

Make A Sell

Project Pat

I remember nights, when there were no lights
And there was no weed, there was some cold nights
Some hot days, no AC; No clientele
Ridin round in the hood, tryin'a make a sale
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It slipped in the back of my mind
Thinkin bout that penentiary, bout that time
Project poverty, know that I'm on the rug
The lights cut off, the mice and them bugs
Living like a fiend, wakin up in the crack house
Drinkin malt liquor in the hood til we blacked out
My stash came up missing, felt like I crapped out
She might be my auntie, but she still gon' get slapped out
It's bad times when the family members are cracked out
But if they have friends, then I'ma pull them packs out
I'm on that green leaf, full of that kickstand
But please believe me, I'm tryin'a be a better man

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Green brow, Project, summer me and gangsta Fred
Sackin dough, countin bread til our fingers bled
Gangsta kept the pounds of good, Tony sold the raw
One night narcotics jumped out on us, almost burnt the law
Thought the law was the robbers, come to take our pockets
Call us NASA, cause we shoot them Ninas just like rockets
I'm past first class street, I'm in the cockpit
Silver Bentley, next week might have to cop it
These hoes tryin to flag me down, they need to stop it
Asked for their numbers back in the days, wouldn't drop it
Now they see these icy bottles match these icy chains
From VIP, I stand on stage and I do my thang

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