

# 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  
Mane you know the business  
Catch up wit' cha kind mane  
    I don't deal wit' fakeness  
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    Playa gon' shine trick  
    You ain't on my level trick  
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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  
Goblin' 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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