

# We Can Get Gangsta

Project Pat

Hello, hello, hello?

Pat, whats up man, whats up?

Boogelou, whats up man?

Man yea man, a nigga done messed me off down here dawg.

I got caught for a weak azz pistol charge. Man dese folkz

gon try and make a nigga do a whole mutha fuckin calendar dawg.

I need ya to send me sumthin.

I gotcha, what happened?

Man, I was messin off wit my nigga, man dis shit fucked up!

I gotta call from my dawg, Gangsta Fred jus da other day

Met some nigga from da other way, wanna purchase llao (weed)

Said dey wanna get good shit for da low-low

Fred grew-up wit dis nigga by da bayou

Could be da po-po, dats da way my mind think

Thought about da shit for a minute, den I took a drank

Thinkin of a coma, knowin I aint gonna fall

Call up my cousin, Poncho, let em rob, assault

Den he ball off, wit da goods to a ron-de-vou, spot

Handed Fred back his dope, den we split da loot

Rudy-Poo's, always gettin, got, sumthin serious

Infactuated wit da game, very curious

Dat'll kill da cat, cause da game ain't to be told

Quit smokin crack, my nigg-a, it's to be sold

Gettin old, never worries me, I don't giva fuck

?? stayed on mind, call dat nigga up.

If you hoes wanna go dere

We can get gangsta, we can get gangsta, we can get gangsta.

(Boom, boom, boom wit da trigga, I can...)

In da streets, we don't play fair

We can get gangsta, we can get gangsta, we can get gangsta.

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We can set dis shit up, for a, secluded area

Tell em bring himself, and da duffle-bag carrier

Met him 4am, hit Creek Hill, at a Exxon

In a hot car, tech-9 and a rouger gun

Another nigga came, wit da nigga, dey got out of 'Lac (Caddilac)

Fred slammed da door, crossed da trunk, "Where da cheese at?"

Nigga took a sniff, and he seen dat da shit was straight

Said dat da loot was in his trunk, now I'm thinkin, "Wait."

"What's goin on?", partner took da dope off da trunk

Raisin up my tech, nigga in da trunk, raised da pump

Bullets popped off, Fred caught one, in da chest

Lucky for my nigg', he was wearin bullet proof vest

Shootin tech, but I coulda died, cause it jammed up

Pump at my dome, dat's when Poncho feet had slammed up

Shot da .45, blowin both niggaz azz off

Think we got em down, wit da cheese and da sawed-off.

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Two weeks later, still knowin bout da fuckery  
Move dat a nigga pulled, spot a police watchin me  
Watchin me, cause I fit description of a suspect  
Pullin me, over, now he askin where my license at  
"Officer, I done left my wallet at da house, sir."  
Still took me Down-town, cause da police don't care  
Down in lower-level, man a simple situation  
Turned into, a 72-hour investigation  
Ima ex-con, so I don't need a walk through  
To dis jail shit, wonderin, "Who did dey talk to?"  
Could've been my dawg, not my nigg', dat's a hell naw  
Dey done found my tech, but I ain't got shit to tell ya'll  
Feelin kinda sick, cause dey finna send me up da river  
Couldn't be a snitch, cause I can't tell on my nigga  
Tech, didn't match da gun, Woons(police) bout to let me go  
Stuck wit da gun charge, violated my parole.

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