

2 Dollar Niggas

Project Pat

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Project Pat, from the street nigga, I'm bringin' this heat nigga
Never do I back down, don't accept defeat nigga
Calico's, bulletholes, gun shells left on site
Niggaz killed over hoes or, over left and right
Hats cocked, guns pop, quick to have a trigger fit
On a punk trick, knowin' good and well he counterfeit
All you do is talk, out'cha mouth, you don't never do
Nothin' that you say, out'cha cap, it ain't never true
Bury you, quicker than a nigga that done told somethin'
Seen you in the club beat you down like you owe somethin'
Know, somethin' wrong pistol playa, call you gun show
Real niggaz mayne, never speak what we don't know

(Mayne I got that kush kush) You ain't got nothin'
(Mercedes I push push) Mayne quit'cha frontin'
(Made a fifty thousand dollar stang) Nigga you's a liar
(Fool I'm out here sellin' ki's) You needs to retire
You's a babbage weed seller and a watered down Henn' dranker
I heard you snitched out ya crew, you's a ship sanker
Them hollow points in the gun gonna deal wit'cha
I'll wipe the smile off ya face when the steel hit'cha
2 dollar niggaz claim they chargin' and playin' whores
But they is out here flaugin' and payin' whores
Nigga you trippin', datin', and meetin' whores?
Claimin' you pimpin', savin' and eatin' whores?

One day you wearin' red, and then it's blue the next
2 dollar niggaz be the main ones flippin' sets
You say you grippin' techs, regulatin' wit' the torch
Was 25 and you decided, to jump off the porch?
If he get caught, mouth run hot, like broke radiator
Tell about the spots, and the plots, and the perpetrators
You treat the cops, like ya pops, 'cause ya runnin' to 'em
I'm non-stop, wit' that glock, put that gun into him
These older niggaz put these youngsters on a bloody stage
That's why these young niggaz get killed, at an early age
Sent on a dummy mission from a dummy in a cage
2 dollar leadership'll put you in a early grave