

Trying To Get a Dollar

Project Pat

I could turn a 9 to a half to a whole thang
Funky smell out them parts like chitter night
Baking soda make that shit swell like dang-a-lang
You could get fucked in these streets, no jang-a-lang
Niggas kill a snitch over pussy, that's a petty thing
Getting it from the feds like canary, and you sang-a-lang
I don't get in niggas mixes, niggas bullshit
I talk money, crept flow dollar, with no pool pit
Money train gang got proof, looking for the jackpot
Left the bag get away, nigga that's a mouth shot
Sour homie lemon dead, take the cheese outta pocket
9 milli lemon squeeze shooting like a rocket

I'm just another nigga tryna make a dollar
Ain't turning nothing down, not even my collar
Brain from your baby mama, make that bitch swallow
Fire up the gas, hit the gas and

Slanging guns, slanging TV's, that was me
Hustling dro, slanging purp nigga that was me
Wrap the dumbies like mummies, nigga that was me
Balloons full a pills in a mules tummy, that was me
Penitentiary a nigga made plenty gwuap
Cuz shit don't stop
Cuz a pimp got popped
Fuck niggas getting mad cuz we blowing loud
Heads in the cloud, money pow, to the clouds
Flipping money like a pancake, off the syrup
Choppas when we bring terror
Bread like Panera
And when I pull that bitch out, hands in the air-er
Don't waste a bullet, headshots, we ain't tryna scare ya

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