

Project Pat "If You Ain't From My Hood"

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If you ain't from my hood, you can get from 'round here

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If you ain't from my hood, you can get from 'round here

If you ain't from my hood, you can get from 'round here

I don't know them niggas

I don't know them niggas

I don't fuck with them niggas

I don't know them hoes

I don't fuck with them hoes

I know this sucka from the suburbs

Cool with this other motherfucker on the outskirts

Tried to get Project Pat caught up in this shizurb

Since you niggaz hate, then your plan didn't wizork

On that ATL tattle tale to my bizurbs

Say you saw me with anotha gal, now don't be scared

Man, you might as well throw in your towel, youse a fake thug

Face to face I shoot you in your mouth

'Cuz ain't no love say, you from the North Memphis ten

But I doubt that

Stick ya'lls noze in others folks affairs we ain't 'bout that

Weak motherfucker wanna stare when you see me

Couldn't wait to snitch punk, bitch you wanna be me

Gotta pay some dues but my shoes to big for ya

Don't be out here, trying to claim my hood, I don't know ya

Turn state niggas ask if you was a roller

Police ass nigga, watch your mouth I done told ya

Weak ass boy

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I don't know them niggas
I don't know them niggas
I don't fuck with them niggas
I don't know them hoes
I don't fuck with them hoes

Still out to get paid down for lucha leray
Fuck all the bullshit and he say she say
Those who oppose me shall get no leway
Lying on real niggas end up in gun play

Punk mutherfucker, you gonna hear this and feel me
Smile in my face, really wanna kill me
That's if you had heart to pull the trigga
Catcha murda charge, I don't think so, my nigga

Weak ass hoes play games like they killas
Always runnin' mouth braggin' on they niggas
Cyper Gardens did and I did not have no dough
No fresh clothes 'cuz a playa was real poor

I was locked up 2-0-1 wearing bo bo's
Playin' dominoes shooting dice big ol' Afro's
Now I'm on the town and I'm layin' the smack down
Nigga, I ain't you best to check my background

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I don't know them niggas
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I don't know them hoes
I don't fuck with them hoes

Man, I'm tired of playing with cha boyz
Think its time I kill you boyz, wanna run and grab them toys

Fuckin' 'round with real McCoys, coward boys that bring
the noise
Rollin' round in SUV's, DVD's, man fuck some 20's, I'm
lo key

Lookin' for y'all cowards 'cuz y'all talking out the side
of your mouth
Knowin' that the Triple 6 is one of the hardest rappers
out
DJ Paul and Juicy J, best producers in the town
I've been got the crown those that ain't down get run
down

Man, if one of you bitches wanna step up to the juice
Talking 'bout that nigga wrong talkin' 'bout what cha
gonna do
Man, it's on, if you rappers wanna bring it to the door
To you crosses in my click, I'm treat you like a hoe

I'm a tell you like this if you talkin' in my face
You gonna start a major war, be prepared to hit the
floor
Every time you see me coming, you be speakin' like we
cool
Ain't your motherfucking nigga and ain't no
motherfucking fool

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