

How It Goes In The Gutta

Project Pat

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So this is how it ends? Hype standin' o-ver my carcass
Snatchin' up my dope, runnin' off, in-to the darkness
Hyde Park, niggaz, Hollywood, killin' for war just
Dope bein' sold, out the back, do' of them porches
Told my lil nigga leave the paint, off of the Caddy
Carjacked and killed, his lil' girl, left wit' no daddy
Ten years later daddy's death, still ???
The saw was bein' drought, momentarily buy marijuana
Rock, after rock is bein' slung, daughters are hungry
Mama's debit card is zero, I got the moment
Trappin' in this trap, coldhearted guns that'll kill ya
Smith & Wesson hollow tips, mayne that'll drill ya

Standin' in the door-way, hand on the throw-way
Some niggaz ride by, I spy, lookin' my way
Shady looks don't make sense, so I got on de-fense
Mossberg cocked mayne turn yo' flesh to meat mince
Poppin' off, at the first sign of some static
Gotta keep it safe for the dope, and the addicts
We swangin' these boat loads, dodgin' the po'-po's
Duckin' time on this crime, mission out a boat load
Don't know, if we have to blast or get blasted
K bullet blow ya skull off, it was drastic
You niggaz don't, really want beef, you can sang it
The real question is cow-ard, will ya brang it?