

Project Pat "Ghetty Green"

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Man, Project Pat in the house
This go out to all the real niggas out there havin'
money
Ghetty green, that cheese, that feddi, that loot
Better watch your back man
'Cuz your friends out to get you for your shit
This is to all these niggas crossin' us here

Smile in your motherfuckin' face
Turn around and stab you in your motherfuckin' back
In a motherfuckin' heartbeat
If I ever catch one of you niggas man
That's a motherfuckin' murder off the top, boy
Fo' sho', nigga

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Ghetty green, ghetty green
And that's by any means

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I'm the man wit' the plan, wit' the gaze, wit' the mask
Steppin' up to ya fast, layin' you in the grass
All your blood, ain't no love, on the street
Wit' no police, everybody is a rat, everybody's 'bout the
greens
You know me, I know you
We grew up in the pen, but it wasn't face to face

You was out, I was in doin' time off a crime I committed
in the past
I'ma O.G. on the town, as a O.G. I'ma last

In the past I was known as that nigga who would snap
I was quick to bill a cap, but it had to be a jack type
move

Real cool, yeah, that's how he thought we was
Use ta kick it everyday, smokin' out on that bud
That's my dog, that's my nig', that's a bad young
brotha

I just got out the pen, I'ma broke-lookin' sucka
Man, fuck that young busta, eighty grand at his house
Seen his momma at the store, stuck a nine in her
mouth

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Mastermind, that's the kind of a man that's in my
nature
I'ma nigga you don't trust, I'ma killer, maybe raper
I can take a person's life with a knife or a tone
Used his moms as my victim then I called him on the
phone
What's up John, where the green, and I ain't gon' ask
you twice
Bring it over by yourself, or I'll take your momma's life
In the life of a dealer, they can never call police
Undercover knowin' this, secrecy, that's the key

One two three knocks at the door, somethin's lookin'
funny
Then my dog let I'm in with his friend and the money

You're a dummy if you think I'ma let you live sucka
(Aw man, thought we was straight)
You're a dead motherfucker, shot the joker in his
mouth
Bullet went through his jaw
Had to take his momma out 'cuz I'm down for the cause
Fuck the laws if they come, then I'm goin' wit' a blast
Looked his partna in his eyes, then I murdered his ass

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I'm the man doin' deals wit' the man gettin' robbed
It's gon' be a violent crime one that will not get solved
When I rob me a fool
It's a duh that his bitch front like I'm sellin' ki's
Then I'm game for the switch, switcharoo on your ass
Duffle bag full of cash
Then my thugs pullin' up cockin' pumps in the masks
Hit the dash in the black tinted Chevy, trick it in
Now we on the 'spressway, brought it down, tell my
friend

Once again I done pulled off another master plan
Four days downtown, found a Chevy wit' a man's dead
body
Somebody shoulda known betta, dog
O.G.'s on the loose and we gettin' 'bout our hog
Y'all niggas slangin' dope
Should expect a jackin' car jack set up, bitch
Or a damn kidnappin' but a nigga like me
I'm your neighborhood fiend thinkin' of comin' clean
All about that ghetty green, ghetty green

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