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 snitchLet 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 escapeI 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 cliqueClick, 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 toeBullets 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 kidsSnitches, bitches, snitches, bitches

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

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Snitches, bitches, snitches, bitches

Snitches, bitches, snitches, bitchesBitch, 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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