

County Jail

Project Pat

I don't wanna go to county jail no more more more
Its a big fat policeman at my door door door
He'll snatch you by yo collar make you pay a dollar
I don't wanna go t county jail no more more more

Where is Project? Where is Project?
Here I go here I go
Suckas wanna take me suckas wanna break me
Yeah I know yeah I know
Here they come tha policia servin me a warrant
Blastin off my piece-ia that's how I responded
Eyes red off this refia stangin like a hornet
Hood slang what I speak to ya thugs get up on it
Hoppin out like a frog ribbit ribbit ribbit ribbit
Pointed toes dodgin laws let me feel it can I hit it
Freak ones wit tha curly tongues sturdy givin puns
Early birds came to put the worm right down they lungs
Gimme some little incident when them blues'll flash
Jump and grab on the atf then I mash tha gas
They just love mane to pull me ova cause I'm ghetto star
Any weapons any drugs sir searchin in my car

Sugar me timba dog and blow me down
Pullin out tha tone tone and yall don't make a sound
Lay it down for tha mista twista bottle caps
Stick em up like a pirate but without a patch
Chitty chitty bang bang nuthin but cheese mane
Nitty gritty what I get to wit my thang thang
When you try to come around-a don't try to down tha
I represent tha dirty M to tha town-a
Po-pos they be watchin chickens are flockin
I'm game for some brain we call Doc and lockin
Tha green is inhaled-a drunk like a sailor
Did you see tha whale-a mane on her tail-a
Tha jail I was locked up hell what I went through
Went just like a chef cause I kept a Ginsu
Project doin time now that's just a no no
I don't wanna go to jail no a mo' mo'

Ba-ba-buka chickens don't be kissin me
Like Alfred Hitchcock this really ain't no mystery
Tha game don't stizop to hell wit suckas dissin me
A burnt up blizock will send you penitentiary
Get caught by tha narcs for slammin on tha con-a-crete
Charge partna talk for straight killin on tha street
You need to wa-watch tha company you keepin wit
Tha tones p--p-pop tha bullets goin for a snitch
A North Memphis veteran I ain't scared of nann
Keep my hand on tha metal friend and that's off tha wam
Understand where I'm comin from playas flexin
Crown Vics, trucks, Chevy, Max, and them Lexins
You can keep it on tha lowskey or get you some time
All these hatas gettin nose you stay on tha grind
Like Aaliyah robadowsky knockin suckas out
Ain't no goin back to pokey what I'm talkin bout