

Project Pat, I Ain't Goin' Back To Jail

[Chorus x2: The Last Mr. Bigg]

I ain't goin' back to jail, I ain't goin' back to jail
And tell ya old man I ain't goin' back to jail
I ain't goin' back to jail, I ain't goin' back to jail
I got mo' pussy to swell, and mo' dreams to tell

[Verse 1:]

A North Memphis monster, targetin' the cheddar
Ain't no anna on my chest, it ain't no blood on my sweater
Better beware the stares of them youngsters watchin'
Bullets do fly through air when them guns p-poppin'
Pistol swang to ya mouth, then the blood is gushin'
Out'cha dome, home invaded 'cause of dope you pushin'
Leather seats in the Chevy thang, ridin' the, slab
Wangin' out the frame, South Memphis, cruisin' Crump Ave
Crook by the book, if I was on that type of time
Wipin' shells in the bullets when, loaded in the nine
Crime done, on a daily pay attention to this here
I ain't goin' back to jail and that's what these suckers fear

[Chorus x2: The Last Mr. Bigg]

[Verse 2]

Now I can see the hate, behind the smiles
Wanted Project Pat to fall but the money piles
Niggaz know I'm off the chain, wild as a child
There ain't no need to ask, gangsta's my style
Kept my street, credibility, young niggaz crownin' me
Put, pistols in faces of suckers out here doubtin' me
Broads, they is houndin' me, still I'm in demand
I got gun powder residue, still on my hand
From the throw aways, from the glocks and K's
Wit' the same clothes on, bleed the block for days
Cross killers in these streets, bullets will spray
Innocent bystander can catch a stray ya dig?

[Chorus x2: The Last Mr. Bigg]

[music to fade]