

Cocaine

Project Pat

Cocaine... cocaine... cocaine.... cocaine

We can snort it we can flip it, we can snort it we can flip it
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I had rocks, in my mouth, razorblade, in my hand
If a nigga hittin' dope, then you get it from the man
Understand, I can do the thang, any way you want it
We can make it quarter key, or a ball for the hundred
Want it now, maybe wanna come, through a lil' later
Got a line, up my nose, size of, the equator
Take a ounce, of that pure, then make it into two
Bakin' soda make it stretch, on the stove it'll brew
Come on through, I ain't worried 'bout no niggaz on a jackin'
I got killers front and back do', who ain't on no actin'
Guns clackin' triggers pull, sendin' suckers straight to Heaven
You'll get hit, in the head, wit' this AK-47

Residue, on the table from the ki's we's choppin'
Our, balls big as, golfballs, we's been sno'tin'
Up all night, in this trap house, niggaz know we got clout
'Caine slangers on the blade know, what I'm talkin' 'bout
'Bout to bring the snow, to the hood like a blizzard
Dodgin' police and this trap they movin', like a lizard
Hoovin', got a pipeline, comin' out of Dallas
Got a mansion in Memphis, down there, got a palace
I'm addicted to this hustle game, just, like the 'caine
Tell myself, I'mma quit, but I can't, stop it mayne
Love the cars, love the clothes, diamonds, in my mouth
Down here, dope is cheaper so we boomin' down south

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