

## Stop No Show

La Chat

man, I'm tired of this shit  
You need to get yo shit, and get  
Fuck you, you get yo muthafuckin shit  
I don't give a fuck who name on the light bill  
Yo muthafuckin ass up out of here  
Nigga, dem yo stank ass, dirty ass draws on the muthafuckin floor  
Get dem dirty ass draws, and clothes  
ahh, you got me so mess up now,  
Nigga, you already mess up  
[Project pat]let me tell you something man, look all you  
yo name on the rent,  
I don't give a fuck, THIS MY SHIT, I RUN THIS  
WHAT, all you doing is cooking that burnt ass chicken,  
Eating popcorn, and drinking, and drinking all damn day  
nigga, It fed yo muthafuckin ass, you ain't had no  
Problem when you was eating the shit, lickin' yo fingers and shit  
man, you got me mess up!  
FUCK YOU!

(Project Pat)

I don't need you anymore (that's right, that's right)  
So, you can get yo little ass out the door (that's right, that's right)  
Don't every bite the dick that feeds you ho (that's right, that's right)  
Cause don't know ho, start no show (that's right, that's right)

[La Chat]I got you hot, I'm at the top of the charts, so muthafuck ya  
Nigga you can get the fuck on, cause I don't love ya  
I don't want ya trick, fuck the hoes that you cheated wit  
Now, we ain't together, you be claiming, you ain't gotta a bitch  
Nigga please, know that you thought, that I would leave ya  
Nigga please, know that you thought, a bitch need ya  
Fuck you up, is for the good that I done left ya, man  
La Chat got ya sick, cause I'm moving on to better things  
Gotta nigga break down fuck me all against the wall  
Tell me that he love me, taking shopping sprees at the mall  
Clean my truck, keep yo son, boy, I'm out here living large  
When I'm on my tour, he be giving me his credit cards  
When I hit the door, we be fuckin on the kitchen floor  
He be eating my pussy, but of course you know you is the pro  
Fuckin up wit you, had me thinking dreams ain't true  
Now, sittin' here thinking, why the fuck I every fuck wit you

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[Project Pat]I'm have to holla back at cha, flip you like a spatula  
Turn you into a bachelorette and I'm a be a bachelor  
I'm a la spectacular, living like a macula  
No, fix hair, fresh clothes, you on crackula  
Dollars we can stackula, you wanted to actula  
Like you was the boss, and you suck me dry like Dracula  
You deserve a smackula, better yet a snapula  
Right across yo lips, work your hips on the trackula  
Fuck 'em til you sense-u-less, captin so ridiculous

Never hear, what you say, cause you speaking gibberish  
You the bitch, yapping squaw, for some dick, on the stalk  
You done got your walking papers, now it's time for you to walk  
Step on off and be a mom, dem yo kids I got none  
You at home feeding yo son, but I'm out having fun  
Riding clean smelling good, dipping in ya neighborhood  
Saw you at the mattabus, looking hard, wish ya could

(Project Pat)

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[Project Pat] I'm a gorilla on a ho-a, so BITCH don't you start  
The cap cock booty ho, and the every card  
Go steal a credit card, so we can play some paper  
You got a rumpshaker, now that's a moneymaker  
I'm mean a dummy breaker, don't be no instigator  
I'll beat the brakes on yo ass like the terminator  
I used to fuck, freaky slut, in the bo, bo (booty)  
I fired you, now you looking like some dodo  
A rudy poo poo, that what ya really is  
Ain't buying shit for dem rats, ho dem ain't my kids  
You come a crying back-a, the key is what you lack- a  
You drink some gasoline, I'm a bout to strike a match-a  
I don't got nothing for-a, see you and I ignore ya  
You used to be a vette (corvette), now you an old Explorer  
It ain't a thang you can do to get back in either  
You won't even get the privilege to suck peter

(Project Pat)

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