

Project Pat F/ Three 6 Mafia, Baby , H

"What Makes Me"

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See.. most wanted.. its the epitome of this rap shit fuck
yea
Get it.. m-r-dot.. m-a-n (we bring it to anybody that want
it)
B-double-o-n-i-c
(Cause we real.. check the stats).. mista man.. boo-
bonic

(Chorus)
What makes you a thug nigga
The sounds of guns bustin adrenaline pumpin
and don't give a fuck about nothin
What makes you a killa
The feelin that I get when I touch somethin
or how I give it to anybody that want somethin
What makes you a smart nigga
How I got rid of the hammer..
and got a one way ticket down to Atlanta
What makes you a rich nigga
The fact that I'm not a bitch nigga..
I do it solo ain't worried bout a snitch nigga

(Boo)
I'm the one who can stand the hit and fry somethin
Fuck rap you wanna see if I'm real? try somethin
A g-a-n-g-s-t-e-r we are known to leave a nigga in the
E.R.
B-double-o-n..-i-c nigga.. actionious style leave you in a
creek nigga
Teenager.. you ain't ever seen stranger
Iced up cell phone triple A pager
Ny blood boil.. easily hate cause agility freezin me hoes
never teasin me
Think I'm here to amuse you? I crack you the fuck up?
I'll put out my steel and ill smack you the fuck up
Thug baby.. I gotta head for the streets
You gotta head for business well that's dead when we
meet
Cause one shot ill have all your business in the streets
Comin out slow like a fuckin loosely
Close your eyes gotta surprise I dare you to peep

I put the tec in your mouth now I dare you to speak
Niggas under pressure look they back sweatin
Try me? That's a gamble that lack bettin

(Chorus)

(Mr.)

Mister Man keep a clip wit 50 in it
Have ya clique like.. "That's between y'all we ain't in it"
Wish my squad would say that we don't even play dat
Like you talk fly and all we jus lay back
Talkin about what you do to me nigga now why you say
dat
My clique jet out rounds for y'all they don't play dat
All about loadin and cock and start spittin
Here's somethin scream fuck y'all niggas and start
dippin
Hit the bar to relieve my stress and start sippin
And get outta town before the cops start trippin
We don't play.. we don't care
I'll kill you.. right hand to god I swear
See myself on the run before I see any jail
Can't see myself callin home for bail

(I promise you the pain is almost over one more verse
motherfuckers)

(Chorus)

(Mr.)

It only take one thing for mister man to come spark ya
If my doe light I got to make shit darker
Runnin.. leave you wit a wheel chair or a walker
Persuade me to chill? you must be a fly talker
You heard this before.. I'm in your crib waitin
Two things for you.. glock no patience
Seese what beef? that shit means nathan
Thugs don't talk we just ride till we die
Drink till we drunk.. smoke till we high
Pop till it clack.. push wigs back
Put the gun in your mouth and say point where it's at
The ice wrist shit nigga come on about dat
(Aiyyo I love my kids mister!).. I don't doubt that
I gotta eat too nigga how about dat
For that ransome doe.. kids get kidnapped
Your wife act crazy wife get smacked
Your clique don't like it your clique get clapped
or I cock back just to throw flames
In case you got a urge to snitch and drop names
Leave you open minded nigga wit no brains
Shame.. your man was slippin I shot 'em

Callin.. tellin my dog I got 'em
Hit 'em up top and work my way down bottom
Want it wit Mister Man? See nigga that's a problem

(Chorus) - repeat 'til fade

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