

187 (feat. Project Pat, B.G. & Eightball & MJG)

Drama

[Project Pat]

Yea Project Pat up in this dang thang
Crook by da book, the fed story
Yall know how we do
We do it like it sposed to be done
The dirty dirty strapped with the gun
Yall know how we ride, homicide
Yall know how we do
187 on a punk
Yall know how we get down
Let the bullets start talkin
Thats how we do the walkin
Yall know how we get down north(north, north)[Project Pat]
Patty cake, patty cake, stack the money off the plates
In a field, you remain
You gon make me keep the blades
Sucky boys, bring the noise
Smoke you like a kush bubble
Im the president of Drama
Guess you get some kush trauma
Haters hurl up, lighten up, cuz they broke niggas
Hittin up a punk, cut his throat
Call them folk niggas
Hurt your mouth, hot in these streets
Hood banga, ride by your house
Wit the cake, let it bang ya
Project pat, still in business
On some handguns
Niggas get to screamin out ya guy when the lead gun
If ya think ya quick, Drama go in ya bullet
Im head buttin suckas in the head wit these bullets[Hook x2]
Now if ya wanna ya can get it no problem
Glock go blocka, blocka, blocka, blow
Now if ya wanna ya can get it I aint trippin
Its 187 on a mothafuckin fool[8Ball]
Big hat, low walkas, low custom fours oh
Put my pants down back, pockets almost all the flow
i don't wanna touch it but the bad boy out in public
If a nigga disresepect it then the trigga is the subject

Take it how ya wanna take it, test it then, shit was fake
Lookin at your mama from the casket cryin after weight
I make dough
Pimp niggas like we bake the cake
Sit up in restaurants and get my fill on big ol steaks
I hope im never that poor nigga seein blood, runnin
Cant bleed cuz the shots took away half your tummy
On your knees beggin Lord please not now
Knock on wood, count your blessings while you still around[Hook x2][MJG]
Look, look into the rearview
Nigga followin me he got a slash on the gas
No, fuck that slam on the brakes
Jump out wit the pump and blast on his ass
M Tight MJG, you dont really wanna come with the fo-fo
When the low low bringin everybody get out the way
And aint playin, but ya dont move
Goin get a hold every little mothafucka
Still roll by, still gon slide with blood all ova
Anything that ya step by i work for Pat mothafucka
Me and him I, put in some work
I did my dirt, I did some bad, I did some good
You can bring in any kinda wig ya wanna in bring boy
I don't think ya really wanna bring it to the hood
Go brang yo bitch, do yo thang, then it dont matta bout who you claim
It don't really matta what another mothafucka do
When its all over with you the man
Dont make me get buck with the AK
Cuz it may spray and it may shoot and it may hit
Anybody that ya live or you stay wit
Thats how worse than the average day hit, shit

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>