## 528-cash

## **Project Pat**

As I sit in my cell, might as well be in hell Left a dead, two on one, fourth floor where I dwell Couldn't tell, thought you was a man but you was a bitch A nigga that I'd die for really was a snitch Let me switch back to the scene, scene of the crime Where I left all my hopes and dreams, caught me with a 9 Duffel bag full of plenty cash, empty out safe Hit the mask but a nosy fag fucked up my escape I could take any charge 'cause his death for this under "Do you plead guilty on this case?", no your honor Wonder, how not guilty turned to guilty Could it be that my homeboy turned stale on me? I can see you and the victim sittin' like a hoe On the prosecutor's side, shove a 9 down her throat Of a coward punk bitch, your body in a ditch Could've sold my own soldier to see the nine clique Click, then your carcass fall like the gavel fell Nine years what they gave me, then took me to jail Did I tell? Nigga, hell nah, Project ain't a hoe We can blast with them thangs or we go toe to toe Bullets blow niggas' brains out into outer space Killas bust on you lames then leave without a trace Just in case you was wondering did I let him live He's at home with his wife but he better watch his kids

Snitches, bitches, snitches, bitches Snitches, bitches, snitches, bitches

Snitches, bitches, snitches, bitches
Bitch, you can't call the police
Tell 'em watch your back, tell 'em watch your back
Tell 'em watch your back, tell 'em watch your back

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