

Cheese and Dope

Project Pat

(Project Pat)

out here slanging on this blade praying that I don't get cut
by these police making raids, jumping out chicken nutz
cutting ball, down to none, got this weed is in my lungs
nigga's stick me for a bag, I'ma shoot 'em in his ass
I'ma show 'em who the boss, when you niggaz gonna learn
When you cross in this game, then yo ass will get burned
When my turn? or my time? rock a what, for a dime
Takin' fair chance after chance, but I got to dance
Take the rules of this shit, that's why I keep a revolver
I've been heard you're robbers, don't want no other robbers boy
I done and scald ya, with pistol slapped cross mouth
Reach in niggaz pockets, and take yo money out
When you know what's goin', you got cheese, I got dope
For da 900th stone, I got peas, I got coke
ain't no credit give mang you could get from round here
Niggas robbing, niggas banging niggas slangin' down here

(chorus)

I got cheeeese, hoez, and a bunch of fucking dope
I got peeeeeas, coke, and some killaz at da doo'
hyyydro weed smoke, and a quarter ounce of dough
what yoooouuuu need brah, is to fuck wit yo boy(Project Pat)
Quarter bird, what's the word? for you dawgs is da low
selling weed and this weed, but you won't complain a stoo'
I'ma go, I'ma pull, leave a rabbit out a hat
On some cane, mr.sugar, and some killaz strapped wit gats
Always trying to be slick, you done stepped in some shit
You done broke ghetto laws, you could tote a fuckin jaws
Nigga boy, he ain't know, cus da street never minds
Walk right up on yo ass, shoot you, right between the eyes,
you be stinkin' wit the flies
walking around on chrome, wit yo bitch, smokin' dro
fucking all in yo home, while she kissing on ma lips,
She be sucking on ma dick, grip the glock - sixteen booms as I dip
Through the streets of da hood, north memphis hollywood
Represent it, to da max, out this out of state facts
Trying to stack me some pape's, got my foot on you snakes
Trying to squeeze, hustle-in, for you niggaz that I fade

(chorus 2x)

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what yooouuuuu need brah, is to fuck wit yo boy You could duck from the tech, out da escalate

Once I get my cheese, or my flow, then I must be paid

If you want to come against me dawg, bring your whole brigade

Get you suckaz sliced, like a dog, with a swisher blade

Sippin' on some pauly vision, like some sweet kool-aid

Strapped with me, an automatic gun, don't you violate

Niggaz ain't gonna snitch on me dawg, i didn't hesitate

Caught him, at the projects one day, sent him, to his grave

Playaz wanna come through the hood, but they got the fear

Knowing it ain't all to the good, you could get it here

Wrong place, at the wrong time, calling "sip" let's go

Wope fiends, keep me on the map, and my pockets full

Eyes red ass hell, cuz I ain't had a blink of sleep

Snorted a quarter ball, so that U, could stay on my feet

Trick's in this bitch, just as same as a nigga too

If you trusting hoes in this game, you're a dammn fool.(chorus till end)

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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>