

Project Pat

"Been Gettin' Money Featuring Three 6 Mafia"

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Yeah, it's Project Pat in this thang
This goes out to all real *** mayne
You gettin' that money you gotta keep gettin' that
cheese man
You know what I'm sayin'?
And those who sittin' around waitin' on a handout, ***
keep waitin'

The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
I've been gettin' money, I've been gettin' money

The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
I've been gettin' money, I've been gettin' money

The gutta, the hood, the ***, what's cookin'?
The ***, the mask, the young broads ***
The grams, the zones, the hundred for the tens
The county, the state, the federal pen

Police in them high speeds now that's where I been
Ya left ya house unattended was breakin' in
Old heads 'round the way say I need to cease fire
*** habit like, water to the grease fire

Nines big pinky rangs, flashy like King Tut
Dirty South ain't havin' thangs, do you see the bling
what?
Candy paint on the cars, hazelnut wood
Twenty-fo' inch floaters floatin' through the hood

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I've been gettin' money, I've been gettin' money

I'm on the slab tryna slang this pack of yams
Call me the Sandman straight outta Pakistan
I'm tryna get in, suckers better get this
I'm tryna make it rich, ice on my wrizzist

You on the grind every night, tryna get mine
Slangin' ***, packs of *** and that goodie pine
Yeah, I specialize in bein' a specialist
Don't make money ain't makin' our list, what

Except ya girlfriend 'cause she insist
I got the *** so long I left her with a lisp
I make the ones hatin' feel ***
Show my ass buyin' the same cars as P. Diddy, what?

The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
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I've been gettin' money, I've been gettin' money

The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
I've been gettin' money, I've been gettin' money

I've been gettin' money from the crumbs to the purse
snatchin'
I kept a mask on with the guns click-clackin'
Project was straight jackin,' *** dealers to the fiends
I wasn't comin' up, I had dreams of comin' clean

About this ghetty green, night and day I plot and
scheme
Was in the project sellin' *** sippin' lean
Nigga I'm hustlin', where the *** never ceaseful
It's always gunplay, 'cause ya mouth stay in greaseful

Get a treeful, my candy like honeydew
They see me in my car, dog this what money do
Ya baby mama wanna holla so you hate to this
I'm talkin' money, talk some can't relate to this

The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
I've been gettin' money, I've been gettin' money

The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
The cars, the clothes, the life I chose

The cars, the clothes, the life I chose
I've been gettin' money, I've been gettin' money, woah

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