

Powder

Project Pat

Powder Gets You Hyper,
Gets You Hyper,
Gets You Hype,
Gets You Hyper.
Still 44 Parking lot I'm at the mall.
Across the street, behind your gun, dislocating your jaw.
Gots that one hitta quitta, them stars all you saw.
Just your average street fool with a nose full of Raw.
Take a pause for a minute heart beating through my chest.
Simple robbery can turn into a true bloody mess.
Guess he didn't understand that I had to gone get my man.
Powder head Ross in the trap snortin up the grams.
Man they had me posted up, just in case the jackers came.
Pay me money for my services? Nah. I want Cocaine.
Came to me all night, with the place full of Powder.
Didn't have a thought of Blow, so I had to use the dollar.

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See the madness in me drained out the "Cain," what I came for.
Having mood swings kinda Koo Koo for the Cocoa.
Choppin' down the flaky chunks, so white like Irish Soap.
You didn't catch a good dream, must a had some bad Blow.
Not from me though, cause the Kid got that Whitney White.
Takin' 20 Xanax pills to bring you down off this high.
Eyeballs big and glossy,
wide like on "Cough-
Fee" up all night snortin' can't sleep like on coffee.
At the room with my Snow Bunny and we Blowing.
Got a girlfriend with it too, and she Going.
A school teacher balked and she just started hoeing.
Good Coke will have you hittin' broads like you Rollin'.

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