

See You Fall

Project Pat

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I just wanna talk to y'all for a second, man
Some knowledge man, some real shit. See, you can
Do what you do, man, and have fun with it, but you
Gotta watch who the fuck you doin' it with. 'Cause
Niggaz always tryin' to throw a banana peel in front
Of you. Nigga wanna see you fall, they don't wanna
See you ball. For real

I'm a ball 'til I fuckin' crawl
But dot my I's, cross my Ts and dodge the law
A bitch nigga will do anything to see you fall
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We got pistols in the car, and the dope in our system
Nigga sittin' on them bricks, slippin' could come up missin'
'Cause you cowards hate to see the real come up off the drugs
Hate to turn us on to plugs, nigga come up off the druggs
I ain't sayin' it no more, 'cause these triggas'll get swoll
Another clip on the gun, you'll receive an extra hole
The truth to be told, you was wanted from the get-go
A watered down nigga, like the gas at a Citgo
Project hittin' licks though, takin' from rich po
Suckas wishin' that I fall, naw I ain't gone let go
Niggas see me in the streets prayin' I get popped
Now fuck a crooked cop, and I'm risin' I can't stop

Mayn I knew this nigga that a nigga used to mess with
He done went and snitched to this broad I used to mess with
Told her all my business, how a nigga will break the law
Nigga what you whistle when this forty five take your jaw
Sold drugs on the corner wit' cha tryin' to get rich
Thought you was a big playa, naw you was a big snitch
Switchin' up your story boy you're hotter than a burnt chicken
Caught you with a brick, Feds threatened and you turned chicken
Yeah, you suckas hatin' me, 'cause I'm outshinin' ya
Hustle 'til the dough gone, me I'm out grindin' ya
Hypnotize minds and the jewelry straight blindin' ya
Niggaz bring and wanna get, mayne we ain't signin' ya

You know we do dat my nigga. You cut your own throat. It's over with
Ain't no gettin' fresh. You niggaz see these Benzes out here. You niggaz see
These BMWs out here. You niggaz see these Hummers on 30s out here
Nigga we rep the Dirty South, nigga. North Memphis
South Memphis, the gutter boy. Real niggaz who don't run their caps when the
Going get tough nigga. Real niggaz don't snitch on their dogs. Niggaz out he
re
Tellin'. Mayne you niggaz ain't real. Nigga kill yourself, I don't care how
many
Bodies you got under your belt, nigga. When them Feds caught up with you
You told 'em. Nigga you's a punk. Understand me, nigga, ain't no rank in the
Hood no mo. You don't exist. You might as well grew up with a, with a penis
In your mouth and in your booty nigga. Nigga you's a snitch nigga! Kill your
self!
Real talk, swallow some cyanide punk! You ain't the truth no mo! Your rep do
n't stand
Over here nigga. I'm a tell you somethin'. When you get out, we'll be waitin

'

On ya. With those hollow slugs and those hi-glow shots. That's how we roll
BOY! You know the business!