

Posse Song

Project Pat

Hen hen hen-o-sin
Make a playa sin
Mix it in with the white gin
Here we go again
Project Pat, gotta keep a strap
Haters know I rap
Wanna shoot me in my gold teeth, blow me off the map
I attack like a shark would
Represent this hood
North Memphis nigga, Hollywood
Make it understood
In my blood, ain't no traitness
Or no fakeness
And no hoe couldn't break this
You can hate this

This bitch that bitch, nigga here's the deal
Crunchy ain't runnin round here fakin deals
Crunchy runnin round here tryna get a mil
While you fakin a deal, it don't cost nothin to be real
All you gotta do is keep that shit real
Don't be runnin round here hollarin you got deals
Don't be runnin round here hollarin that you will kill
It don't cost nothing to be real
But it cost when you kill

I'm bout to crash into you suckaz like the world trade
I'm ridin green Escalade
Full of green grenades
You hoes always hollarin that we be some bitches and shit
But every time I turn around you got our name on your shit
I used to be with them
Mane i'm still with them
You wish you was with them
How the fuck you hate them
When you always claimin them
I think its funny cuz yall faggots be still, callin my studio
Tryna get back, stay who you with, cuz I don't need you hoe

I call up my niggaz, we buck and toss with no mercy hoe
We packin this guage and decorating you with bullet holes
La Chat I be ready, you bout to say for no reason shit
That leaves me no choice, to grab my glock and fuck up your wig
You think killa talk
But ain't no kill in your blood boy
That infrared be beamin i got ya scopin behind ya door
You niggaz can't take it, you hate the fact that we runnin it
You ain't gotta love it, but you gonna learn to respect it bitch

Got some syrup in my cup, got some smoke in my mouth
Got some white in my nose, got your bitch on the couch
Got her head in my lap, trick I gotta keep it South
Got a problem with Three Six? gotta blow your brains out
Got the South sewed up
Got the guns, load up
Fuckin with the Scarecrow, that'll get ya blown up
It's a hold up

Everybody fold up
Niggaz talk like they tough
But they ain't got no nuts, bitch

I'm shootin a dyke in her breast-o
Coward in his chest-o
And this police nigga what we call him Donnie Brasco
If you bitches want war, you can bring it, lets go
When i put this tone in ya face, presto
A killa in a black coat, gonna make a mess tho
Leave ya in the street with a bloody Willie Esco
Drankin on some scotch, and we choppin down that cocoa
Tryna roll some pot in a fuckin optimo (mo)

Dont you make the wrong move, and you get your ass killed dog
A fake ass nigga but he claimin that he real dog
You ain't got to lie to kick it actin like he down dog
Always lookin like tryna wear a murder frown dog
Don't you get smacked and be gettin off the pavement dog
Don't you make me act a fool with some bad behavior dog
Hypnotize Camp Posse got my fuckin back dog
Frayser Boy'll leave ya stankin pop you with the gat dog

I'm watchin out for you polices niggaz we tight
This unit rip your head in pieces, I know you feel it
These lyrics just like Mona Lisa's cuz you can sell it
The Posse click tight like feces, I know you smell it
This ghetto hood shit is crucial, just like a murda
You step hoe then we shoot ya, we quick to serve ya
You hate us, then it's mutual, so don't be scared a
The H-C-P'll do ya, mane we gon hurt ya