

Try Somethin (Featuring Project Pat)

Three 6 Mafia

Yeah it's Project Pat up in this
Representin' "Layin' the Smackdown", "North North"
Three 6 Mafia fin a rip it like it's supposed to be
Handle that shit Jack one, smack one, run off wit ya sack son
Anybody wit the loot, give it up or I'ma shoot
Bow down M-town, niggaz like to ride clean
Snort on some good dope, smoke on some good green
Friday payday, so I'm at the Shake Junt
Lookin' fo' a big lick, fiendin' for a fat blunt
Saw my victim caught me one slippin'
On the side of the club takin' a pissin'
No mask on face I didn't really need it
He can be damn fool and he'll get heated
Point blank, snatch bank, runnin' like a track star
Heart pumpin' fast like I ate out the crack jar
No one saw me made clean getaway
That means that I still live to get paid
Late night, all night jackin on the spizot
Breakin up a dice game or where it's hizot [Chorus: x2]
(I'm a rob me some niggaz) Mane I'm fucked up
A nigga gotta try something
(I'm a rob me some niggaz) Mane my lucks up
A nigga gotta try something
(I'm a rob me some niggaz) Mane I'm dead broke
A nigga gotta try something
(I'm a rob me some niggaz) Plus I'm out of dope
A nigga gotta try something I ran up in the bank put a tone to his head
Told the clerk this a robbery nigga drop the bread
Then I ran like a bitch when my folks was outside
So I jumped in the car, mashed the gas start to ride
the westside of Tennessee, until I heard the news
Nigga should have went to Mexico, my face was on the tube
Most wanted for a felony I should have stayed in class
I was a stupid as nigga I didn't even wear a mask I guess you know by now the BHZ do not play
My pussy valley are down and gonna spray
They still robbin' niggaz and jackin' fo yo clothes
And have you runnin round like college girls exposed
My Tulane niggaz you knowin' they stayin' strapped
Beside DJ Paul they put The Haven on the Map

But it's too many hoods in The Haven to claim
So we gon all bring guns we gon' all bring pain.[Chorus: x2]You can do what ya do to keep ya ass in
It's CB and mane I ain't playin
Wit pistol in my Muthafuckin right hand
I'm a stick it to ya body, and start demandin
Me muthafuckin money out ya fuckin pockets
Give me them rings and that fuckin' watch n you
Betta listen up before I start poppin it's me again
I'm constantly robbinSlap on his block wit the glock
And lock'em down to the rocks
Fiendin' for his knot in his pocket strip him
Down his socks, grab and feel this 44
Hopin' steam right off this scope
And I let him smoke If I go in ya pockets and ya broke
Ya got a lotta nuts rollin' my hood on ya twankies
Now ya gotta drop off them bitches and that ring on ya pankies
Either ya give me ya green, ya pills, and ya powda
Or I gotta pump the gauge and let you take a buck shot shower

Songwriters

DARNELL CARLTON, RICKY DUNIGAN, PAUL BEAUREGARD, JORDAN HOUSTON, PATRICK
HOUSTONPublished by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>