You Know The Biss

Project Pat

Mane you know the business
Mane you know the business
Playa gon' shine trick
You ain't on my level trick
Mane you know the business
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Catch up wit' cha kind mane
I don't deal wit' fakeness
Mane you know the business
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Catch up wit' cha kind mane
I don't deal wit' fakeness
Still a mack, still a thug
Still a mane showing love
To my dawgs, to my folks
Violators be slugs in ya back
Ratta-tat
It's your dawg Project Pat
In the hood having fun
Sippin' on Pauk Mason
Give me some, show me love
Like the man up above
Spread my wings like a dove
Mean mug niggas looking
And a henn from a smile
Bucket side blood cooking
Got a problem wit' my style
Wit' the click, wit' the clan
Lanes I don't understand
If you feel that you real
Fuck it's on lightning steel
On the real hoes but they mouth
And get pimp smacked
Automatic gat, get yo' motherfuckin' head crack
Heat tight, trick tight

Killas pullin' pistol plates
When you pull ya tone
My nig' that's where you gon' lay
I'm a say this to you haters wit' the problem
Step up to the Patsta

Boy, I'm a solve 'em
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Catch up wit' cha kind mane
I don't deal wit' fakeness
All in my face
And he knowing he don't like me
Proably wanna shoot me
Maybe even fight me, suck me, paid me
Mane that's what yo' bitch do
Loving me the most 'cause I let her do the click too
Prophet Posse all these hoes never frontin'
Mane they off that ezay
Gobblin' up somethin', dick in ya mouth
Slow it down wit' that rough stuff
Five vicious catos curling like a chesse puff
Chesse first cap blast
AC Rolls in the tent
(Baby what's been goin' on)
Nothing hoe but the dick
Got me bent out of shape
To you hoes that are fake
Get the fuck out my face
Before I shoot you in ya face
Murder rate, shell increase
Motherfuck the police
Ridin' up on yo' ass, in ya ass
Be decrease, never peace
Where I live know for the cross-cut
First haters step
First haters get tossed out
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