

## Project Pat

### "2 Dollar Niggaz"

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[Chorus]

Put two dollars in the air, for these two dollar niggaz  
Put two dollars in the air, for these two dollar niggaz  
Put two dollars in the air, for these two dollar niggaz  
Put two dollars in the air, for these two dollar niggaz  
They get mad and they fuss, they don't shine like us  
They get mad and they fuss, they don't shine like us  
They get mad and they fuss, they don't shine like us  
They get mad and they fuss, they don't shine like us

[Verse 1]

Project Pat, from the street nigga, I'm bringin' this heat  
nigga  
Never do I back down, don't accept defeat nigga  
Calico's, bulletholes, gun shells left on site  
Niggaz killed over hoes or, over left and right  
Hats cocked, guns pop, quick to have a trigger fit  
On a punk trick, knowin' good and well he counterfeit  
All you do is talk, out'cha mouth, you don't never do  
Nothin' that you say, out'cha cap, it ain't never true  
Bury you, quicker than a nigga that done told  
somethin'  
Seen you in the club beat you down like you owe  
somethin'  
Know, somethin' wrong pistol playa, call you gun show  
Real niggaz mayne, never speak what we don't know

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

(Mayne I got that kush kush) You ain't got nothin'  
(Mercedes I push push) Mayne quit'cha frontin'  
(Made a fifty thousand dollar stang) Nigga you's a liar  
(Fool I'm out here sellin' ki's) You needs to retire  
You's a babbage weed seller and a watered down  
Henn' drinker  
I heard you snitched out ya crew, you's a ship sanker  
Them hollow points in the gun gonna deal wit'cha  
I'll wipe the smile off ya face when the steel hit'cha  
2 dollar niggaz claim they chargin' and playin' whores  
But they is out here flaugin' and payin' whores

Nigga you trippin', datin', and meetin' whores?  
Claimin' you pimpin', savin' and eatin' whores?

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

One day you wearin' red, and then it's blue the next  
2 dollar niggaz be the main ones flippin' sets  
You say you grippin' techs, regulatin' wit' the torch  
Was 25 and you decided, to jump off the porch?  
If he get caught, mouth run hot, like broke radiator  
Tell about the spots, and the plots, and the  
perpetrators  
You treat the cops, like ya pops, 'cause ya runnin' to  
'em  
I'm non-stop, wit' that glock, put that gun into him  
These older niggaz put these youngsters on a bloody  
stage  
That's why these young niggaz get killed, at an early  
age  
Sent on a dummy mission from a dummy in a cage  
2 dollar leadership'll put you in a early grave

[Chorus]

[music to fade]

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