

Never Be a G (feat. Juicy J & Doe B)

Project Pat

Yessir

Project Pat featuring your boy Juicy J and Doe B
You'll never be a G, you'll never be a GI done sold them grams
Robbed niggas for cash
I done bust that thumper on plenty niggas' ass
Broke down plenty bails
So much clientele
Went to jail would never tell but some you niggas will
Cause you never ever ever ever ever be a G
Cause you never ever ever ever ever be a G
Cause you never ever ever ever ever be a G
Cause you never ever ever ever ever be a G
When I was young had that chopper cock it
Project Pat was robbing
Like the grinch bitch, taking shit filling up my stocking
Cap on my skull nigga, better wipe up that mud
Nigga like Pat don't give no fuck
Busting that thumpa' screaming "Thug Life!"
Like 2Pac, went to jail and never ratted
Held it down for all my dogs
Hustla's prayer on my arm tatted
Pussy nigga real acrobatic flipping on your homie
I'm the steak you the bologna I'm fifty karats you the phony
Hit a lick made for fifty yams
Took it off your ass this the street
Who you trusting fool
Put that in the stash bruh
My weight pull up move like that, no coming back
Just these chains fifty rocks for fifty shots in your ass
Yea, let me borrow your bitch
Just for tonight, I get her so fucking high
You think she just caught a flight
She ride my dick like a bike
I tell her suck it don't bite
And you still cuffing that ho like you Miami Vice
Juicy J don't love these bitches I just make love to these bitches
Then send them back to that same nigga that hug them and kiss them
I go to to sleep with my money I cuddle up with my dough
I wake up to that paper and then I go get some more

Fuck nigga what you talking 'bout, we don't talk it out
We yell and take while y'all talk it out
Live everyday like a home run what I'm trying to say is we ball out
Your bedroom and your living room fit right inside my dog house
I'm searching hard for a fuck to give but I'm sorry
Looks like I'm all out You will never be a G
Gold medals on my feet
White and gold Guiseppa nigga that a be a G
Got your bitch riding with me shoulda never let her leave
I'm a dog ass nigga and you know I play for keeps
Got your ho popping molly smoking medicated weed
Got your ho giving me sloppy while I estimate my cheese
While you niggas pull up talking like a bitch I'm getting rich
Spend a band sipping lean and Memphis ten with Three 6
Wack ass rappers, fake ass trappers, shoulda won an Oscar the way they acting
Mayday action, mayday action, when we come through with it y'all stay blasting
Pay for a feature I don't wanna meet them, I don't want amigo cause we're not equal
You not gangsta, you not gangsta, you not gangsta, you not either Mafia, Mafia, Mafia-ah!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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