

90 Days

Project Pat

''talking''

it was a hot summers night i was kickin it with gangsta.. fred
out at hide park
rollin chasin paper.known we keep tha best of green so you know
i'm
smokin,lotta niggaz out here clean so you know i'm scopin.i ain
t wit that
scuffin shit, or wit being broken,waitin for a sucka to stick,
yeah thats what
i was hopin.spotted me a nigga,candy paint a hundred spokin,sip
pin on his
liquor wit that blowface on that cokin,bullets they will burn j
ust like lava
that is molten,you victims will learn to resist'll get ya croak
in.always kept a
thang and bandana never knowin,when i have ta git my mayne,pull
em out and poke
em,all up in ya grill ya drops it off,cuz i have spoken, i know
that your
sick,but lets not git ya momma mopein,snatched him out tha car
hit tha gas dawg
it's hissin,he down came on down, but out his head a patch was
missin.

90 days at tha penna farm(that aint shit)3 bags and a firearm(t
hat aint
shit)bogus tags and a bench warrant(that aint shit)police all a
t my mommas
home(that aint shit)

left tha car weeks behind cypress garden projects,east memphis
where we make
the stang, and thats to far bet,nigga hit up fred for some rims
, he said
whatcha like,sold em to our nigga bigga mayne out at mitchell h
eights,made tha
quicky change then we went and bought a pound pound,straight ta
gangstaz house
with no remorse we broke it down down,20 dollar bags all in nor
th memphis serve
em up,ridin wit these bogus tags,mayne we aint givin a fuck,map
core on chelsea
ave seen tha sucka that we got,we done sold a bag to his patna
now he lookin
hot,raisin up a pistol dawg and nigga started blastin, i return
ed tha favor,
you know me no questions askin,donuts in tha lot tha niggaz pul
led off we got

blocked in,i hopped out tha car seen tha police and threw thegl
ock in..to the
garbage can, they did'nt see me but they caught a nigga wit the
m three bags
gangsta fred wit his steel trigga,