

Cheese and Dope

Project Pat

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Project Pat]

I been slanging on this green green that I done get cut
by these police making raids, jumping out chicken nutz
couldn't ball, down to none, got this weed is in my lungs
nigga's stick me for a bag, I'ma shoot 'em in his ass
I'ma show 'em who the boss, when you niggaz gonna learn
When you cross in this game, then yo ass will get hurt
When my turn? or my time? rock a what, for a dime
Takin' fair chance after chance, but I got to dance
Take the rules of this shit, that's why I keep a revolver
I've been heard you're robbers, don't want no other robbers boy
I done and scald ya, with pistol slapped cross mouth
Reach in niggaz pockets, and take yo money out
When you know what's goin', you got cheese, I got dope
For da 900th stone, I got peas, I got coke
ain't no credit give mang you could get from round here
Niggas robbing, niggas banging niggas slangin' down here[chorus]I got cheeeese, hoez, and a bunch of fucking
dope
I got peeeeeeas, coke, and some killaz at da doo'
hyyydro weed smoke, and a quarter ounce of dough
what yooouuuu need brah, is to fuck wit yo boy[Project Pat]
You heard word? what's the word? but you dawgs is da low
selling weed and this weed, but you won't complain a stoo'
I'ma go, I'ma pull, leave a rabbit out a hat
On some cane, mr.sugar, and some killaz strapped wit gats
Always trying to be slick, you done stepped in some shit
You done broke ghetto laws, you could tote a fuckin jaws
Nigga boy, he ain't know, cus da street never minds
Walk right up on yo ass, shoot you, right between the eyes,
you be stinkin' wit the flies
walking around on chrome, wit yo bitch, smokin' dro
fucking all in yo home, while she kissing on ma lips,

She be sucking on ma dick, grip the glock - sixteen booms as I dip
Through the streets of da hood, north memphis hollywood
Represent it, to da max, out this out of state facts
Trying to stack me some pape's, got my foot on you snakes
Trying to squeeze, hustle-in, for you niggaz that I fade[chorus 2x]You could duck from the tech, on da scaldae
Once I get my cheese, or my flow, then I must be paid
If you want to come against me dawg, bring your whole brigade
Get you suckaz sliced, like a dog, with a swisher blade
Sippin' on some pauly vision, like some sweet kool-aid
Strapped with me, an automatic gun, don't you violate
Niggaz ain't gonna snitch on me dawg, i didn't hesitate
Caught him, at the projects one day, sent him, to his grave
Playaz wanna come through the hood, but they got the fear
Knowing it ain't all to the good, you could get it here
Wrong place, at the wrong time, calling "sip" let's go
Wope fiends, keep me on the map, and my pockets full
Eyes red ass hell, 'cause I ain't had a blink of sleep
Snorted a quarter ball, so that U, could stay on my feet
Trick's in this bitch, just as same as a nigga too
If you trusting hoes in this game, you'se a dammn fool..[chorus till end]

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