

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-mm-mm, 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?)