

Project Pat "Weak Niggaz"

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I grab my swatter I swat this bug, he laid to rest
Fuckin' wit T-R-I-P-L, E-S-I-X
Niggaz be talkin' but in the end I like fuck 'em up
In the beginnin' they could've survived but they had no
nuts
Bitch where you graduated from, I said a school of
hoe-in'
'Cause in yo face, off in the streets aint nothin' but hoe
is showin'
Too fuckin' light, too fuckin' light to try to fight
Stick you with knives, shoot you with - nines and take yo
life

Yea we know you niggaz are fuckin' scared 'cause we
don't play around
Never wanna step 'cause Three 6 Mafia put you in the
ground
People say you buck but we all know that's just that
liquor bro
Niggaz swear you hype but all that hyper is from hittin'
that snow
If a member call me then I'm gonna pack my yawks and
roll
Ride down on yo block and close up shop and leave yo
body cold
Foo this ain't no game so tuck ya chain and coward
hide yo grill
High cappin' and dissin' in yo rappin' just might get ya
killed

They don't fuck wit you like ya fucked with them
Yo pockets tore down from limb to limb
You got no ends, now you got no friends
Now its time to get the strap and go and do they ass in

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Whachu doin' round hea? My nigga I gotta get ya
Fresh outta jail-ie, my mind on bailin', so I split ya
Head to the meet-ie, give to the needy so fuck the rest
No understandin', Projects the greedy, ya could be
next
I'm robbin' victims with of the face of a?
No hesitatin', I come out buckin' so watch the nine
Off in East Memphis transactin' bizness I know you
straight
I'm buckin' you fakers who ain't got cheese, the ones I
hate

Could it be me, could it be somethin' in the fuckin' air
Im seein' niggaz, them niggaz bodies flyin' everywhere
You wanna know if the Lord is mackin' or a fuckin'
player
I'm keepin' all of you muthafuckas in my fuckin' prayers
Everywhere that I go I'm gettin' all these evil stares
I'm sick of all of these hatin' muthafuckas in my hair
All in my bizness, God is my witness I don't even care
Cause all you bitches you get the *blaaah* died hell
yeah

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Deep deep in them trenches of Memphis where I'm
seriously pimpin'
Da Koopsta da Knicca breakin' mo bitches than London
got bridges
Send this to you niggas so you besta listen well
Touch me and you'll die see you can burn wit me in hell
This hi-zo gi-zo-zy iz-I for you niggas that've lost it
Spl-izat yi-zo iz-ass, will?off it

Call Chris mane, shit dump 'em in a ditch
Witness this wicked bit whipped up outta the Six riders

My nigga CB he be back out here on these bricks again
He kickin' in doors, he lookin' for him some dividends
He kidnappin' hoes so he can make him some money
mane

And fuckin' wit him is like fuckin' wit somethin' different
Ya gotta be tough, nigga ya gotta be rough
Like ash to ash nigga, and dust to dust
In gats we trust nigga, it really ain't much nigga
'Cause talkin' to us nigga, we blowin' ya up

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I'm smoked out, snorted out, drunken and I'm blown

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