

# Whole Lotta Weed

Project Pat

Real players like to smoke a (whole lotta weed)  
Drinking bottles of that liquor (all that we need)  
This 9mm (will make you bleed)  
I advise you niggas (don't fuck with me)

Real players like to smoke a  
Stroke a offa in her throat  
Bend over let me poke her  
Don't take me for a joker  
Hollows will make you croaka  
My hands around your throat  
Grip grip tight and choke her  
Hate hate me for no reason  
Beat beat your like a ??  
Pumpkin head what you getta  
It must be Killing season  
For some droppas and suckers  
Coward ass motherfuckers  
Popping off that cappa  
Could get you killed like others  
Maybe it's not your time  
Maybe it could be mine  
Then put me in a box and bury me with my nine  
Forty-Four and my side  
Haters up in ??  
Wishing they put the bullets up in my body  
But that's if I'm a gonna  
When I smell the aroma  
Of brown cold liquor and polted marijuana  
Project Pat in this bitch  
Trying to man get richer  
The first hit off this dope is gonna get you

Stay down about you gama  
Fama I never claimer  
For those who are a stranger  
Strange cause I do not know  
Chip chip on your should've  
I'm knock in out your teeth  
Hits hard just like a boulder  
I'm creeping in the Nova  
A nigga done got boulder  
His life is gonna be over  
Grey tape with clip banana  
I kidnap I can handle  
He came to me with Anna  
He should of mind his manners  
I hit him with the tecca  
Damn near tore off his necka  
He praying I'm gonna squash him  
He should've prayed to Mecca  
You haters like to tick me  
Squeeze triggers till I'm empty  
This weed turned me out  
I damn near let it ??  
Smoking nothing but that fire  
(Damn that was my last line dog)

Nigga you're a liar  
So you trying to screw me  
I told you not to do me  
I'm drinking on that brewsky  
This shit is going threw me

Whole lotta whole lotta whole lotta.....  
Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey

Out the pen  
One more get  
Is your dog stacking ens  
Making cheese fucking hoes  
Knocking ducks off they toes  
Up the nose  
Goes the white  
Pimping hoes take a flight  
Like a kite like a plane  
My nigga I'm the man  
Mister don't take no shit  
Mister well take your bitch  
Ten toes bout to bes  
Cowards cant handle these  
Scandal these ? north  
Bout to bust on my boys  
Check niggas for they grip  
Pistols swing busted lip  
Busted chops that's your ass  
Punk bitch wheres the cash  
Money green cheddar cheese  
All bitches hit they knees  
Serve em up ready to rock  
Disturbute them on the track  
Always keep a mere glock  
Place it up to your back  
Fat sacks your smocking on  
Mack man with a tone  
P-A-T bout the lout  
Riding by then I shoot  
Who's to say cheefin hay  
Hustling to get pay  
Round the clock  
Round the way  
Getting minds every day