

Don't Turn Around

Project Pat

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I only fuck wit those, who only fuck wit me
A sucka play for games, a man play for keeps
I keeps me a nine millimeter just in case
A cowards in my face, these bullets, he gon' taste
A waste of your life, stepping wrong, I'm on trees
Best to leave me alone, best to go make some cheese
Enemies come in all shapes, forms, sizes, colors
Could be your best friend, cousin or brothers
I rob 'em all, just to see who got the fattest stack
Walked in the bank, put the loot in the Kroger sack
Slapped on the guard four times 'fore he passed out
Eyes on the blow and my pockets was assed out
Had on a trench coat, wig and some goggles
Ifn you resist, you may not see tomorrow
Im in there, outta there, the police couldn't get me
But I made a slip up, had a trick wit me
Dont turn around
(Give me the fucking cheese, trick)
Dont make a sound
(Show me where them keys at)
Lay it on the ground
(Knowing that your pockets fat)
'Fore I buck you down
(And Im quicks to do that)
Dont turn around
(Give me the fucking cheese, trick)
Dont make a sound
(Show me where them keys at)
Lay it on the ground
(Knowing that your pockets fat)
'Fore I buck you down
(And Im quicks to do that)
Nigga starting bragging in his hood 'bout the robbery
Wasn't long then 'fore somebody dropped the dime on me
I'ma be the one they cant get to, they picked the boy up
Run his mouth just like a fool, he gon get me fucked up
But, I'ma have to get to him before the police do
Caught up with him night and day, not him and his crew
Sprang down Chelsie Ave., kinda in the evening
For this muh'fuckas death, dawg, I was fiending
He was looking at me strange, like I'ma catcha
I done hopped out with the thang, lemme holla atcha

Foo, where you been, dog? My momma got sick, man
Fuck that got to do witchu? Hold up, I aint your bitch, manI heard you been talking your muh'fucking lips loose
(Nah, it aint like that, dawg, I aint no damn fool)
Looking in his eyes, I could see that he was so scared
I squeezed on the trigga with the gun to his foreheadDont turn around
(Give me the fucking cheese, trick)
Dont make a sound
(Show me where them keys at)Lay it on the ground
(Knowing that your pockets fat)
'Fore I buck you down
(And Im quicks to do that)Dont turn around
(Give me the fucking cheese, trick)
Dont make a sound
(Show me where them keys at)Lay it on the ground
(Knowing that your pockets fat)
'Fore I buck you down
(And Im quicks to do that)Blew the top out his skull, now they want me dead
All the niggas in his hood, police and the Feds
Stepped out of Westwood, way out of the side
On the other side of town, somewhere I can hideI done threw my life away, hunted by them by pigs
Robbing every other day, drops in off my nig
They done found my whereabouts, 'bouts to do me in
Kicking in the front door and I was in the denSK was under the couch, snatch it off the wham
Open fire on them hoes, I didn't give a damn
Blood stream was full of dope, pump off coca leaf
Feds had me under a scope and an infrared beamRifle bullet threw my throat, choking, hit tha flo
Gunpowder in my mouth, knocking Heaven's door
Street life done took me out and that shit aint fake
I done fuck myself off 'cause I made a mistake

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