

Shut Ya Mouth, Bitch

Project Pat

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Before a nigga hit yo ass in the mouth bitch
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Shut ya mouth bitch, shut ya mouth bitch
'Cuz you know it's goin' down in the south bitchNigga down here on and you suckas mane
But don't get crazy 'cuz you knows we keep the auto mag
You pushin' Daisy's never the false shit I spit the facts
'Cuz dogg I'm knowin' I pull on ya bitch I'm ridin' phat
That hoe is goin' we the trillest of the trilly trill
You suckas muggin' stayin' down about a milly mil
This ghetto thuggin' got me paid cowards runnin' lipers
They say I'm flossin' hoe my name tastin' like some shiter
Went in your jaw and throw these bullets straight at'cha grill
Commits to walkin' from the scenary I keeps it real
I do no talkin' just stupitity I let ya squealYou get the squakin' up in yo yard with the wood dogg
38 barkin' see yo tounges and the root of evil
Thats in the Bible dig and dirt there should be no sequel
Thats to your title rumors leakin' out like a faucet
Stank like a burger with some onions or some hot gossip for that
I murdaShut your mouth bitch, shut your mouth bitch
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'Cuz you know it's goin' down in the south bitch See I'm the king of the M slash CEO of
Memphis
Ridin' hundred thousand dollar cars and feelin' so damn pimpish
I'm the reason why you boys went back to your old style
I'ma hit you were it hurt 'cuz DJ Paul so damn wild
I know a bullshit nigga that should of been born dead
Fake as a superman movie I put some led in his head
Bogus as counterfit money my police nigga did hunta
Droppin' dimes is his hobby now I want his ho I hit I used to ride with the illest straight killa
niggas d boys
Rape his fellas but I seen the bigga picture
Like if ya on ya last bag sprinkle little bit of weed
In a blunt 'cuz a nigga had to stretch the figgas money
Don't grow on trees so we had to stack the cheese
Niggas out here phonie have ya spooked to slang the keys
Mane I'm like a diner thief asking niggas pass the piece
Cowards out here hatin' on me check the hook this ain't a please faggit Shut your mouth bitch,
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Shut ya mouth bitch, shut ya mouth bitch
'Cuz you know it's goin' down in the south bitch What's the buisness? What's the buisness
When ya see C.B it big buisness
I don't wanna here no muthafuckin' shiznet
Just get over there and get the shit bitch
Niggas clappin' and clappin', niggas jammin' you up
I'ma let off some shots and scream in gats we trust
Ain't no fuckin' with me, ain't no fuckin' with us
And if ya fuckin' with us we put ya body in dust I got my glock in my hand, I got my hand on
my glock
So if a nigga get wrong mane then a nigga get popped
'Cuz mane I bet you gone drop
Dogg when I close down your shop
So when you out in the public best hang around you a cop
So you can have you some protection
'Cuz mane the shit get so hectic
And when I come in yo present nigga you better respect it
Frayser boy I unload on one of you bitches though
No understandin' when you try to play me like a little hoe fasho Shut your mouth bitch, shut
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