

## Project Pat "Shut Ya Mouth, Bitch"

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Shut ya mouth, shut ya mouth  
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Shut ya mouth bitch, shut ya mouth bitch  
Before a nigga hit yo ass in the mouth bitch  
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Before a nigga hit yo ass in the mouth bitch  
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'Cuz you know it's goin' down in the south bitch

Nigga down here on and you suckas mane  
But don't get crazy 'cuz you knows we keep the auto  
mag  
You pushin' Daisy's never the false shit I spit the facts  
'Cuz dogg I'm knowin' I pull on ya bitch I'm ridin' phat  
That hoe is goin' we the trillest of the trilly trill  
You suckas muggin' stayin' down about a milly mil

This ghetto thuggin' got me paid cowards runnin' lipers  
They say I'm flossin' hoe my name tastin' like some  
shiter  
Went in your jaw and throw these bullets straight at'cha  
grill  
Commits to walkin' from the scenary I keeps it real  
I do no talkin' just stupidity I let ya squeal

You get the squakin' up in yo yard with the wood dogg  
38 barkin' see yo tounces 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

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See I'm the king of the M slash CEO of Memphis  
Ridin' hundred thousand dollar cars and feelin' 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  
Droppin' dimes is his hobby now I want his ho I hit

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 hatin' on me check the hook this ain't  
a please faggit

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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 clappin' and clappin', niggas jammin' you up  
I'ma let off some shots and scream in gats we trust  
Ain't no fuckin' with me, ain't no fuckin' with us  
And if ya fuckin' with us we put ya body in dust

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 understandin' when you try to play me like a little  
hoe fasho

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