

## How It Goes In The Gutta

Project Pat

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So this is how it ends? Hype standin' o-ver my carcass  
Snatchin' up my dope, runnin' off, in-to the darkness  
Hyde Park, niggaz, Hollywood, killin' for war just  
Dope bein' sold, out the back, do' of them porches  
Told my lil nigga leave the paint, off of the Caddy  
Carjacked and killed, his lil' girl, left wit' no daddy  
Ten years later daddy's death, still ???  
The saw was bein' drought, momentarily buy marijuana  
Rock, after rock is bein' slung, daughters are hungry  
Mama's debit card is zero, I got the moment  
Trappin' in this trap, coldhearted guns that'll kill ya  
Smith & Wessun hollow tips, mayne that'll drill ya

Standin' in the door-way, hand on the throw-way  
Some niggaz ride by, I spy, lookin' my way  
Shady looks don't make sense, so I got on de-fense  
Mossberg cocked mayne turn yo' flesh to meat mince  
Poppin' off, at the first sign of some static  
Gotta keep it safe for the dope, and the addicts  
We swangin' these boat loads, dodgin' the po'-po's  
Duckin' time on this crime, mission out a boat load  
Don't know, if we have to blast or get blasted  
K bullet blow ya skull off, it was drastic  
You niggaz don't, really want beef, you can sang it  
The real question is cow-ard, will ya brang it?