

Project Pat

"Show Dem Golds(feat. DJ Paul, Juicy 'J'"

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[Hook 1 2x]

Northside hoe, Southside hoe
Eastside hoe, Westside hoe

[Chorus 2x]

Where dem gang, gang signs (show ya golds, show ya golds)

Where dem hood, hood signs (throw some 'bows, throw some 'bows)

[DJ Paul]

It's the return of the gangsta - like my niggas OutKast
Smokin' on the dank-a - shut ya mouth, I might pass
Niggas off the heezy, fuck all at the fuckin' bar
On the floor or in the parking lot they throw it out the car

If they throw the wrong sign - niggas better handle it
Fuck goin' outside - right here you gettin' wet
I'm glad for this here, all I know is this here
And you thinkin' I'ma let you disrespect this shit here
Before I blow a nigga ass off - him and his hoe
Ready to rob me a bitch and get the fuck out the do'
This shit is real dumb nigga, who fucka say we playin'
Boy you in the wrong land, fuckin' wit a grown man
It's: "MAFIA, MAFIA" from the beginning into ending
While you grinnin' I whoop yo ass, bitch in one inning
You know the biz, Three 6 is the name boy
You heard my sign now won't you show me what you claim boy

[Chorus 4x]

[Juicy J]

We up all night, we smokin' that shit
Somebody run they mouth and then we bop on the bitch
They called us niggas, we run in packs
Some playa hate this skin because the color is black
We sag our jeans, the ride be clean
Them twanky-twin-twins make them rims be mean
We bracing ahead, we trust in the lead

The fool we don't like is police and the Fed.'s
And if you violate - get that tone to the head
And if ya girl approach us - we'll see her in bed
I'll probably own her flick 'cause she ain't nothin' to us
A neighborhood chewer-hut, hoodrat, slut
We people on the left - and we folks on the right
We throwin' up them thangs - and we startin' them
fights
The swinging we be doin' is a ugly site
We sleep in the morning and we come out at night

[Chorus 4x]

[Project Pat]

Fuck around and get gun end, straight up out the pen
From the mane with the sawed-off, lay up off the Gin
You can win if you squeeze first - hollow points
disperse
You may leave in an ambulance or inside a hearse
Niggas curse when they get caught, then they go to jail
Took a purse with the gold watch - but I can't make bail
Yeah its sad, but I did the crime, I except the time
Just another broke hood nigga - cheese up on my mind
Grab the nine, wanna make change
Suckers lay it down, Project Pat and them Three 6
niggas who get down
'Bout that loot, let the bullets shoot - get across your
grill
I'm a North Memphis dinner thief - all about a meal
And I will still retaliate, all you ones that hate
I'm a rider for Hypnotize, move or wrapped in tape
A survivor so realize, catchin' you on late
In the bushes don't be surprise, you gon' meet your
fate

[Chorus 4x]

[Hook 2 2x]

...show ya golds, show ya golds
...throw some 'bows, throw some 'bows
...show ya golds, show ya golds ...throw some 'bows,
throw some 'bows

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