

Don't Turn Around

Project Pat

I only f**k wit those, who only f**k wit me
A sucka' play for games, a man play for keeps
I keeps me a nine millimeter just in case
A coward's in my face
These bullets he gon taste A waste of your life, steppin' wrong, im on trees
Best ta leave me alone, best ta go make some cheese
Enemies come in all shapes, forms, sizes, colors
Could be your best friend, cousin, or brothers
I'll rob'em all, just to see who got the fatty stack
Walked in the bank, put the loot in the codauh sack
Slapped on the guard four times fo' he passed out
Eyes on that blow and my pockets was assed out
Had on a trench coat, wig and some goggles
If'n you resist, you may not see tomorrow
I'm in there, I den dared the police couldn't get me
But I made a slip up: had a trick wit me. Chorus X2: Don't turn around (Give me the f**kin'
cheese trick)
Don't make a sound (Show me where them keys at)
Lay it on the ground (knowing that your pockets fat)
Fore' I buck you down (and I'm quicks' to do that) Nigga starting braggin' in his hood bout the
robbery
Wasn't long then, fore' somebody dropped the dime on me
Im'a be the one they can't get to, they picked the boy up
Run his mouth just like a fool, he gon' get me f**ked up
But, Im'a have to get to him before the police do-a
Caught up with him night and day, not him and his crew-a
Sprang down Chelsie Ave. kinda in the evening
For this muhf**kas death, dawg I was fiend'n
He was looking at me strange, like Im'a catcha
I done hopped out with the thang, lemme holla at'cha,
Foo, where you been dog? (My momma got sick, main!)
F**k that got to do wit'chu? (Hold up I ain't your bitch, main!)
I heard you been talking your muh-f**kin' lips loose (Nah, it ain't like that dawg, I ain't no
damn fool)
Looking in his eyes, I could see that he was so scared
I squeezed on the trigga with the gun to his fo'-head. (Chorus x2) Blew the top out his skull, now
they want me dead
All the niggas in his hood, police and the feds
Stepped out of Westwood, way out of the side
On the other side of town, somewhere I can hide
I done threw my life away, hunted by them by pigs
Robbing every other day, drops in off my nig

They done found my whereabouts, bouts' to do me in
Kickin' in the front door, and I was in the den
SK was under the couch, snatch it off the wham
Open fire on them hoes, I didn't give a damn
Blood stream was full of dope, pump off coca leaf
Feds had me under a scope, and an infrared beam
Rifle bullet threw my throat, chokin', hit tha flo'
Gunpowder in my mouth, knockin' heavens door
Street life done took me out, and that shit ain't fake
I done f**k myself off, cause a bad mistake

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>