

# Ghetty Green

## Project Pat

Man, Project Pat in the house  
This go out to all the real niggas out there havin' money  
Ghetty green, that cheese, that feddi, that loot  
Better watch your back man  
'Cause your friends out to get you for your shit  
This is to all these niggas crossin' us here  
Smile in your motherfuckin' face  
Turn around and stab you in your motherfuckin' back  
In a motherfuckin' heartbeat  
If I ever catch one of you niggas man  
That's a motherfuckin' murder off the top, boy!  
Fo' sho', nigga

Ghetty green, ghetty green  
I gotta get the green  
Ghetty green, ghetty green  
And that's by any means

I'm the man wit the plan  
Wit the gaze, wit the mask  
Steppin' up to ya fast  
Layin' you in the grass  
All your blood, ain't no love, on the street  
Wit no police, everybody is a rat, everybody's 'bout the greens  
You know me, I know you  
We grew up in the pen, but it wasn't face to face  
You was out, I was in  
Doin' time off a crime I committed in the past  
I'ma O.G. on the town  
As a O.G. I'ma last  
In the past I was known as that nigga who would snap  
I was quick to bill a cap, but it had to be a jack-  
Type move, real cool, yeah that's how he thought we was  
Use ta kick it everyday, smokin' out on that bud  
That's my dog, that's my nig', that's a bad young brotha  
I just got out the pen, I'ma broke-lookin' sucka  
Man, fuck that young busta  
Eighty grand at his house  
Seen his momma at the store  
Stuck a nine in her mouth

Mastermind, that's the kind of a man that's in my nature  
I'ma nigga you don't trust, I'ma killer, maybe raper  
I can take a person's life with a knife or a tone  
Used his moms as my victim then I called him on the phone  
What's up John, where the green, and I ain't gon' ask you twice  
Bring it over by yourself, or I'll take your momma's life  
In the life of a dealer, they can never call police  
Undercover knowin' this  
Secrecy, that's the key  
One two three knocks at the door  
Somethin's lookin' funny  
Then my dog let 'im in with his friend and the money  
You'se a dummy if you think I'ma let you live sucka  
(Aw man, thought we was straight!)

You'se a dead motherfucker!  
Shot the joker in his mouth

Bullet went through his jaw  
Had to take his momma out 'cause I'm down for the cause  
Fuck the laws if they come  
Then I'm goin' wit a blast  
Looked his partna in his eyes, then I murdered his ass!

I'm the man doin' deals wit the man gettin' robbed  
It's gon' be a violent crime  
One that will not get solved  
When I rob me a fool  
It's a duh that his bitch front like I'm sellin' ki's  
Then I'm game for the switch  
Switcharoo on your ass  
Duffle bag full of cash  
Then my thugs pullin' up cockin' pumps in the masks  
Hit the dash in the black tinted Chevy, trick it in  
Now we on the 'spressway  
Brought it down, tell my friend  
Once again I done pulled off another master plan  
Four days downtown  
Found a Chevy wit a man's dead body  
Somebody shoulda known betta, dog  
O.G.'s on the loose  
And we gettin' 'bout our hog  
Y'all niggas slangin' dope  
Should expect a jackin' car jack set up, bitch  
Or a damn kidnappin'  
But a nigga like me  
I'm your neighborhood fiend  
Thinkin' of comin' clean  
All about that ghetty green, ghetty green