeah you's a weak hoe fuck ya  
ain't no love for ya ass

You fuck with me you talk that shit I hope you ready to  
blast

It be these ugly bitches talkin always sayin my name  
It be these ugly bitches fuckin all these niggas for fame  
A big mistake is when you fuck up and you fuck with La  
Chat

Your ass is coward as some ?????? cuz I do not play that  
You in my face bitch talkin I don't pay you no tention  
I got you hot cuz everytime you speak my name it get  
mention

You tellin sad story lies everything just to kick it  
You don't get the picture yet stupid bitch I ain't listenin  
La Chat I'm strapped I'm stayin focused got ya ass  
figured out

You keep on talkin watch out hoe 12 gauge slug in yo  
mouth

A real bitch you done ran across you better be scared  
Cuz La Chat don't give a fuck about doin time in the fed

[Chorus]

Bitch you claimin yo real

[Verse 2: Project Pat]

I'm ready to ride on these bitches

Who talk that shit to me

I'll homicide these bitches

A murder in the street

Hypnotize stakin riches

And you ain't got a dime

Poppin slugs into snitches

Cuz I ain't doin time  
Project Pat I'm in this mutha  
I know you hear the shit  
So does yo dog and yo brother  
You betta feel this shit  
Niggas hatin undercover  
But smiles in my mug  
Coward ass motherfuckers  
I'll smoke you like some bud  
I got that thang cocked and ready  
To hell with some peace  
Cookin beef like spaghetti  
A blood receipe  
Suckas need to get some cheddar  
My name out ya cab  
But you gets nothin better  
A permanent nap  
Always dissin in your rappin  
Just shows yous a hoe  
All this talkin and this flappin  
I let some bullets flow  
Thru the air to your dizome  
Connectin the dots  
Meet your end from the chrizome  
The glock hit the spot

[Chorus]

Bitch you claimin yo real

[Verse 3: La Chat]

Look at me hoe I'm smilin but you know ain't no love  
You turn that smile upside down bitch and what you see  
is my mug  
Now Imma break down so plain and I'm gonna make it  
so simple  
You in the wrong and now its on a mosberg pump to  
your temple  
See I don't fuck with bitches bitch I kick it with the thugs  
And I be ????????? hoes like you and keep it on the hush  
hush  
You wanna witness what I issue wanna see I ain't playin  
La Chat wont???? now hoe so what the fuck is you  
sayin  
Now this the bizness motherfucker first I need me a  
witness  
Jump with that thang ready to bang I got whoever get in  
it  
I told you bitches once before you hoes ain't ready for  
anna  
don't give a fuck shit mane whats up I'm buckin bitches  
at random

I'm makin it known in everyway La Chat ain't barrin no  
hoes  
And for you niggas fuck you too I'm buckin holes thru  
the doe  
I hope you think that I'm a bitch thats only talkin that  
shit  
I show your ass that I'm a hoe get make up everywhere  
bitch

[Repeat Chorus]

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