

# Whole Lotta Weed

## Project Pat

[chorus 2x]Real playaz like to smoke a (whole lotta weed)  
Drinkin bottles of that liquor (all that we need)  
This 9mm (will make you bleed)  
I advise you niggaz (don't fuck wit me)  
[project pat]Real playaz like to smoke a  
Stroke a offa in her throata  
Bend ova let me poke her  
Dont take me fo a joka  
Hollows will make ya croaka  
My hands around your throata  
Grip grip tight and choke her  
Hate hate me fo no reason  
Beat beat yo like a ? ? ?  
Pumpkin head whatchu getta  
It must be killin season  
For some droppas and suckas  
Coward ass mothufuckas  
Poppin off that cappa  
Could get chu killed like othas  
Maybe it's not yo time  
Maybe it could be mine  
Then put me in a box and burry me wit my nine  
Forty-fo and my side  
Hatas up in ? ? ?  
Wishin they put tha bullets up in my body  
But thats if I'm a gonna  
When I smell the aroma  
Of brown cold liquor and polted marijuana  
Project pat in this bitcha  
Tryin to man get richa  
The first hit off this dope is gonna getcha  
[chorus 2x]Stay down about cho gama  
Fama I never claima  
For those who are a stranga  
Strange couse I do not knowa  
Chip chip on yo shoulda  
Im knockin out yo teeths  
Hits hard just like a boulda  
Im creepin in the nova

A nigga done got boulda  
His life is gon be ova  
Grey tape with clip bananna  
I kidnap I can handle  
He came to me with anna  
He should of mind his manners  
I hit him with the tecca

Damn near tore off his necka  
He prayin I'm gon squosh him  
He shoulda prayed to mecca  
You hataz like to tick me  
Squeeze triggaz till I'm empty  
This weed turned me out  
I damn near let it ? ? ?  
Smokin nothin but that fire  
(damn that was my last line dog)  
Nigga you's a lia  
So you tryin to screw me  
I told you not to do me  
Im drinkin on that brewsky  
This shit is goin threw me  
Whole lotta whole lotta whole lotta.....  
Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey  
Out the pen  
One more get  
Is yo dog stackin ens  
Makin cheese fuckin hoes  
Knockin ducks off they toes  
Up the nose  
Goes the white  
Pimpin hoes take a flight  
Like a kite like a plane  
My nigga I'm the man  
Mista don't take no shit  
Mista well take yo bitch  
Ten toes bout to bes  
Cowards cant handle these  
Scandle these ? north  
Bout to bust on my boys  
Check niggaz fo they grip  
Pistols ? busted lip  
Busted chops thats yo ass  
Punk bitch wheres the cash  
Money green cheddar cheese

All bitches hit they knees  
Serve em up ready to rock  
Disturbute them ? ? ?  
Always keep a mere glock  
Place it up to your back  
Fat sacks your smokin on  
Mack man wit a tone  
P-a-t bout the lout  
Ridin by then I shoot  
Whos to say cheefin hay  
Hustlin to get pay  
Round the clock  
Round the way  
Gettin minds every day

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