

# Crash Da Clubs

Project Pat

Multiple mental scares, outlining your insides wit bars  
Gripp'in your nina hard, bitch my blood inhated by heart  
When I buck you gonna start recognize life is a game  
And it's always the same them dice you rolling ain't bout to change  
I'm snatch your chain, reimbursing you with some pain  
It's all over mane in which direction he make inzane  
I ain't bout that fame I'm bout the cheese, that this bout to bring  
So fuck your hoe name, with you my faith was lacking some things  
I'm starting allover with composition sticky like doja  
And I thought I told ya when I come thru I'm crushing like boulders  
I'm hard to top shoot at plenty I bet it gonna knock,  
Whatever I drop, but even your bitch can touch whatever I got  
You wildin or not is so bring your beef to the spot  
Hope that you got your glock I'm strapped with no hesitance to pop  
So back your words up and keep on choking out on that cock  
You like it or not its everlasting, ain't bout to stop

We bout to crash da clubs, throw some chairs break some'in

Rotten core to the bone with no way home and destination bitch  
I see you flying blind and you implying that I been trading bitch  
And I helped you out and I put your name across the nation bitch  
And I got the champ It's all the jealousy up in you bitch  
Now how do you think you going to get a piece of my wealth  
I created and sculpted, molded and made myself  
I'm furiously gifted, lyrically raised in hell  
If you want it, come get it you better brace yourself  
My provocative rocket wetting hoes on sight  
Interactive disaster crucial a pond your flight  
Better watch I will ride especially at night  
I got a bullet in chamber coming at you that read Wyte  
So before you come tricking you better think about life  
You only got one you see and you better live it right  
Ride or die is my terms and I aint getting fucked twice  
Think you gone come out of here, come on bitch roll your dice

We bout to crash da clubs, throw some chairs break some'in

I'm bout to crash, the clubs break da law  
Throw some chairs, crack your jaw  
If it's killing season aint no reason aint no need to stop  
I'm the one put here to absorb all this energy and pain  
None stop pop from the top of the clip in glock I still don't feel you mane  
Cause of that gram of coke and now I'm puffin a pound of dro  
When I'm on that level and with my killas you will be found on the floor  
I must confess I aint about shit  
But if you think to cross me bitch  
You'll end up stankey, walk the plankey, and empty out your pockets bitch  
Break da law, break your leg, crash da club and crack your neck  
With these issues that I'm facing daily, I should tote a tec  
Get respect that's no option, all the hater filled with toxic 'in  
Walk right thru the center of the crowd and pistols gets to floss' in  
Causing problem dodge' in bullets soon as I corrupt the scene  
Leaving damage making havoc reaction fuck'in with me  
Chair to your bizack go thru my head when you ignite the flame  
Lead to your bizack of your head before it hit your brain

We bout to crash da clubs, throw some chairs break some'in