

## Old Ways

Project Pat

They gonna make me go back to my old ways  
Shooting pistols, robbing niggas, selling yay  
300 pounds of Ghetty Green on the way  
Dope kickers bumpin' Mista Don't Play  
Homicide, extortion, kick your doors, murder  
Robbery, assault and kidnap for drugs, murder  
Homicide, extortion, kick your doors, murder  
Robbery, assault and kidnap for drugs, murder

Extended clip one in the head, where the dope  
She mask up, tied up, taped and some rope  
Hit a lick but have a brown, some pills and some smoke  
They gave this bitch a eighth of gas for some motherf\*cking throat  
Kick yo door with the chopper, poppin' yeah you already know  
Deal with the street niggas, word on the street you a hoe  
Never got a burner on ya, niggas think that you slow  
Bro I'm f\*cking with you, make your food man that's for sure  
Liars you know how the jungle go  
They say get up out the street, where a nigga gonna go  
Robberie, drug sales, that's all a nigga know  
Robbery or extortion, p\*ssy nigga make your choice

They gonna make me go back to my old ways  
Shooting pistols, robbing niggas, selling yay  
300 pounds of Ghetty Green on the way  
Dope kickers bumpin' Mista Don't Play  
Homicide, extortion, kick your doors, murder  
Robbery, assault and kidnap for drugs, murder

Homicide, extortion, kick your doors, murder  
Robbery, assault and kidnap for drugs, murder

Heard this sucker a street over really getting it in  
Information gotten from a OG in the pen  
Say his daddy was a gangster, but not he not respected  
Son had a shelter life, he was street neglected  
On his daddy name plugs f\*cking with it  
OG say his green light on that boy so go and get it  
Choppas with them scope, we make no mistakes  
Me and my dog lick that bag though like a birthday cake  
Headed to the bedroom, nigga came out bustin'  
My AK spit that dragon fire, let it start puffin'  
Nigga screaming "stop shooting, what ya niggas want?"  
I said where the motherf\*cking money bitch and all the dope  
Nigga took me to his stash and we took all his shit  
25 p's of Cali and a f\*cking quarter brick  
Now that's a true lick  
I came up in the hood, I came up off the hood  
My niggas is understood, ya feel me?

They gonna make me go back to my old ways  
Shooting pistols, robbing niggas, selling yay  
300 pounds of Ghetty Green on the way  
Dope kickers bumpin' Mista Don't Play  
Homicide, extortion, kick your doors, murder  
Robbery, assault and kidnap for drugs, murder  
Homicide, extortion, kick your doors, murder

Robbery, assault and kidnap for drugs, murder