

## Project Pat

### "Mouth Write A Check(feat. Frayser Boy"

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[Chorus 1X]

Don't let your mouth write a check that that ass can't  
cash

Don't let that finger pull the trigger and that ass get  
blast

Don't let them niggas pump your nuts and now you  
thinking you bad

Don't let me run up on yo ass and you end up in the  
past

I know this nigga and he always be talking that bullshit  
But little do he know he gon suffer a wig split  
Like fucking with the realest the illest will fucking kill  
him

A straight up headbuster and also a real nigga  
There's gon be consequences so niggas just run in  
here

I'm unloading the tone and popping an extra clip  
A bitch nigga talking is something I can't stand  
Or every last will pick up the mess that's gonna land  
The I.V.'s in his arm the bullets up in his chest  
His shop about to close he shoulda had on a vest  
Don't fuck with me nigga that's something I have to  
stress

Keep talking shit boy your gonna end up with one less  
I'm out the Bay nigga that's something you gonna  
respect

And stay out of my business before you feel the Tech  
Don't give a shit bout you I treat you like my hoe  
Gon wake up one night and I'm kicking up in your door  
hoe

[Chorus 2x]

When I buck em, touch em, fuck em, now you clutching  
laying down

Got you ducking muthafucker, turn that smile to a  
frown

I will pop em, drop em, bullets launching, resting all up  
in your chest

I'm guessing letting bullets wet ya

Shoulda been drenched down in vest hoe that's fasho  
I'm most definitely bringing pain to you niggas  
like some bitches when I step up in this thang  
All you niggas do is gossip like some lil' hoes  
You might as well go down to the Shake Junt and slide  
down poles  
Now you running while I'm gunning  
Stomping hoping to get close to some shelter  
Better catch up with some polices, hope that they can  
help ya  
Help to ? you just better get some younger quick and  
fast  
I'm holding the match and your body's drenching down  
with gas  
Got the tone to ya head yo life flashing right front your  
eyes  
Blow yo ass off ??  
Me and Project Pat toting gats we do this for sport  
Have you made lights, camera, action on the news  
report

[Chorus 2x]

[Project Pat]

Now fuck this goddamn talking  
Make you bitches bring the pain  
Catch yo hoe ass walking stick a tone to ya brain  
You insane if ya think I'ma still let ya breathe  
I got Anna on my chest with some tricks up my sleeve  
I'ma blast on ya hoe give a damn who was looking  
Blow the top off your skull then your life has been  
token  
You was cooking up a scheme tryna put me in the beam  
But the jokes on you jack slapped his ass with the gat  
Beat 'em down to the pavement squealing like a pig  
My nigga I don't save 'em beat em like a bitch  
Ain't nobody tryna help ya, what they finna do  
Hollow lead's gonna melt up, you and your crew  
Superman stick your chest out  
And watch this 38 slug blow your back out  
Bout to bust on you boys shoot you till you dead I love  
playing with them toys pocket full of lead

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