

# Out There

## Project Pat

Hey pass me a beer man  
Here you go  
Man that nigga been standing on the same goddamn spot  
Slagin' that shit about the last 4-5 days man  
Wit the same clothes on, ain't even been home yet I don't even think so I wonder if he smoking or selling  
That shit he had to be smoking or snortin' something  
To up for them 4-5 days Naw, I heard he shot somebody man  
For real?  
That's the reason why he probably can't go home  
Yeah, you know like what you call been missing to man  
I think that's the nigga, he suppose to be frontin' his money to That's why the police been drivin' around so hard  
Yeah, burning the spot up man, yeah  
Yeah, we might need to gone call 528-CASH  
That nigga ass and turn him on in We need to man to make that little change man  
Get some mo beers or something  
Yeah, we gone do that Need to hurry up and gone, turn that nigga ass in man make  
This neighborhood probably a little bit safer man  
A little bit more  
Atleast for us or something dang Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip  
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips  
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs  
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig? Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip  
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips  
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs  
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig? Project Pat a nigga that's down for his crown man  
If your ass step I'ma be downtown man  
4th floor bound man that's if I get caught man  
Push me to the edge so it really ain't my fault man See I gotta die man, don't you even try man  
Enemies gone bleed once, I let these bullets fly man  
Momma gonna cry man, I like to get high man  
Niggas passing plates snortin' line after line man I got's to get mine man, robbing was the crime man  
That a nigga did but I done serve my time man  
Put that all behind man, get out on the grind man  
Slang some of this dope in the steets or my ride man See I ain't a fool man, fuck listen to you man  
Why you in my grill? And you knowin' we ain't cool man  
Project ain't a duck man, see I know waz up man  
Get up off my dick like a motherfucking slut man Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip  
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips  
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs

Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip  
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips  
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs  
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?Where I'm from man, ain't no sunshine  
Only shine on a doggs ass if his ass don't get on the grind  
Doin' time help a nigga out to clear up my head  
Use to have a shank and a knife that was by my bedIt was said I would end up dead working in the streets  
But the streets is the only thang I see payin' me quarter key fuck  
Servin' deals rockin' to the shake slangin' guns slangin' TV's  
Man, I'm tryin' to make all I can my nigga puncho at a hoes houseGet her drunk, take her to the back, put dick  
in her mouth  
Leave the front door unlocked, my nig turn the radio  
Pull the car up into the yard, cleaning out the hoe  
You should know that a burglary really ain't for meI just got out the tentary tryin' to get my feet  
Get the cheese off the merchandise, went a bought a deal  
Nigga , please you say you don't steal I'ma keep it realBlunt to my lips, gun on my hip  
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips  
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs  
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip  
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips  
Watchin' for the pigs, splitin' hataz wigs  
Stackin' me some grip, playa can ya dig?Hataz like to get a playa twisted in that bullshita  
And game splita I'm also a wig splita your ass getta  
Shoot up by the 9 mila, your cap I drilla  
When fucking with real nigga the chrome triggaShall regulate a punk quicker a bullet hit ya  
I'm zoned of that brown liquor you need  
To get ya nose outta niggas biz quit spreadin' rumors  
Like a motherfucking punk bitch, my trunk is the bed  
For a kidnapped victim, hollow point hit them pull out my gun  
Your hands, you get them up in the airAh, because you came to me in error, don't wanna scare ya  
See you have manifest in terror I know these bullets  
Will pop your shit off like a meleon, let's bust it up man  
Fuck man who you tellin' it's armagedeon the North Memphis crack  
We sellin' you, pass me the potent weed is what they yellin'Blunt to my lips, gun on my hip  
Rocks in my sock, pocket full of chips  
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