

# You Know The Biss

Project Pat

Mane you know the business  
Mane you know the business  
Playa gon' shine trick  
You ain't on my level trick  
Mane you know the business  
Mane you know the business  
Catch up wit' cha kind mane  
I don't deal wit' fakeness

Still a mack  
Still a thug  
Still a mane showing love  
To my dawgs, to my folks  
Violators be slugs in ya back  
Ratta-tat  
It's your dawg Project Pat  
In da hood having fun  
Sippin' on Parmason  
Give me some, show me love  
Like the man up above  
Spread my wings like a dove  
Mean mug niggas looking  
And a henn from a smile  
Bucket side blood cooking  
Got a problem wit' my style  
Wit' the click,, wit' the clan  
Lanes I don't understand  
If you feel that you real  
Fuck it's on lightning  
On the real hoes but they mouth  
And get pimp smacked  
Automatic gat, get yo' motherfuckin' head crack  
Heat tight, trick tight  
Killas pullin' pistol plates  
When you pull ya tone  
My nig' that's where you gon' lay  
I'm a say this to you haters wit' the problem  
Step up to the Patsta  
Boy I'm a solve'em

All in my face  
And he knowing he don't like me  
Proably wanna shoot me  
Maybe even fight me  
Suck me, paid me  
Mane that's what yo' bitch do  
Loving me the most cause I let her do the click to  
Profit Posse all these hoes never frontin'  
Mane they off that ezay  
Gobblin' up somethin'  
Dick in ya mouth  
Slow it down wit' that rough stuff  
Five vicious catos curling like a chesse puff  
Chesse first cap blast  
AC Rolls in the tenet  
(Baby what's been goin' on)  
Nothing hoe but the dick

Got me bent out of shape  
To you hoes that are fake  
Get the fuck out my face  
Before I shoot you in ya face  
Murder rate,shell increase  
Mother-fuck the police  
Ridin' up on yo' ass,in ya ass  
Be decrease,never peace  
Where I live know for the cross-cut  
First haters step  
First haters get tossed out