

Mike D, Too Hott

(*talking*)

R.I.P., uh to the P-A-T, we love you baby
We gon miss you

(Ronnie Spencer)

P-A-T, rest in peace baby
Everybody knows, it wasn't your time to go

(Mr. 3-2)

Much love and we'll never forget you, P-A-T
Now you in a better place, with G-O-D
The deep memories, won't stop going through my mind
Wishing we could parlay, just one more time
It make a G start crying, just like lil' baby
To see his partna come on, heart goes to the T. Lady
And the rest of your family, especially Lil' Fat Pat fool
So rest in peace my partna, and that's from Mr. 3-2

(C-Note)

I never thought I had to write this song, for P-A-T
We gon miss you playa while you gone, you went I'm all alone
Staring at the memories, in the back of my mind
Comparing all the miseries, trapped in time
And in this rhyme ain't enough lines, to explain how I feel
We gon miss you P-A-T, my partna kept it real
And this whole ordeal, is worth more than it seems
Like a worst nightmare, living our ghetto dreams

(Hook: Big Moe)

These streets are too hot, too hot baby
These streets are hot, hot, hot
We gotta run for shelter, gotta run for shade
Too hot, too hot lately
Too many my partnas, gone to early graves

(Lil' O)

You couldn't understand my mind's, on a whole nother level
I'm in the church every Sunday, trying to dodge the devil
I'm a rebel, with a worthy cause
I'm trying to shine, in a world that wants to see me crawl
That's why it hurts, that Fat Pat had to take a fall
It ain't fair, but we gotta keep our faith in God
Took in his prime such a vicious crime, we been robbed
I'll fulfill your ghetto dreams Lil' O gon ball, he'd want that

(Al-D)

Bet your mama tears trying to get us, see God got eyes
You can't give a man life, so why you gon take a man out
P-A-T, S.U.C., gon make that dream come true
Worldwide on the map, dedicated to you
And Lord knows we gon miss you, ain't no fronting or faking
At least now you ain't gotta see, all this hating
Much love homie, from the whole H-Town
You brought peace to the Click, and it's gon still go down

(Hook: Big Moe)

(Clay-Doe)

We won't stop, but baby you was so close to the top
I couldn't wait for you to drop, so we could body rock
But our God, is a jealous one
And when he wanna kick it with you, time will get done
It was just like yesterday, we was making Screws
And to tell you the truth, you got the whole world raising roof

And to my G's before I pass, you never know
Mash for your paper, your homie Clay-Doe, P-A-T

(Big Pokey)

We was just getting off of dancing, body rocking the stage
I done turned the damn page, seen the hurts and the gauge
Trunks pop tops drop, wide body on colors
Laid back on butter, watch my 18's stutter
I confess I'm a mess, so much pain in my chest
Wanna test my beef threats, hole put you to rest
F-A no way, I could ever forget
Put your tape in the deck, and bounce bounce to it

(Hook: Big Moe)

(Mike D)

Ain't no way in hell, I'ma deal with that
You took all of me, when you took Mr. Fat Pat
Took the body that we see, but his soul is in me
I'ma live his ghetto dreams, through Lil' P-A-T
Southside to the playas, don't die
Only multiply, with paper in our eye
And don't worry baby, I'ma keep all this under control
But I miss getting blowed thoed, in the studio

(Willeam)

Living in this ghetto, while days are getting shorter
Reminiscing bout my partna, make the pain even harder
The time that we spent, getting bent paying dues
Dusk to dawn, into the morn' making Screws
On the cool, we gotta use it as a stepping stone
And really think, who the ones they stepping on
Like a throne you'll be known, as a living legend
Fat Pat rest in peace, cause all G's got to heaven

(Hook: Big Moe)

(Lil' Keke)

I'm too hot to drop, you marks must of forgot
I've been blessed with success, it ain't no taking my spot
Fakers plot ands scheme, but I'm living they dream
P-A-T and Lil' Ke, the real Freestyle Kings
We use to take it up break it up, on screwed up dubs
Body rocking Southside, hands up in the club
But I still got love, and I'ma complete the mission
Rest in peace, from the whole Commission

(Big Steve)

F-A-T, you was the realest to me
And ain't nobody, stopping what was meant to be
See all your ghetto dreams, is gonna come to life
I'ma keep you in my prayers, everyday and every night
Affiliated playas, gots to keep shocking
And Mr. Grand Papi, gon keep they body rocking
Open up they eyes, so the world could see
The Southside's, gonna keep grinding for you P-A-T

(Hook: Big Moe)

(H.A.W.K.)

Picture me rolling, from coca beaming Southside holding
So clean four 18's, knocking all side molding
Can't stand it can't handle it, I'm hurting god damn it
Of these niggaz crew ways, on this bullshit planet
Called Earth since birth, the things that we been through

Rest assure through me, your ghetto dreams'll come true
Never knew it would happen, it was at least state of shock
But as long as I'm here, they gon still body rock
You don't stop Wreckshop, we gon still drop top
Neon lights at night, when the damn trunks pop
Bounce bounce to this, you will certainly be missed
As I sit back and reminisce, with our kin folk Chris
I hear your voice in the wind, as the nights get colder
Lil' Pat and the family, they gon ride on my shoulder
I told you it's before, and that's the way it's gon be
Bro I love you dream of you, forever P-A-T

(Hook: Big Moe)

(Ronnie Spencer)
And I'm talking bout the Southside
Stop killing eachother, baby
Yeah, well well well, oh-oooh-oh-oooh-oh-oooh
Well well, thou shall not kill baby, yeah
Oooooooh-oooh

(Big Moe)
Get up on your grind, and the people stop hating
Stop haaaa-ting (so hot baby)