

Project Pat

Don Trip

(What's up, Juwop?)
(Beat those drums)

Oh shit
On the way to get the money, on the road to riches, buddy, it's a road trip
Keep the heater close by, oh, but somehow, my heart still frozen
Somebody came in this bitch straight killin' shit and they didn't leave no witnesses
I'm sure you guessed, Mr. Trip is the culprit
Bifocals, I'm focused
Dead-set and I'm dedicated
Money hungry like a motherfucker and I'm at the bread 'til my belly achin'
God bless me, I barely made it
I lasted longer than estimated
If it's beef, I'm holdin' on to that shit like it's been marinatin'
I ain't lettin' shit slide, buddy, nice try
Eye for an eye 'til we both blind
Silly you for thinkin' I'm the nice guy
Really I've been trippin' like it's Priceline
Any given moment is the right time
All I ever gotta do is make a call
Are you sure you wanna use your lifeline?
Stay out of my way
No, you can't play here, it ain't safe
My wife like to say I'm an open book and gettin' money's on every page
Stickin' to the paper, papier-mâché
Belly of the beast, home of the brave
Tryna stay ahead, nigga, buy a crane
Trappin' ain't dead, niggas just afraid
Oh, you's a scaredy-cat
I used to next day air the pack
In most cases, I'm the elephant in the room, but I'm still scared of rats
Send lil' shawty on a run, I'ma get suspicious if she don't hurry back
Told me ten minutes thirty minutes ago, bitch, where the hell you at?
Paranoia kills, movin' right along
Head on a swivel 'til I make it home
I was in the trap, I was in the zone
Wrappin' up the bricks like a broken bone
Tried to help my homie, tried to put him on
Tried to show him how to get it on his own
Now he feel entitled like he got the right to come and get a slice of everything I own
Fuck that nigga thinkin'? What this nigga on?
I'm not holdin' hands with you, bitch, you grown
Cut the nigga off, now he tell the neighborhood I did him wrong
Mmm-mmm-mmm, keep it movin', I know we can do it
Let's go get this money, ain't no secret to it
Damn it, do I have to spell it out to you like we playin' on a fuckin' ouija board?
I got money only I want even more
Growin' list of all the shit I need it for
Call me when it clears, I'll be all ears
Check my bank account, I feel real short (Woo)
Mr. Don Trip, help is on the way
Mr. Human Torch, pour it in her mouth
If it's 'bout the money, Mr. Don't Play
Long live Pif

(Beat those drums)
(What's up, Juwop?)