

Project Pat "Whole Lotta Weed"

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Chorus 2x

Real playaz like to smoke a (whole lotta weed)
Drinkin bottles of that liquor (all that we need)
This 9mm (will make you bleed)
I advise you niggaz (don't fuck wit me)

(Project Pat)

Real playaz like to smoke a
Stroke a offa in her throata
Bend ova let me poke her
Rolla up some more dopa
Don't take me fo a joka
Hollows will make ya croaka
My hands around your throata
Grip grip tight and choke her
Hate hate me fo no reason
Beat beat yo like a blea
Pumpkin head whatchu getta
It must be killin season
For some droppas and suckas
Coward ass mothufuckas
Poppin off that cappa
Could get chu killed like othas
Maybe it's not yo time
Maybe it could be mine
Then put me in a box and burry me wit my nine
Forty-Fo and my side
Hatas up in south
Wishin they put tha bullets up in my body
But that's if im a gonna
When i smell the aroma
Of brown cold liquor and polted marijuana
Project Pat in this bitcha
Tryin to man get richa
The first hit off this dope is gonna getcha

Chorus 2x

Real playaz like to smoke a (whole lotta weed)
Drinkin bottles of that liquor (all that we need)
This 9mm (will make you bleed)
I advise you niggaz (don't fuck wit me)

Stay down about cho gama
Fama i never claima
I mug ya in ya facea
For those who are a stranga
Strange couse i do not knowa
Chip chip on yo shoulda
Im knockin out yo teeths
Hits hard just like a boulda
Im creepin in the Nova
So what i'm in codopa
A nigga done got boulda
His life is gon be ova
Grey tape with clip bananna
I kidnap i can handle
He came to me with Anna
He should of mind his manners
I hit him with the tecca
Damn near tore off his necka
He prayin im gon squosh him
He shoulda prayed to Mecca
You hataz like to tick me
Squeeze triggaz till im empty
This weed turned me out
I damn near let it hit me
Smokin nothin but that fire
(Damn that was my last line dog)
Nigga you's a lia
So you tryin to screw me
I told you not to do me
Im drinkin on that brewsky
This shit is goin threw me

Whole lotta whole lotta whole lotta.....
Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey

Out the pen
One more gian
Is yo dog stackin ens
Makin cheese fuckin hoes
Knockin ducks off they toes
Up the nose
Goes the white
Pimpin hoes take a flight
Like a kite like a plane
My nigga im the man
Mista don't take no shit
Mista well take yo bitch
Ten toes bout to biz
Cowards can't handle these
Scandle these pair north
Bout to bust on my boys

Check niggaz fo they grip
Pistols swing busted lip
Busted chops that's yo ass
Punk bitch wheres the cash
Money green cheddar cheese
All bitches hit they knees
Serve em up ready to rock
Disturbute them on da check
Always keep a mere glock
Place it up to your back
Fat sacks your smokin on
Mack man wit a tone
P-A-T bout the lout
Ridin by then i shoot
Whos to say cheefin hay
Hustlin to get pay
Round the clock
Round the way
Gettin mines every day

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