

## Project Pat "On Nigga"

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As a youngsta guns, ah, what I specialize in  
Me and my dawgs selling dope on a rising  
Rising to gives we together in this hood life  
Struggling together straight praying for the good life

Yo, life means more to me then my own do  
When you had some beef I went and shot on that whole crew  
I do what I gotta do 'cause I'm yo right hand  
You's a lot older then me I'm yo little man

Mane time fly's now we old to older  
You done came up flippin' pebbles to boulders  
Told ya that I'm down with you until the graveyard  
Me and you got caught with some work in the same car

You were facing more time then me if behind bars  
I was seventeen and a half so I took the charge  
You got larger heard now you own a crack house  
I did two years and they let a nigga back out

Since you's a on nigga on nigga fuck which ya boy  
Knowing good and well, I grew up which ya boy  
You's a on nigga on nigga don't try to flauge  
You gonna make a nigga like me catch a charge

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Back out on the town and you riding in the jag clean  
Hit me with a pound then bought me a Chevy thang  
I could of saved in flew like the canary  
You know I got heart and I know you very scary

Carrying a lot of weight put in plenty work  
Always was down for ya dawg did plenty dirt  
Looking like a jerk and ya living like a kingpin  
That ain't showing love  
I'm about to stick this tone inside ya fucking face

Blow ya brains to the other side  
Thirty-eight dumb dumbs cut like a butter knife  
But inside the walls you be soaking up game quick  
Fuck that gurellia shit trick I done got slick

Remember ya kept ya dope backyard dawg house  
Over there hold gun lap, North Memphis momma house  
Looking for the cross that will come up from behind ya  
Muthafuck the laws 'cause I'm taking what's mine, ah

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Mom's went to church so I'm jumping over gate fast  
You mane was outta town handling business  
Blew both rock wilders out they misery  
You got it fist in good so they couldn't see

Yeah, it's kind of obvious what I came for  
Heroin and that white dust ain't no shame boy  
A real robber robs a trick and don't say a word  
Got 'em for a pound of heroin and bout eight birds

Mouth slurred 'cause a nigga blowing on some good  
shit  
Celebrating 'cause a playa done made a phat lick  
Any trick do this to me hollow points fly  
Dead in the face right between muthafuckas eye

I be's the nigga busting if we in a brawl  
I'm my niggas back up so who we call  
Me damn fool 'cause he knowing that I buck 'em  
I can play it off cool but mane fuck 'em

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