It's a trap man, I'm finna staart robbin
It's a trap man, I'm finna start robbin
I got my niggas masked up with the choppers
I got my niggas masked up with the choppers

My connect tried to test me So I had to spank him He done brought this to the wrong man Hell was he thinkn?

Thinkin to myself Some hatin' musta been off in his eardrum Project known to cross u out yo life And I fear none

Guns what I specialize
Hop out bushes like 'surprise! '

Me, two more killas, k and mask,
"your stash, or your life!"

He didn't wanna come on down .47 caliber round Entered in his partner's leg, Took his partner's leg

He started staring at the business Once he saw the blood Roll like the doctor, Not the nurse But I'll draw your blood

The drugs, the money
That's what I say, house stash
Hit him up for 10 bricks,
50 thousand dollars cash

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I got my niggas masked up with the choppers
I got my niggas masked up with the choppers

I blast wit my weapon, trick
I aint got no preferences
This pistol goin upside any head
who got careless, see

Conflicts, jealousy,
Anyone with hatred
You niggas sent to death
Thus I hope that you aint fakin it

Cuz project pat aint takin it You suckas talk real hard Choppa slugs go through cars Leave my mark with permanent scars Bars, I aint scared of them
Your niggas, I'll take care of them

I robbed two of them cowards for they chain, Now I'm wearing them

The hood is on fire, from the fire Comin out my barrel. Hollow slugs burn through your flesh, Cut through bone marrow

Leavin out your rock spot, Pockets lookin kinda fat. Jacked em for four o's Put some lead that sucka's back!

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