

Project Pat "Out There"

Visit "[Out There](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hey pass me a beer man
Here you go
Man that nigga been standing on the same goddamn
spot
Slagin' that shit about the last 4-5 days man
Wit the same clothes on, ain't even been home yet

I don't even think so I wonder if he smoking or selling
That shit he had to be smoking or snortin' something
To up for them 4-5 days

Naw, I heard he shot somebody man
For real?
That's the reason why he probably can't go home
Yeah, you know like what you call been missing to man
I think that's the nigga, he suppose to be frontin' his
money to

That's why the police been drivin' around so hard
Yeah, burning the spot up man, yeah
Yeah, we might need to gone call 528-CASH
That nigga ass and turn him on in

We need to man to make that little change man
Get some mo beers or something
Yeah, we gone do that

Need to hurry up and gone, turn that nigga ass in man
make
This neighborhood probably a little bit safer man
A little bit more
Atleast for us or something dang

Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?

Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?

Project Pat a nigga that's down for his crown man
If your ass step I'ma be downtown man
4th floor bound man that's if I get caught man
Push me to the edge so it really ain't my fault man

See I gotta die man, don't you even try man
Enemies gone bleed once, I let these bullets fly man
Momma gonna cry man, I like to get high man
Niggas passing plates snortin' line after line man

I got's to get mine man, robbing was the crime man
That a nigga did but I done serve my time man
Put that all behind man, get out on the grind man
Slang some of this dope in the steets or my ride man

See I ain't a fool man, fuck listen to you man
Why you in my grill? And you knowin' we ain't cool man
Project ain't a duck man, see I know waz up man
Get up off my dick like a motherfucking slut man

Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?

Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?

Where I'm from man, ain't no sunshine
Only shine on a doggs ass if his ass don't get on the
grind
Doin' time help a nigga out to clear up my head
Use to have a shank and a knife that was by my bed

It was said I would end up dead working in the streets
But the streets is the only thang I see payin' me quarter
key fuck
Servin' deals rockin' to the shake slangin' guns slangin'
TV's
Man, I'm tryin' to make all I can my nigga puncho at a
hoes house

Get her drunk, take her to the back, put dick in her
mouth
Leave the front door unlocked, my nig turn the radio
Pull the car up into the yard, cleaning out the hoe
You should know that a burglary really ain't for me

I just got out the tentary tryin' to get my feet
Get the cheese off the merchandise, went a bought a
deal
Nigga , please you say you don't steal I'ma keep it real

Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?

Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?

Hataz like to get a playa twisted in that bullshita
And game splita I'm also a wig splita your ass getta
Shoot up by the 9 mila, your cap I drilla
When fucking with real nigga the chrome trigga

Shall regulate a punk quicker a bullet hit ya
I'm zoned of that brown liquor you need
To get ya nose outta niggas biz quit spreadin' rumors
Like a motherfucking punk bitch, my trunk is the bed
For a kidnapped victim, hollow point hit them pull out
my gun
Your hands, you get them up in the air

Ah, because you came to me in error, don't wanna
scare ya
See you have manifest in terror I know these bullets
Will pop your shit off like a meleon, let's bust it up man
Fuck man who you tellin' it's armagedeon the North
Memphis crack
We sellin' you, pass me the potent weed is what they
yellin'

Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?

Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?

Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?

...

Visit [Project Pat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.