

Project Pat, Purple

(feat. Beanie Sigel)

[DJ Paul:]

Ha-ha! Yeah, yeah yeah, it's goin' down, down
This for all my niggaz... That be on that purple...
That pur-pur-pur-purple purple drank yeah... that purple weed
yeah... Hypnotize Minds... if you got it share that shit...
It's goin' down

[Chorus x2: DJ Paul & Juicy J]

Who got that purple pur-purple pur-purple (yessir)
Who got that purple pur-purple pur-purple (yessir)
Who got that purple pur-purple pur-purple (yessir)
Who got that purple pur-purple pur-purple (yessir)

[Verse 1: Project Pat]

As I, took me a pull, I knew that I wasn't ready
I was used to smokin' pine, not that California ghetty
It was purple wit' them white fuzz hairs wrapped 'round it
I'm known as a fighter but my match, I done found it
From Cali to the Memphis dime streets, that our town in
I let some of my niggaz test it out, and they crowned it
You niggaz try to solve problems by smokin' weed
But you only gettin' high, and ya problems become big
But ain't, nothin' but some Nike, Airs comin' to a sleeper
Ya girl got mad 'cause the Patsta had to leave her
Looka looka hooker so I let her hit my tree but
Purple had her mind blowed, fallin' to her knees-a

[Chorus x2: DJ Paul & Juicy J]

[Verse 2 - Beanie Sigel]

I got that purple, that purple, that purple, yessir
That juice I'm sippin' is thick and got me itchin' for sure
That weed I'm twistin' is sticky got my vision blurred
You know a ounce of that syrup, speech be slurred
That's my word, I ain't a role model
Shit if it was up to Sigel, world be drinkin' bottles
Of that promethazine, out in Philly they call it lean
Or they call it liq', my niggaz from the Three 6 bought a sack
We sip that slow 'til we throwed that's my word
A pint of that purp have you sittin' on the curb
A mega trip or I'm on that liq' I'm trashin' 'em out
We sip it 'til we passin' out, mo' syrup than the International House

[Chorus x2: DJ Paul & Juicy J]

[Verse 3: Project Pat]

Seeds, sticks and stems mixed in wit', the sticky-icky
Tear up the blunts, make roll-in', good tricky-tricky
I used to smoke, the weed wit', embalmin' fluid
Had me high, for some days, you don't wanna do it
Eyes so red, I'm lookin' like a zombie
Paranoid, not scared, very hungry
Masterpiece, Barbeque chips, Skittles bag
What, I'm munchin' on right after the last drag
Niggaz'll ride, and get high, wit' they tags out
Police'll spy, pull 'em over wit' they badge out
You know that's dumb, you got guns but the bags out
The windows full of smoke, e'erybody passed out

[Chorus x2: DJ Paul & Juicy J]

[music to fade]

