

Whole Lotta Weed

Project Pat

Real players like to smoke a (whole lotta weed)
Drinking bottles of that liquor (all that we need)
This 9mm (will make you bleed)
I advise you niggas (don't fuck with me)

Real players like to smoke a
Stroke a offa in her throat
Bend over let me poke her
Don't take me for a joker
Hollows will make you croaka
My hands around your throat
Grip grip tight and choke her
Hate hate me for no reason
Beat beat your like a ??
Pumpkin head what you getta
It must be Killing season
For some droppas and suckers
Coward ass motherfuckers
Popping off that cappa
Could get you killed like others
Maybe it's not your time
Maybe it could be mine
Then put me in a box and bury me with my nine
Forty-Four and my side
Haters up in ??
Wishing they put the bullets up in my body
But that's if I'm a gonna
When I smell the aroma
Of brown cold liquor and polted marijuana
Project Pat in this bitch
Trying to man get richer
The first hit off this dope is gonna get you

Stay down about you gama
Fama I never claimer
For those who are a stranger
Strange cause I do not know
Chip chip on your should've
I'm knock in out your teeth
Hits hard just like a boulder
I'm creeping in the Nova
A nigga done got boulder
His life is gonna be over
Grey tape with clip banana
I kidnap I can handle
He came to me with Anna
He should of mind his manners
I hit him with the tecca
Damn near tore off his necka
He praying I'm gonna squash him
He should've prayed to Mecca
You haters like to tick me
Squeeze triggers till I'm empty
This weed turned me out
I damn near let it ??
Smoking nothing but that fire
(Damn that was my last line dog)

Nigga you're a liar
So you trying to screw me
I told you not to do me
I'm drinking on that brewsky
This shit is going threw me

Whole lotta whole lotta whole lotta.....
Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey

Out the pen
One more get
Is your dog stacking ens
Making cheese fucking hoes
Knocking ducks off they toes
Up the nose
Goes the white
Pimping hoes take a flight
Like a kite like a plane
My nigga I'm the man
Mister don't take no shit
Mister well take your bitch
Ten toes bout to bes
Cowards cant handle these
Scandal these ? north
Bout to bust on my boys
Check niggas for they grip
Pistols swing busted lip
Busted chops that's your ass
Punk bitch wheres the cash
Money green cheddar cheese
All bitches hit they knees
Serve em up ready to rock
Disturbute them on the track
Always keep a mere glock
Place it up to your back
Fat sacks your smocking on
Mack man with a tone
P-A-T bout the lout
Riding by then I shoot
Who's to say cheefin hay
Hustling to get pay
Round the clock
Round the way
Getting minds every day