

# Cheese And Dope

## Project Pat

[Project Pat] I been slanging on this green green that I done get cut  
by these police making raids, jumping out chicken nutz  
couldn't ball, down to none, got this weed is in my lungs  
nigga's stick me for a bag, I'ma shoot 'em in his ass  
I'ma show 'em who the boss, when you niggaz gonna learn  
When you cross in this game, then yo ass will get hurt  
When my turn? or my time? rock a what, for a dime  
Takin' fair chance after chance, but I got to dance  
Take the rules of this shit, that's why I keep a revolver  
I've been heard you're robbers, don't want no other robbers boy  
I done and scald ya, with pistol slapped cross mouth  
Reach in niggaz pockets, and take yo money out  
When you know what's goin', you got cheese, I got dope  
For da 900th stone, I got peas, I got coke  
ain't no credit give mang you could get from round here  
Niggas robbing, niggas banging niggas slangin' down here  
[chorus] I got cheeeese, hoez, and a bunch of fucking dope  
I got peeeeeas, coke, and some killaz at da doo'  
hyyydro weed smoke, and a quarter ounce of dough  
what yoooouuuu need brah, is to fuck wit yo boy  
[Project Pat] You heard word? what's the word? but you dawgs is da low  
selling weed and this weed, but you won't complain a stoo'  
I'ma go, I'ma pull, leave a rabbit out a hat  
On some cane, mr.sugar, and some killaz strapped wit gats  
Always trying to be slick, you done stepped in some shit  
  
You done broke ghetto laws, you could tote a fuckin jaws  
Nigga boy, he ain't know, cus da street never minds  
Walk right up on yo ass, shoot you, right between the eyes,  
you be stinkin' wit the flies  
walking around on chrome, wit yo bitch, smokin' dro  
fucking all in yo home, while she kissing on ma lips,  
She be sucking on ma dick, grip the glock - sixteen booms as I dip  
Through the streets of da hood, north memphis hollywood  
Represent it, to da max, out this out of state facts  
Trying to stack me some pape's, got my foot on you snakes  
Trying to squeeze, hustle-in, for you niggaz that I fade  
[chorus 2x] You could duck from the tech, on da scaldae  
Once I get my cheese, or my flow, then I must be paid

If you want to come against me dawg, bring your whole brigade  
Get you suckaz sliced, like a dog, with a swisher blade  
Sippin' on some pauly vision, like some sweet kool-aid  
Strapped with me, an automatic gun, don't you violate  
Niggaz ain't gonna snitch on me dawg, i didn't hesitate  
Caught him, at the projects one day, sent him, to his grave  
Playaz wanna come through the hood, but they got the fear  
Knowing it ain't all to the good, you could get it here  
Wrong place, at the wrong time, calling "sip" let's go  
Wope fiends, keep me on the map, and my pockets full  
Eyes red ass hell, 'cause I ain't had a blink of sleep  
Snorted a quarter ball, so that U, could stay on my feet  
Trick's in this bitch, just as same as a nigga too  
If you trusting hoes in this game, you're a dammn fool..  
[chorus till end]

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