

Project Pat

"Posse Song(feat. Hypnotize Camp Posse)"

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[Project Pat]

Hen hen hen-o-sin

Make a playa sin

Mix it in with the white gin

Here we go again

Project Pat, gotta keep a strap

Haters know I rap

Wanna shoot me in my gold teeth, blow me off the map

I attack like a shark would

Represent this hood

North Memphis nigga, Hollywood

Make it understood

In my blood, ain't no traitness

Or no fakeness

And no hoe couldn't break this

You can hate this

[Crunchy Black]

This bitch that bitch, nigga here's the deal

Crunchy ain't runnin round here fakin deals

Crunchy runnin round here tryna get a mil

While you fakin a deal, it don't cost nothin to be real

All you gotta do is keep that shit real

Don't be runnin round here hollarin you got deals

Don't be runnin round here hollarin that you will kill

It don't cost nothing to be real

But it cost when you kill

[DJ Paul]

I'm bout to crash into you suckaz like the world trade

I'm ridin green Escalade

Full of green grenades

You hoes always hollarin that we be some bitches and
shit

But every time I turn around you got our name on your
shit

I used to be with them

Mane i'm still with them

You wish you was with them

How the fuck you hate them

When you always claimin them

I think its funny cuz yall faggots be still, callin my
studio
Tryna get back, stay who you with, cuz I don't need you
hoe

[La Chat]

I call up my niggaz, we buck and toss with no mercy
hoe
We packin this guage and decorating you with bullet
holes
La Chat I be ready, you bout to say for no reason shit
That leaves me no choice, to grab my glock and fuck
up your wig
You think killa talk
But ain't no kill in your blood boy
That infrared be beamin i got ya scopin behind ya door
You niggaz can't take it, you hate the fact that we
runnin it
You ain't gotta love it, but you gonna learn to respect it
bitch

[Lord Infamous]

Got some syrup in my cup, got some smoke in my
mouth
Got some white in my nose, got your bitch on the couch
Got her head in my lap, trick I gotta keep it South
Got a problem with Three Six? gotta blow your brains
out
Got the South sewed up
Got the guns, load up
Fuckin with the Scarecrow, that'll get ya blown up
It's a hold up
Everybody fold up
Niggaz talk like they tough
But they ain't got no nuts, bitch

[Juicy J]

I'm shootin a dyke in her breast-o
Coward in his chest-o
And this police nigga what we call him Donnie Brasco
If you bitches want war, you can bring it, lets go
When i put this tone in ya face, presto
A killa in a black coat, gonna make a mess tho
Leave ya in the street with a bloody Willie Esco
Drankin on some scotch, and we choppin down that
cocoa
Tryna roll some pot in a fuckin optimo (mo)

[Frayser Boy]

Dont you make the wrong move, and you get your ass
killed dog

A fake ass nigga but he claimin that he real dog
You ain't got to lie to kick it actin like he down dog
Always lookin like tryna wear a murder frown dog
Don't you get smacked and be gettin off the pavement
dog
Don't you make me act a fool with some bad behavior
dog
Hypnotize Camp Posse got my fuckin back dog
Frayser Boy'll leave ya stankin pop you with the gat dog

[Project Pat]

I'm watchin out for you polices niggaz we tight
This unit rip your head in pieces, I know you feel it
These lyrics just like Mona Lisa's cuz you can sell it
The Posse click tight like feces, I know you smell it
This ghetto hood shit is crucial, just like a murda
You step hoe then we shoot ya, we quick to serve ya
You hate us, then it's mutual, so don't be scared a The
H-C-P'll do ya, mane we gon hurt ya

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