

## Bitch Smackin Killa

Project Pat

Pistol packin, never slackin, bitch killa  
Pistol packin, never slackin, bitch smackin killa

As I slip into the back of my mind  
and thinkin of gettin caught man how could I do the time  
The crime is a murder heard you fuckin with my nig  
The magnum's gonna serve ya, bitch I'm fixin to split your wig  
I'm thinkin out ways to get lose without a trace  
You see without a pistol man they do not have a case  
Erasin a fool wait until he leaves the house  
Walkin around his corner ride by and takin him out  
the box on the blocks police ride up on the scene  
witnesses saw the shots and I know they heard her scream  
Redeem me the testimonies would not even last  
In court because everybody they saw wore a mask  
The blast from the gun was the hollow point tips  
the kind that leave you dead in a damn perfect hit  
I trips off a fool tryin me on the for realla  
He's fuckin with a pistol packin, bitch smackin killa

As I ride through the hood with some undisputed niggas  
Pain sellin, dope smokin, cold-blooded killers  
Trigga, my nigga from the north Frayser area  
Down with the Patster causin mass hysteria  
Well ever stoked out best we leave with no doubt  
Ridin through the other side ready to take a punk out  
Assed out sucker types you gonna learn your lesson  
Let me see your gangsta friends shootin Smith and Wessons  
Testin the clan just to see if you can get enough  
You's a foolish man I'll be damned if we don't fuck you up  
So whassup with your posse with your fuckin game punk  
Fuckin with these hitmen you gonna get your ass dumped  
Pop the trunk, get your pump, let's see what you made of  
Watch me kill a bitch with a .38 bullet slug  
Sell your drugs I don't care if you a dope dealer  
Best pack a pistol bitch cause I'm a killer

You say I need to take care of my business  
well why are you pussy-eatin motherfuckers in it  
You about to witness a mafia called Triple 6  
Real niggas that don't fall all over bullshit  
I'm tired of these motherfuckers lickin and my Joesta  
Let me ride up on ya with the tec and Imma show ya  
You don't know me well punk bitch nigga bring it on  
Niggas dont fight no more junk niggas carry tones  
I tried to be done at first now I'm just another devil  
walkin with a psychotic mind and a piece of metal