

Project Pat

"Ballers / Outro Cash Money Mix"

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(feat. 3-6 Mafia, Baby (Big Tymers), Hot Boys)

[Project PAT]

Man, why these niggas always hatin' on Hynotize and
Cash Money?

Man, fuck these niggas!

[Baby]

What's up wodie? It's these gold girl and these
platinum-mouth boys

These big time Hot Boy\$, these 3-6 boys,
wit the self made millionaire Cash Money boys

[Turk]

You done fucked with the wrong nigga

Must they know that I ride and I shoot quicker

Should have known not to upset this lil nigga

You got a click so what nigga my click thicker

A bunch of real niggas that'll burn ya

With no waitin' catch ya slippin then jam ya up

Slangin' weight ain't no thang for me

Play by the rules

Or shit I'll kill yo' family

That's what I do

Bust ya chest wide open

And split ya fade nigga

And them all frozen

Moves from the 'K nigga

Turk don't play, when it's time to get serious

Think I'm a hoe keep it that way and stay curious

[Baby]

Niggas be shoutin' one love but wearin black gloves

Some niggas 26 and 28 still live in they mom house

askin' for play

Them niggas shouldn't be respected, they fake

Instead of hittin' blocks with glocks and touchin' niggas
money spot

And breakin' bread with the woman who put em in that
spot

These niggas wanna trick they hoes

And play with they nose

Instead of totin' fo' fo's and movin' fuckin' kilos
Nigga I done bought more cars than niggas done
bought pussy hoes
And bought more rims than niggas done fucked they
main hoe in they assholes
3-6 told me to roll and unload
But nigga fuck that
I'm tryin' to stack and mack
And that deal with Universal shoulda showed that
But Uptown is where its at
Playboy won't you tell me how you luv that?
Won't you tell me how you luv that?

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Ballers
We be on some twanky twankies
Playa hatas get found stanky stanky
Trickin fat blunts of that danky danky
Big diamond rangs on our panky panky

[Juvenile]

Fuck with 3-6 Mafia gon' make me millions
Fuck with CMR gon' make me some more millions
I can see it, I'm a kill 'em
And build me and building
And put some money to the side for my mom and my
children
Ridin' with my nigga Rambezee, to the easy
Drinkin' for my nigga Babyzee and B.G.eezy
Ducked off

Tinted windows on my candy apple cut dawg
It's a classy nigga fuck yall

[Juicy]

I'm representin' Northern Memphis to the fuckin' fullest
We ain't the kind to tote a gun when there ain't no
bullets
And when that drama starts the strap we expect to pull
it
You see a nigga holdin gauge and you wish he would
have
Rolled by yo' mama house and put her in a coma
Cuz niggas gone on that Hennessey and marijuana
And now we back up in the hood on a burner phone-a
In that game slangin' came to you blood donors
It's on, coward

[Lil Wayne]

They call me quick draw 2 pistols Lil Wayne
Champagne took my brain I don't think I just aim

Drop tops on a Z-3
Start shootin' like 3 burners
How come them try me
Never know me block burner
Better watch for lil shorty in black
Nigga get back
Bout to make my glock 40 click clack
Brrr kill it
It's yo Life
Spill It
Playin' with the realest
Pop fire like a skillet
Now nigga what the dilly
Highly influenced on Cristal
I'm warnin' you to clear the set because it gets wild
I be disguised as a mailman with a pistol
Then deliver him 50 shots and take his child

[DJ Paul]

Punk bitch I dare ya
I double dare ya step against this pot belly
Bitches they try to step to the ruler but they ain't ready
Weak ass them cowards try to make moves but I knock
'em out
2nd ones step yall need more help 2 barrels in his
mouth
Face it when this shits fucked up you gotta deal with it
This is my game, live with it or get killed with it
These are my dice
This is my board I let you roll off
And how you gon' have ice when I cut your fuckin' water
off

[Chorus]

[Project Pat]

It's the project nigga roll back I own them bricks
Kickin' game with the Hot Boy\$ and 3-6
B.G., Juvenile, Baby, Lil Wayne
North Memphis, Uptown, and we havin' thangs
Aln't no thang when ya come real ya gotta shine
I'm strapped with a glock 9, he ain't takin' mine
We in our prime puttin' in work players never rush it
Full of gin, fucking hoes, like I'm mad russian
A discussion amongst men means a power move
Is about to be made for a come-up fool
Slang that iron when you get in my business
Hypnotize, Cash Money, on the rise bitch

[Chorus 2X]

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