

Project Pat

"Rinky Dink / Whatever Ho"

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(feat. Hypnotize Camp Posse)

[DJ Paul:]

Yeah you muthafuckin' hoes
Y'all know the muthafuckin' dead Hypnotize Camp and
Profit Posse in this
muthafucka
Get one of these gold plaques on the wall before you
talk some old
muthafuckin' shit
Bitch, it's whatever nigga
We in this muthafucka for the 9-9, 9's to your head ho
(Mafia, Mafia, Mafi-ya, ya, Mafia, Mafia, Mafi-ya, ya)

[Juicy J:]

Glock 9's, Tech 9's, any kinda gun bitch
Evergreen gats have got these cowards on the run
bitch
Kill 'em like they convicts
Know they hear them guns click
Doped up like a muthafucka (Cough, Cough, Snort)
You could catch me in the same hood, on the fuckin'
same block
With a pearl Rolex watch, and a knot, and a glock
9 o'clock clock nigga like to slang cuz I be hustlin'
weight and
We gon' put a end to you hoes and you niggaz hatin'

[Lord Infamous:]

I'ma be every fuckin' piece of skrilla cheese out here I
can make
I'ma break every fuckin' bitch, fatalities that I can bring
I'ma millie my pillie but killie, killin' everything that I
wanna kill
You weak ass niggaz don't want Lord Infamous from
South Parkway to get ill
Long from the norm, we get dumb with a bomb, with
the guns you bitches y'all
best get steel
Scarecrow, Club House, yes it gets ill
So, all y'all listen closely don't you ever forget
Y'all wouldn't, Y'all never be shit with out us bitch

Don't forget

[Cruchy Black:]

Killin' ain't shit
Bitches ain't shit
Niggaz ain't shit
Bodies in a ditch
How many niggaz done talked that shit
About the Project fuckin' Pat, Thug Posse ya bitch
Niggaz gon' talk, bitches gon' start
Muthafuckaz gonna get they bodies in a trunk
All I want is cash
Muthafuckaz have
Get down on your knees
Gimme all your cash

[ScanMan:]

Whoa, muthafucka watch yourself, just watch your back
Cause still we chillin' with Pat
Straped with them gats
Be ready to attack
All you hatin' ass niggaz that wanna jump, yo punk
what's up
You better come up real with your muthatfuckin' shit,
cause boy, it's gonna
get rough
Situation's gone bad, for you niggaz claimin' killaz
Automatic triggaz pullin' drillin' holes inside your liver
How you figure, I was gon' let you talk that shit and
peep these streets
Sayin' "That ScanMan boy's a bitch" know watch them
throw lights out in my
head

[DJ Paul:]

Killin', buckin', buckin up in Gunfire
Bullets rickin' off the walls, nigga this is Warfare
Suckaz claimin' they got nuts
You don't know these elephants
Specialize in takin' notes
Specialize in nappy hoes
Niggaz this is serious, I can't play no games no more
Niggaz actin' curious, but I think they know the score
Bitches know the Hypnotize medallion show what click
you claim
Hold it up strong, only those, who stay real, or
maintain', in this game

[MC Mack:]

Alot of niggaz talk that shit and end up gettin' the wig
split

It's MC Mack, the nigga known for smackin', jackin',
Cracker Jacks

Busta ass nigga, run you mouth and get your ass
blowed off
Watch me put my ski mask on, come a gat back now
trick now drop it off
Shoot a super soaker in a minute don't you give a fuck
about another nigga
if he's speakin' use your counter attack
Rollin' like a nigga smack a nigga like a nigga smack a
bitch, you crump,
you ain't no busta
Ain't no love lost off in my heart, there's no place
colder
Won't you come a little closer nigga, you won't be rollin'
our

[T-Rock:]

Socialists up actin' miss servin' sevens
Have 'em in jail suspended, in the middle
Started rivalries civil
Homies swithin', actin' fickle
But if you fuck with family ties, we leave you triple
That nigga there know his gun a missile, Lord don't
flash on him, only man
ain't chival
Erasin' ample businesses all in the name of the T-Rock
Suckaz eat pot, swallow D, and get punished for three
rocks
Bangin' the hit stops, it won't be over, 'til your heat
pops
Away from the gravity, stand and point your a Tech and
see him drop

[Gangsta Boo:]

Yeah I know, I know
Down, down, baby goin' down, down
Sweet dreams baby, Rock-a-bye baby
Niggaz wanna run up, we be flexin' the Tech and
Be pointed at ya we comin', and I bitch, I bet ya, I bet ya
You wanna hit 'em, but nigga you an't forget 'em,
forget 'em
Because you sorry, and sorry ain't nothin' but venom
I know bitches out there lovin' me, niggaz got dreams
of fuckin' me
Fuckin' me ain't the story gon' fuck you up more than
me

[DJ Paul:]

It's whatever, whatever ho

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Whatever

[Project Pat:]

Alot of gunfire, bustin' on you hoes to get my point
across
Ridin' in your hood and let the muthafuckin' bullets toss
Tossin' me a berries pack, now I'm tossin' you some
dramma
Ridin' with my congregation, and we smokin' on
marijuana
If you wanna go to war with us, we prepared to bust
Caught that niggaz slippin' at his place, shot him in his
face
Now I race, from the scenery, blowin' on greenery
Know I got a temper but you tricks wanna be mean to
me
It's the weak, told to tell 'em, Julius Caesar, how he rolls
Newspaper, told to tell 'em, how he just got Inocked of
his toes
You should know, that we rollin' deep, hittin' like a train
Kiss the floor, don't be lookin' dumb cause I don't
explain
I maintain, killaz catchin' drinks, Project cathin' cappers
Shootin' at your muthafuckin' lane, they be catching
vapors
Playa Haters, violatiers, bullshitters, this for y'all
Boy I keep a big gun, you don't want none

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