

Them O's

Project Pat

I came up off them o-o-o-o's
Hustling grams in them boa-o-o-o-o's
Breaking them thangs down to o-o-o-o's
Serving nothing but them o-o-o-o's

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Break a whole thing down to o-o's
Pull up on and serve yo ass on the low, low
Too many hustle, too much money for me to go broke
Put on that mask and put them 40s to your throat, throat
Came up in the struggle, some niggas rob, some niggas hustle
Don't go always selling stuff, use your brain that's your muscle
Think about paper, f*ck the rest
Get your cheese, f*ck the stress
Open ya door you got money he gonna pass
That gas straight from northern Cali
Came up serving beans in the alley
Pull up in foreign whips at the palace

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I came up off them o's, uh
Good weed is all I smoke, uh
Hit it twice you gonna choke, uh
Stuff it down your bitch throat 'til that bitch choke
I ain't never had shit, had to learn how to hustle
Went and got a plug, and took all of them nigga customers
I got strong, I got the bitch, f*ck all the rest
And then trap with the Tech, took all their customers ran up a check
My shit the strongest, no flex
Sold your bitch a half ounce, got some head but no sex
Gold Rollie, gold cubes, they ask me how I do it
Nigga you must be stupid

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Break a brick into a 36

Break a pound down to 16
Bust a pint into a 16
Water whippin' get to serving fiends
700 for a pair of jeans
1000 dollars for a pair of sneakers
Phone ringing, I got ounce plays
Trap bucking I might need a beeper
Monday night I'ma be in Magic City
Got a had to ship it
I been feeling like T-Pain, f*ck around and fell in love with strippers
Walk around in my cavalli slippers
Only Quarter million off of baby bottles
By the summer time I'm getting a new Gallardo
Everything I put on Just to think I started from a 20 in it
Then I doubled up and got a 63
And a 9 piece then I have a cake
Then I hit that bitch up with the icy talk
Made her stand tall like Empire State
Got your bitch crawling by the fireplace
Got these niggas calling me
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