

Project Pat

"Shut Ya Mouth, Bitch(feat. H.C.P)"

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Shut ya mouth shut ya mouth shut shut ya mouth bitch
[8x]
shut ya mouth [repeated til fade]

[Chorus]

Shut ya mouth bitch shut ya mouth bitch
before a nigga hit yo ass in the mouth bitch
Shut ya mouth bitch shut ya mouth bitch
before a nigga hit yo ass in the mouth bitch
Shut ya mouth bitch shut ya mouth bitch
before a nigga hit yo ass in the mouth bitch
Shut ya mouth bitch shut ya mouth bitch
cuz you know it's going down in the south bitch

[Project Pat]

Nigga down here on and you suckas mane
but don't get crazy cuz you knows we keep the auto-
mag
you pushing daisy's never the false shit I spit the facts
cuz dogg I'm knowing I pull on ya bitch I'm riding phat
that hoe is going we the trillest of the trilly trill
you suckas muggin staying down about a milly mil
this ghetto thuggin got me paid
cowards running lipers
they say I'm flossin hoe my name tasting like some
shiter
went in your jaw and throw these bullets straight at'cha
grill
commits to walking from the scenary I keeps it real
I do no talking just stupidity I let ya squeal
you get the squaking up in yo yard with the wood dogg
38 barking see yo tounoges and the root of evil
thats in the bible dig and dirt there should be no sequel
thats to your title rumors leakin out like a faucet
stank like a burger with some onions or some hot
gossip for that i murda

[Chorus (4x)]

[DJ Paul]

See I'm the king of the M slash C.E.O of Memphis

riding hundred thousand dollar cars and feeling so
damn pimpish
I'm the reason why you boys went back to your old style
I'ma hit you were it hurt cuz Dj Paul so damn wild
I know a bullshit nigga that should of been born dead
fake as a superman movie I put some led in his head
bogus as counterfit money my police nigga did hunta
dropping dimes is his hobby now I want his ho I hit

[Juicy J]

I used to ride with the illest straight killa niggas D-boys
rape his fellas but I seen the bigga picture
like if ya on ya last bag sprinkle little bit of weed
in a blunt cuz a nigga had to stretch the figgas money
don't grow on trees so we had to stack the cheese
niggas out here phonie have ya spooked to slang the
keys
mane I'm like a diner thief asking niggas pass the
piece
cowards out here hating on me
check the hook this ain't a please faggot

[Chorus (4x)]

[Crunchy Blac]

What's the buisness what's the buisness
when ya see C.B it big buisness
I don't wanna here no muthafuckin shiznet
just get over there and get the shit bitch
niggas clapping and clapping
niggas jamming you up
I'ma let off some shots and scream in gats we trust
ain't no fucking with me ain't no fucking with us
and if ya fucking with us we put ya body in dust

[Frayser Boy]

I got my glock in my hand I got my hand on my glock
so if a nigga get wrong mane then a nigga get popped
cuz mane I bet you gone drop
dogg when I close down your shop
so when you out in the public best hang around you a
cop
so you can have you some protection
cuz mane the shit get so hectic
and when I come in yo present nigga you better respect
it
Frayser Boy I unload on one of you bitches though
no understanding when you try to play me like a little
hoe fasho [Chorus (4x)]

