

# Niggas Bleed Like I Bleed

Project Pat

This yo course niggas  
Say none of that sucka duck ass shit  
Nigga it's that real street music  
Project Pat  
Hear you guys scream, HAM in the streets

I knew this dude named Ricky, real slicky, only tryina get  
Over on his plug for some bricks  
I just keep my hands dirty in the middle  
Make a quick glass buckle come up  
And Slick keep his mouth shut  
Plug weed fore I make the deal  
Whipin all the shells off, somebody might get killed  
In the field that I'm in, this the streets, we don't play fair  
Kidnap more for SR, call it barnfare  
Take the stairs in the back of motel 6  
He in 1-3-11, boss set him up wait  
Real killa, bet he thought was coke deala  
But he dead wrong,  
Pull them burners out that suitcase, we're them Ricks Jones

You niggas bleed like I bleed  
Picture me being scared  
Of a nigga who breathe the same air as me  
You niggas bleed like I bleed  
Picture me being shook,  
When you niggas I really whacks and nigga I'm a crook  
You niggas bleed like I bleed  
Picture my kids crying,  
Stomach touching they backs  
For the bread somebody's dying  
You niggas bleed like I bleed  
And if it's real beef,  
You can cut all that talkin now,  
Let's meet up in the streets

He pulled a burner, had to burn him, that'll learn him  
Bullets hit him in his shoulder and his chest through his sternum  
It was curtains for a nigga  
If I'm go, that's a 100 years  
My life in the judge's hands or I'm judged by my peers  
Oh no, chucka ball 'cause she can't identify, blew my hyne  
When I saw how high brains really fly  
From the force of the magnum,  
Had to wrap them bodies up in garbage bags  
Then I had to drag them  
Bricks in the duffle bag worth over 80 grand  
Called my nigga Rick and told him I ain't even show it man  
Man I couldn't even do it man  
You know what I'm sayin?  
Aye man you know some will get us up messed  
Too hot out here and I'm on parole  
Just keep me bashin and get this message homey

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