

Cocaine

Project Pat

Cocaine... cocaine... cocaine.... cocaine

We can snort it we can flip it, we can snort it we can flip it

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I had rocks, in my mouth, razorblade, in my hand

If a nigga hittin' dope, then you get it from the man

Understand, I can do the thang, any way you want it

We can make it quarter key, or a ball for the hundred

Want it now, maybe wanna come, through a lil' later

Got a line, up my nose, size of, the equator

Take a ounce, of that pure, then make it into two

Bakin' soda make it stretch, on the stove it'll brew

Come on through, I ain't worried 'bout no niggaz on a jackin'

I got killers front and back do', who ain't on no actin'

Guns clackin' triggers pull, sendin' suckers straight to Heaven

You'll get hit, in the head, wit' this AK-47

Residue, on the table from the ki's we's choppin'

Our, balls big as, golfballs, we's been sno'tin'

Up all night, in this trap house, niggaz know we got clout

'Caine slangers on the blade know, what I'm talkin' 'bout

'Bout to bring the snow, to the hood like a blizzard

Dodgin' police and this trap they movin', like a lizard

Hoovin', got a pipeline, comin' out of Dallas

Got a mansion in Memphis, down there, got a palace

I'm addicted to this hustle game, just, like the 'caine

Tell myself, I'mma quit, but I can't, stop it mayne

Love the cars, love the clothes, diamonds, in my mouth

Down here, dope is cheaper so we boomin' down south

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