

## Project Pat "Whatever Ho"

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DJ Paul:

Yeah you muthafuckin' hoes  
Y'all know the muthafuckin' dead Hypnotize Camp and  
Profit Posse in this  
muthafucka  
Get one of these gold plaques on the wall before you  
talk some old  
muthafuckin' shit  
Bitch, it's whatever nigga  
We in this muthafucka for the 9-9, 9's to your head ho  
(Mafia, Mafia, Mafi-ya, ya, Mafia, Mafia, Mafi-ya, ya)

Juicy J:

Glock 9's, Tech 9's, any kinda gun bitch  
Evergreen gats have got these cowards on the run  
bitch  
Kill 'em like they convicts  
Know they hear them guns click  
Doped up like a muthafucka (Cough, Cough, Snort)  
You could catch me in the same hood, on the fuckin'  
same block  
With a pearl Rolex watch, and a knot, and a glock  
9 o'clock clock nigga like to slang 'cause I be hustlin'  
weight and  
We gon' put a end to you hoes and you niggaz hatin'

Lord Infamous:

I'ma be every fuckin' piece of skrilla cheese out here I  
can make  
I'ma break every fuckin' bitch, fatalities that I can bring  
I'ma millie my pillie but killie, killin' everything that I  
wanna kill  
You weak ass niggaz don't want Lord Infamous from  
South Parkway to get ill  
Long from the norm, we get dumb with a bomb, with  
the guns you bitches y'all  
best get steel  
Scarecrow, Club House, yes it gets ill  
So, all y'all listen closely don't you ever forget  
Y'all wouldn't, Y'all never be shit with out us bitch  
Don't forget

Cruchy Black:

Killin' ain't shit

Bitches ain't shit

Niggaz ain't shit

Bodies in a ditch

How many niggaz done talked that shit

About the Project fuckin' Pat, Thug Posse ya bitch

Niggaz gon' talk, bitches gon' start

Muthafuckaz gonna get they bodies in a trunk

All I want is cash

Muthafuckaz have

Get down on your knees

Gimme all your cash

ScanMan:

Whoa, muthafucka watch yourself, just watch your back

Cause still we chillin' with Pat

Straped with them gats

Be ready to attack

All you hatin' ass niggaz that wanna jump, yo punk

what's up

You better come up real with your muthatfuckin' shit,

cause boy, it's gonna

get rough

Situation's gone bad, for you niggaz claimin' killaz

Automatic triggaz pullin' drillin' holes inside your liver

How you figure, I was gon' let you talk that shit and

peep these streets

Sayin' "That ScanMan boy's a bitch" know watch them

throw lights out in my

head

DJ Paul:

Killin', buckin', buckin up in Gunfire

Bullets rickin' off the walls, nigga this is Warfare

Suckaz claimin' they got nuts

You don't know these elephants

Specialize in takin' notes

Specialize in nappy hoes

Niggaz this is serious, I can't play no games no more

Niggaz actin' curious, but I think they know the score

Bitches know the Hypnotize medallion show what click

you claim

Hold it up strong, only those, who stay real, or

maintain', in this game

MC Mack:

Alot of niggaz talk that shit and end up gettin' the wig  
split

It's MC Mack, the nigga known for smackin', jackin',

Cracker Jacks

Busta ass nigga, run you mouth and get your ass  
blowed off  
Watch me put my ski mask on, cock my gat back trick  
now drop it off  
Shoot a super soaker in a minute don't you give a fuck  
about another nigga  
if he's speakin' use your counter attack  
Rollin' like a nigga smack a nigga like a nigga smack a  
bitch, you crumpa,  
stain a busta  
Ain't no love lost off in my heart, there's no place  
colder  
Won't you come a little closer nigga, you won't be rollin'  
our

T-Rock:

Socialists up actin' miss servin' sevens  
Have 'em in jail suspended, in the middle  
Started rivalries civil  
Homies swithin', actin' fickle  
But if you fuck with family ties, we leave you triple  
That nigga there know his gun a missile, Lord don't  
flash on him, only man  
ain't chival  
Erasin' ample businesses all in the name of the T-Rock  
Suckaz eat pot, swallow D, and get punished for three  
rocks  
Bangin' the hit stops, it won't be over, 'til your heat  
pops  
Away from the gravity, stand and point your a Tech and  
see him drop

Gangsta Boo:

Yeah I know, I know  
Down, down, baby goin' down, down  
Sweet dreams baby, Rock-a-bye baby  
Niggaz wanna run up, we be flexin' the Tech and  
Be pointed at ya we comin', and I bitch, I bet ya, I bet ya  
You wanna hit 'em, but nigga you an't forget 'em,  
forget 'em  
Because you sorry, and sorry ain't nothin' but venom  
I know bitches out there lovin' me, niggaz got dreams  
of fuckin' me  
Fuckin' me ain't the story gon' fuck you up mean more  
to me

DJ Paul:

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Whatever

Project Pat:

Alot of gunfire, bustin' on you hoes to get my point  
across  
Ridin' in your hood and let the muthafuckin' bullets toss  
Tossin' me a berries pack, now I'm tossin' you some  
dramma  
Ridin' with my congregation, and we smokin' on  
marijuana  
If you wanna go to war with us, we prepared to bust  
Caught that niggaz slippin' at his place, shot him in his  
face  
Now I race, from the scenery, blowin' on greenery  
Know I got a temper but you tricks wanna be mean to  
me  
It's the weak, told to tell 'em, Julius Caesar, how he rolls  
Newspaper, told to tell 'em, how he just got Inocked of  
his toes  
You should know, that we rollin' deep, hittin' like a train  
Kiss the floor, don't be lookin' dumb cause I don't  
explain  
I maintain, killaz catchin' drinks, Project cathin' cappers  
Shootin' at your muthafuckin' lane, they be catching  
vapors  
Playa Haters, violatiers, bullshitters, this for y'all  
Boy I keep a big gun, you don't want none

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