# We Can Get Gangsta

## Project Pat

[Project Pat] (talkin)
Hello, hello, hello?
[Boogelou] (talkin)
Pat, whats up man, whats up?
[Project Pat] (talkin)
Boogelou, whats up man?
Man yea man, a nigga done messed me off down here dawg.
I got caught for a weak azz pistol charge. Man dese folkz
gon try and make a nigga do a whole mutha fuckin calendar dawg.
I need ya to send me sumthin.
[Boogelou] (talkin)
I gotcha, what happened?
[Project Pat] (talkin)
Man, I was messin off wit my nigga, man dis shit fucked up!
[Project Pat]I gotta call from my dawg, Gangsta Fred jus da other day
Met some nigga from da other way, wanna purchase llao (weed)
Said dey wanna get good shit for da low-low
Fred grew-up wit dis nigga by da bayou
Could be da po-po, dats da way my mind think
Thought about da shit for a minute, den I took a drank
Thinkin of a coma, knowin I aint gonna fall
Call up my cousin, Poncho, let em rob, assault
Den he ball off, wit da goods to a ron-de-vou, spot
Handed Fred back his dope, den we split da loot
Rudy-Poo's, always gettin, got, sumthin serious
Infactuated wit da game, very curious
Dat'll kill da cat, cause da game ain't to be told
Quit smokin crack, my nigg-a, it's to be sold
Gettin old, never worries me, I don't giva fuck
???????? stayed on mind, call dat nigga up.
[Chorus] - 2X
If you hoes wanna go dere
We can get gangsta, we can get gangsta, we can get gangsta.
(Boom, boom, boom wit da trigga, I can...)
In da streets, we don't play fair
We can get gangsta, we can get gangsta, we can get gangsta.
(Boom, boom, boom wit da trigga, I can...)
[Project Pat]We can set dis shit up, for a, secluded area

Tell em bring himself, and da duffle-bag carrier

Met him 4am, hit Creek Hill, at a Exxon
In a hot car, tech-9 and a rouger gun
Another nigga came, wit da nigga, dey got out of 'Lac (Caddilac)
Fred slammed da door, crossed da trunk, "Where da cheese at?"
Nigga took a sniff, and he seen dat da shit was straight
Said dat da loot was in his trunk, now I'm thinkin, "Wait."
"What's goin on?", partner took da dope off da trunk
Raisin up my tech, nigga in da trunk, raised da pump
Bullets popped off, Fred caught one, in da chest
Lucky for my nigg', he was wearin bullet proof vest
Shootin tech, but I coulda died, cause it jammed up
Pump at my dome, dat's when Poncho feet had slammed up
Shot da .45, blowin both niggaz azz off
Think we got em down, wit da cheese and da sawed-off.
[Chorus] - 2X
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(Boom, boom, boom wit da trigga, I can...)
[Project Pat]Two weeks later, still knowin bout da fuckery
Move dat a nigga pulled, spot a police watchin me
Watchin me, cause I fit description of a suspect
Pullin me, over, now he askin where my license at
"Officer, I done left my wallet at da house, sir."
Still took me Down-town, cause da police don't care
Down in lower-level, man a simple situation
Turned into, a 72-hour investigation
Ima ex-con, so I don't need a walk through
To dis jail shit, wonderin, "Who did dey talk to?"
Could've been my dawg, not my nigg', dat's a hell naw
Dey done found my tech, but I ain't got shit to tell ya'll
Feelin kinda sick, cause dey finna send me up da river
Couldn't be a snitch, cause I can't tell on my nigga
Tech, didn't match da gun, Woons(police) bout to let me go
Stuck wit da gun charge, violated my parole.
[Chorus] - 2X
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(Boom, boom, boom wit da trigga, I can...)
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(Boom, boom, boom wit da trigga, I can...)
(Boom, boom, boom wit da trigga, I can...)

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