

# Dead Guys

Project Pat

I told them dead guys I don't bury them  
Nigga play with them  
They gon' have to bury him  
Fuck with my dead guys  
You's a dead guy  
Fuck with my dead guys  
You's a dead guy

Need to play with your bitch  
Before you play with my money  
I been, not, never let a nigga take shit from me  
Bussing bout them dead guy  
To you a dead guy  
Fuck your chest  
I'm aiming at your head now (head shot)  
I've got a hundred sitting in the clip for you, actus  
You niggas talking shit, who really not factus  
I found a nigga, Dog I need it all bad  
He don't bring it back  
I'm a blow out his back  
Play with my change  
I'm a spray his brain  
And leave the streets main  
With a permanent stain  
Let a Nigga play me  
Who the fuck playin  
You and your partner body  
In the woods detain

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Pull up on the horse shoe  
Let the choppers talk  
When them yappers bark  
Bodies get put in chalk  
Now you niggas want to burse it  
You use to curse me  
Bitch I'm sipping gold bottles  
You lil' niggas thirsty  
Still smoking bobby brown  
I'm on Kaley green  
Cup full a Nyquil  
I'm on promethazine  
You Niggas playin with yuh self  
Playing with yuh elf  
Fuck around and be a body playin with my wealth  
I done had hard time  
Was no hand outs  
Play time, bed time  
Was no planned routes  
Just a journey to

All fake niggas shook  
Speak the truth over hard [?] street  
Niggas look, real crook  
By the book  
Never did I testify  
AK 40 plenty shooters bitch  
Don't you kiss the fire  
Cause these toaster gon' burn you like toast  
I'm smoking on this [?] from the west coast

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In the streets  
Like the G's  
And the Most  
We stay hustling  
Like the foes  
Pole club full a smoke  
Nothing but the [?] lounge  
Young Niggas throwin gang signs in the crowd  
Champagne being pop  
Bitches poppin' ass  
Boss nigga sipping at the glass, throwing cash  
OS niggas watching from, the sidelines  
Browns on their face see real nigga shine  
Lambrigini got their mouth hanging like a monkey  
Down [?] hoes fatter than a donkey  
The whole club going up  
On a Saturday  
They party white liquor  
Till the next day  
Everyday I make a plate  
That's a chick day  
And we living every damn day  
Like it's chick day  
Stuntin like a baby  
Flexin' like I'm slim  
Cash money nigga  
Hustle but I'm [?]  
Get yuh cake up  
Get yuh pussy made up  
Yow Niggas that's yuh table with no food on they plate... bro

Damn, Shit  
That ain't right my nigga  
Yow... That's fucked up  
Very  
Don't fuck with my dead guys my nigga