

Drive By

Three 6 Mafia

Hit the weed
Pass the dough
Mask'em face
Hide the yo
Ride on up
Not too fast
Point the guns
Kill yo' ass

I'm a North Memphis nigga
My nigga to my last days
And when I'm dead and I'm gone let the blunts blaze
See lifting weights in the pen got me toned up
But fuck the signs
If ya step I hold my chrome up
Don't give a fuck
'Bout them niggas that you hangin' wit'
I'm rollin' up
Let this tech start sangin' bitch
I never quit til' you violators take a nap
Pop in yo' car
Blew yo' brains in yo' potnah's lap
I know ya strapped
But you cowards like to play hard
But knowing that you don't wanna catch
A murder charge
See niggas like to get full of dat weed and liquor
You snort a line in yo' mind
Now youse a killa
So pull the trigger so
We can let the dice roll
Dem hollow tips in yo' shit'll leave a nice hole
It's Project Pat on the track wit' the dope cookin'
And where I'm from
Grown men don't take no ass whoopins

Not only weak niggas like to start bullshitta
But in the street couple hollow points will hit ya
I'm watching out for you ones that are sheisty
I'm low on cheese so I might pull a heisty
I know you punk motherfuckers wanna test me
Because yo' bitch like to bow down and bless me
Don't give a damn get yo' mama house shot up
And have her stiff like some crack that's been rocked
up
You fucked up and now you gotta pay the cost
Cause youse a hoe
And I'm the motherfucking boss
Automatic when I aim you say bye-bye
Yo' family sad you got killed in a drive-by
And to you ones that be talking all that yang,yang
What you gon' do
When that thang's in ya face man
It's Project Pat wit' that 12 guage strapped ya'll
I blow yo' chest out yo' motherfucking back dawg

Pat starts talking over chorus til end