

Niggas Bleed Like I Bleed

Project Pat

This yo course niggas
Say none of that sucka duck ass shit
Nigga it's that real street music
Project Pat
Hear you guys scream, HAM in the streets

I knew this dude named Ricky, real slicky, only tryina get
Over on his plug for some bricks
I just keep my hands dirty in the middle
Make a quick glass buckle come up
And Slick keep his mouth shut
Plug weed fore I make the deal
Whipin all the shells off, somebody might get killed
In the field that I'm in, this the streets, we don't play fair
Kidnap more for SR, call it barnfare
Take the stairs in the back of motel 6
He in 1-3-11, boss set him up wait
Real killa, bet he thought was coke deala
But he dead wrong,
Pull them burners out that suitcase, we're them Ricks Jones

You niggas bleed like I bleed
Picture me being scared
Of a nigga who breathe the same air as me
You niggas bleed like I bleed
Picture me being shook,
When you niggas I really whacks and nigga I'm a crook
You niggas bleed like I bleed
Picture my kids crying,
Stomach touching they backs
For the bread somebody's dying
You niggas bleed like I bleed
And if it's real beef,
You can cut all that talkin now,
Let's meet up in the streets

He pulled a burner, had to burn him, that'll learn him
Bullets hit him in his shoulder and his chest through his sternum
It was curtains for a nigga
If I'm go, that's a 100 years
My life in the judge's hands or I'm judged by my peers
Oh no, chucka ball 'cause she can't identify, blew my hyne
When I saw how high brains really fly
From the force of the magnum,
Had to wrap them bodies up in garbage bags
Then I had to drag them
Bricks in the duffle bag worth over 80 grand
Called my nigga Rick and told him I ain't even show it man
Man I couldn't even do it man
You know what I'm sayin?
Aye man you know some will get us up messed
Too hot out here and I'm on parole
Just keep me bashin and get this message homey

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