

# 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 be a G

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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 Guiseppe 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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