

Project Pat "What Money Do"

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Put the needle on the record man
Put this shit together for my boy Project man
Here we go, some mo' gangsta muthafuckin' shit man
It's goin' down know what I'm talkin' 'bout? Hypnotize
Minds, yeah

Yeah, I need for all my real muthafuckin' money
makers
In the muthafuckin' house
To reach in yo' muthafuckin' pocket and pull out a stack
And hold that muthafucka high as you can in the air

And then I need you to walk over to one of them haters
And throw it in his muthafuckin' face
'Cause he need it mo' than you do
Now get on yo' knees and pick that shit up, pick it up
bitch

You see me in this new car, this what money do
You see me shinin' like a star, this what money do
I left the club wit'cha broad, this what money do
This what money do, get you some hater

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I'm flickin' on you snakes, I got wood, leather stitchin'
Clothes stickin' 'cause ya ridin' bucket cloth seats
itchin'
Couldn't get me saw it in the clouds like my nigga Ricky
Mr. James, all these superfreaks, out here tryna get me

Wanna hit me, wanna say, they done been 'round the
truth
In ya bed or the booth, I'm the ghetto Dr. Ruth
When I do step on out, moonlight hit the Range
Pretty jewels they attract broads like shiny thangs

When I came to ya hood, I was new face in the place
Game spitter from the North, so ya wanna catch a

case?

'Cause ya see me holl'in' at 'cha ex-girl, don't 'cha?
Murder charge for a broad who don't even want 'cha

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You suckers crazy, so y'all out here pushin' daisies
Over Daisy, she was on some purple hazey
Had the baby, year later on my income
Tax so a nigga could receive mo' income

Been one, I'ma rent some of this game out
Gift of gab, talk you by the slab wit' no thang out
Hangin' stout broads, 'round my arms, decoration
These punks give me dap, same time playa hation

Erasin' you lamers, hatin' got'cha famous
Confronted by the broad, got shot in ya anus
Heinous, heard they took the slugs out'cha dookie roll
Gun powder and the blood burn in ya booty hole

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I was screamin', "Don't Save Her," was you, listenin'?
Kept twinkle on my gold teeth, so I'm glistenin'
When I open up my mouth these gals lookin' in

Hear the words that I speak, then go and tell her friend

Dog all over freaks, boys goin' to the pen
Or the grave real early, hollow shutters check 'em in
Wanna fight my nigga, wanna shoot my nigga
Talk ya gal out her cap, when ya loot my nigga

Do you my nigga fall in love wit' these tramps
Goin' raw on her and she did the whole camp?
But you rest havin' that knowin' that, she'll go
Lickin' balls suckin' cat knees burnt from the flo'

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