

5X

Fat Pat

Five times to your chest, may you rest in pieces
The punk polices, killing other niggas like diseases
Screaming "Jesus" on your knees, please help yo child
No witnesses, no sentences, so fuck the judge and his trial

Light up a blunt for my niggas who is dead and gone
In big memories, makin' sure they names live on
I get my hustle on, tryna get rich off of zone
Poke a smoke like Cheech & Chong
Can't be ripped in the stone
Punk, the problem, but the judge is sick and tired of seeing me
Locked me under Stiles Unit, swallow the Master P
But it's all about red shop, killer weed and fat
Not long type of life, it won't stop 'til we reach the top
They say life is a bitch 'til you learn how to pimp
Many busters built enough to watch them burst like a puma
Keep my mind on my riches, my bitches on corners
The late reactions 'cause the weed relax my thoughts like a song

As I blow marijuana, I warn ya, crime do pay
Picking my throws, smoking my dope, just like back in the old days
Flipping them 20-inch blades, some niggas call them slab-cutters
TVs all up in the headrests on Coach leather [?]
Bitches blowin' up my number on my cele-telle phone
That's why I keep that bitch alone because I'm never at home
I see a pusher in my zone, player, time to get [?]
Throw a hander out the bag, time to wrap a mean bag
Make his whole family sad
It's the break-a-bitch grad, late for school gettin' high, sit in the back of the class
Even though I failed Math, I learned the commas through cash
Five times to your chest, I had you sportin' a bloodbath, nigga

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