

Project Pat "County Jail"

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I don't wanna go to county jail no more, more, more
It's a big fat policeman at my door, door, door
He'll snatch you by yo collar make you pay a dollar
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Where is project? Where is project?
Here I go here I go
Suckas wanna take me suckas wanna break me
Yeah I know, yeah I know
Here they come tha policia servin' me a warrant
Blastin' off my piece-ia that's how I responded
Eyes red off this refia stangin' like a hornet
Hood slang what I speak to ya thugs get up on it

Hoppin' out like a frog ribbit ribbit ribbit ribbit
Pointed toes dodgin' laws let me feel it can I hit it
Freak ones wit tha curly tongues sturdy givin' puns
Early birds came to put the worm right down they lungs
Gimme some little incident when them blues'll flash
Jump and grab on the ATF then I mash tha gas
They just love mane to pull me ova 'cause I'm ghetto
star
Any weapons any drugs sir searchin' in my car

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Sugar me timba dog and blow me down
Pullin' out tha tone tone and y'all don't make a sound
Lay it down for tha mista twista bottle caps
Stick 'em up like a pirate but without a patch
Chitty chitty bang bang nuthin' but cheese mane
Nitty gritty what I get to wit my thang thang
When you try to come around-a don't try to down tha
I represent tha dirty M to tha towna

Po-pos they be watchin' chickens are flockin'
I'm game for some brain' we call doc and lockin'
Tha green is inhaled-a drunk like a sailor
Did you see tha whale-a mane on her tail-a?
Tha jail I was locked up hell what I went through
Went just like a chef cause I kept a Ginsu
Project doin' time now that's just a no no
I don't wanna go to jail no a mo' mo'

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Ba-ba-buka chickens don't be kissin' me
Like Alfred Hitchcock this really ain't no mystery
Tha game don't stizop to hell wit suckas dissin' me
A burnt up blizock will send you penitentiary
Get caught by tha narcs for slammin' on tha con-a-
crete
Charge partna talk for straight killin' on tha street
You need to wa-watch tha company you keepin' wit
Tha tones p-p-pop tha bullets goin' for a snitch

A north Memphis veteran I ain't scared of nann
Keep my hand on tha metal friend and that's off tha
wam
Understand where I'm comin' from playas flexin'
Crown Vics, trucks, Chevy, Max, and them Lexins
You can keep it on tha lowskey or get you some time
All these hatas gettin' nosey you stay on tha grind
Like Aaliyah Robadowsky knockin' suckas out
Ain't no goin' back to pokey what I'm talkin' bout

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