

## Project Pat "Chickenheads"

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Bawk bawk, chicken heads (boy please whateva)  
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Bald-head scala-wag  
Ain't got no hair in back  
Gelled up weaved up  
Yo hair is messed up  
Need to get bout' a hustle mission  
Get up on loot run to beautician  
Run game until the game is gravy  
That don't mean spend cheese fa tha baby  
(Bwok bwok) on a stalk stalk for a bootleg  
(Bwok bwok) pretty walk walk givin out head  
Ain't a thang eat a chicken wang  
Got some gold teeth  
At da club tryin ta shake that thang  
Tryin ta get piece  
Chicken chicken always into some dumb shit  
Shoulda paid ya light bill  
You bought a outfit  
Stay at ya mammy house  
And keep a smart mouth  
Its Project Pat Memphis Tenn represents tha south  
So pass tha dro-dro and we gone stay kickin  
Full of that mo mo holla at a chicken

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Yeah you like my outfit  
Don't even fake the deal  
I thought you said you had your girl on the light bill

Always in my face  
Talkin this and that  
Girl I had to buy some rims for da Cadillac

You ride clean  
But your gas tank is on E  
Be stepping out ain't got no decent shoes on ya feet

That's just the needle broke  
Youn't know'cha talkin bout  
Anyway them new Jordans bout ta come out

Hate ta see you in a club  
Ya mobbin wit a mug  
Knowin that you ridin wit ya boy  
You nothing but a scrub

But he was with me  
That's when you hated  
Cause when I got up on ya friend ya damn-near fainted

I sho did  
In our face drankin on that "yak"  
Moutth fulla golds but yo ass need some tic tacs

What? you need some gum  
Breath like some thunder  
What you lookin at  
I don't want yo phone number  
(Boy please whateva)

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Now these chicken head hoes see this platinum thick as  
white gold  
See the 20 inch Pirelli's roll  
Mane thank they vogues  
Dodgin all my foes

Ridin Cady truck wit dvd  
A flock of broads follow me  
From the club to break they knees  
Knowin that's all I want  
Straight out tha club  
Tha rest ain't smellin right  
The last thang on they mind is freshin up  
Its goin down tonight  
Weave in they head  
Weed in they purse  
Still crunk  
Baby seats all across the back wit clothes in the trunk

I been known to hold my own  
I been known to ride on chrome  
I been known to flip a platinum watch wit the diamond  
stones  
I'm the fool supplyin tha dro  
I'm tha fool supplyin tha blow  
I'm tha playa who got u chicken heads knockin at my do  
Tellin me that you diggin me  
Tellin me I'm yo man to be  
Girlfriend its gona cost a fee  
Get yo rags and work that streets  
Pay ya boy and make me rich  
So we keep them swisher's lit  
Pay yo fees we count them g's  
Cashin it from all you chicks

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