

Paradisio

"Cheese and Dope"

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[Project Pat]

I been slingin on this green praying that I don't get cut
by these police making raids, jumping out and
checking nuts
Cuttin balls down to none, babbage weed is in my lungs
Niggas stiff me for a bag, I'ma shoot em in his ass
I'ma show 'em who the boss, when you niggaz gonna
learn
When you cross in this game then yo ass will get
burned
When my turn? or my time? rock a what, for a dime
Takin' fair chance after chance, but I got to dance
Take the rules of this shit, that's why I keep a revolver
How the hell you mobbers gonna rob the robber
Boy I'm gonna scar ya, with pistol slap cross mouth
Reachin in yo pockets, and take yo money out
When you know what's goin', you got cheese, I got
dope
For da 900th stone, I got peas, I got coke
ain't no credit give mang you could get from round
here
Niggas robbing, niggas banging niggas slingin' down
here

[chorus]

I got cheeeese, hoez, and a bunch of fucking dope
I got peeeeeas, coke, and some killaz at da doo'
Hyyydro weed smokin a quarter ounce of blow
What yoooouuuu need brah, is to fuck wit yo boy

[Project Pat]

Quarter bird what's the word? For you dawg it's the low
Selling me babbage weed but you want the purest snow
I'ma go, I'ma pull me a rabbit out a hat
Ounce of cane mixed with sugar, and some killaz
strapped with gats
Always trying to be slick, you done stepped in some
shit
You done broke ghetto laws, you done tore yo fuckin
drawers

Nigga boy, he ain't know, cus da street never lies
Walk right up on yo ass, shoot you, right between the
eyes,
you be stinkin' wit the flies
Walking around on chrome, wit yo bitch, smokin' dro
Fucking all in yo home, while ya kissing on her lips
She be sucking on ma dick, grip the glock - sixteen
booms as I dip
Through the streets of da hood, north memphis
hollywood
Represent it to the max, I'm just out here statin' facts
Trying to stack me some pape's, got my foot on you
snakes
I'ma squeeze off some lead for you niggas that are
fake

[chorus 2x]

[Project Pat]

You could duck from the tech out the Escalade
Once I get my cheese, or my flow, then I must be paid
If you want to come against me dawg, bring your whole
brigade
But you shall get sliced like a throat with a swisher
blade
Sippin' on some pauly vision, like some sweet kool-aid
Strapped with me, an automatic gun, don't you violate
Niggaz sent a snitch on me dawg, I didn't hesitate
Caught him, at the projects one day, sent him, to his
grave
Playaz wanna come through the hood, but they got the
fear
Knowing it ain't all to the good, you could get it here
Wrong place, at the wrong time, calling "sip" let's go
Dope fiends keep me up with them, and my pockets
swoll
Eyes red as hell cuz I ain't had a lick of sleep
Snorted a quarter ball, so that I can stay on my feet
Treat any bitch just the same as a nigga too
If you trusting hoes in this game, you'se a dammn
fool..

[chorus till end]

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