

# Don't Turn Around

Project Pat

I only fuck wit those, who only fuck wit me  
A sucka' play for games, a man play for keeps  
I keeps me a nine millimeter just in case  
A coward's in my face  
These bullets he gon taste

A waste of your life, steppin' wrong, I'm on trees  
Best ta leave me alone, best ta go make some cheese  
Enemies come in all shapes, forms, sizes, colors  
Could be your best friend, cousin, or brothers

I'll rob'em all, just to see who got the fatty stack  
Walked in the bank, put the loot in the codauh sack  
Slapped on the guard four times fo' he passed out  
Eyes on that blow and my pockets was assed out  
Had on a trench coat, wig and some goggles  
If'n you resist, you may not see tomorrow  
I'm in there, I den dared the police couldn't get me  
But I made a slip up: had a trick wit me.

Don't turn around (Give me the fuckin' cheese trick)  
Don't make a sound (Show me where them keys at)  
Lay it on the ground (knowing that your pockets fat)  
Fore' I buck you down (and I'm quicks' to do that)

Nigga starting braggin' in his hood bout the robbery  
Wasn't long then, fore' somebody dropped the dime on me  
I'm'a be the one they can't get to, they picked the boy up  
Run his mouth just like a fool, he gon' get me fucked up  
But, I'm'a have to get to him before the police do-a  
Caught up with him night and day, not him and his crew-a  
Sprang down Chelsie Ave. kinda in the evening  
For this muhfuckas death, dawg I was fiend'n  
He was looking at me strange, like I'm'a catcha  
I done hopped out with the thang, lemme holla at'cha,  
Foo, where you been dog? (My momma got sick, main!)  
Fuck that got to do wit'chu? (Hold up I ain't your bitch, main!)  
I heard you been talking your muh-  
fuckin' lips loose (Nah, it ain't like that dawg, I ain't no damn fool)  
Looking in his eyes, I could see that he was so scared  
I squeezed on the trigga with the gun to his fo'-head.

Blew the top out his skull, now they want me dead  
All the niggas in his hood, police and the feds  
Stepped out of Westwood, way out of the side  
On the other side of town, somewhere I can hide  
I done threw my life away, hunted by them by pigs  
Robbing every other day, drops in off my nig  
They done found my whereabouts, bouts' to do me in  
Kickin' in the front door, and I was in the den  
SK was under the couch, snatch it off the wham  
Open fire on them hoes, I didn't give a damn  
Blood stream was full of dope, pump off coca leaf  
Feds had me under a scope, and an infrared beam  
Rifle bullet threw my throat, chokin', hit tha flo'  
Gunpowder in my mouth, knockin' heavens door  
Street life done took me out, and that shit ain't fake

I done fuck myself off, cause a bad mistake