

Whole Lotta Weed

Project Pat

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[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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