

# Rinky Dink / Whatever Ho

Project Pat

Yeah you muthafuckin' hoes  
Y'all know the muthafuckin' dead Hypnotize Camp and Profit Posse in this  
muthafucka  
Get one of these gold plaques on the wall before you talk some old  
muthafuckin' shit  
Bitch, it's whatever nigga  
We in this muthafucka for the 9-9, 9's to your head ho  
(Mafia, Mafia, Mafi-ya, ya, Mafia, Mafia, Mafi-ya, ya)

Glock 9's, Tech 9's, any kinda gun bitch  
Evergreen gats have got these cowards on the run bitch  
Kill 'em like they convicts  
Know they hear them guns click  
Doped up like a muthafucka (Cough, Cough, Snort)  
You could catch me in the same hood, on the fuckin' same block  
With a pearl Rolex watch, and a knot, and a glock  
9 o'clock clock nigga like to slang cuz I be hustlin' weight and  
We gon' put a end to you hoes and you niggaz hatin'

I'ma be every fuckin' piece of skrilla cheese out here I can make  
I'ma break every fuckin' bitch, fatalities that I can bring  
I'ma millie my pillie but killie, killin' everything that I wanna kill  
You weak ass niggaz don't want Lord Infamous from South Parkway to get ill  
Long from the norm, we get dumb with a bomb, with the guns you bitches y'all  
best get steel  
Scarecrow, Club House, yes it gets ill  
So, all y'all listen closely don't you ever forget  
Y'all wouldn't, Y'all never be shit with out us bitch  
Don't forget

Killin' ain't shit  
Bitches ain't shit  
Niggaz ain't shit  
Bodies in a ditch  
How many niggaz done talked that shit  
About the Project fuckin' Pat, Thug Posse ya bitch  
Niggaz gon' talk, bitches gon' start  
Muthafuckaz gonna get they bodies in a trunk  
All I want is cash  
Muthafuckaz have  
Get down on your knees  
Gimme all your cash

Whoa, muthafucka watch yourself, just watch your back  
Cause still we chillin' with Pat  
Straped with them gats  
Be ready to attack  
All you hatin' ass niggaz that wanna jump, yo punk what's up  
You better come up real with your muthafuckin' shit, cause boy, it's gonna  
get rough  
Situation's gone bad, for you niggaz claimin' killaz  
Automatic triggaz pullin' drillin' holes inside your liver  
How you figure, I was gon' let you talk that shit and peep these streets  
Sayin' "That ScanMan boy's a bitch" know watch them throw lights out in my  
head

Killin', buckin', buckin up in Gunfire



Alot of gunfire, bustin' on you hoes to get my point across  
Ridin' in your hood and let the muthafuckin' bullets toss  
Tossin' me a berries pack, now I'm tossin' you some dramma  
Ridin' with my congregation, and we smokin' on marijuana  
If you wanna go to war with us, we prepared to bust  
Caught that niggaz slippin' at his place, shot him in his face  
Now I race, from the scenery, blowin' on greenery  
Know I got a temper but you tricks wanna be mean to me  
It's the weak, told to tell 'em, Julius Caesar, how he rolls  
Newspaper, told to tell 'em, how he just got lnocked of his toes  
You should know, that we rollin' deep, hittin' like a train  
Kiss the floor, don't be lookin' dumb cause I don't explain  
I maintain, killaz catchin' drinks, Project cathin' cappers  
Shootin' at your muthafuckin' lane, they be catching vapors  
Playa Haters, violatiers, bullshitters, this for y'all  
Boy I keep a big gun, you don't want none