

Master P, 6'n The Morning

6'N The Morning,
Police at my door,
Fresh Nike sneakers cross my bedroom floor.
Out my back window,
I made my escape ,
Didn't even have a chance to grab my Bale Bale tape.
Man with no music,
But I'm happy that I'm free.
In the streets is a place for a player to be.
Got a knock in the pocket,
When lease the grain.
Gold tank around my neck,
My pistol close at hand.
I'm a self made millionaire in the city streets,
We both be controlled be hip hop beat,
But just living in the city is a serious tale,
Didn't know what the cops wanted,
Didn't have time the ask.

See my home boys cooling way, way out,
Told them bout my morning called "Bug them Out";
Shoot a little dice till my legs got sore,
Kick around some stories bout the night before.
True to the comma were the fly girls cheer,
Two Accendents freaks,
One bitch got killed.
She started acting silly,
Simply would not quit.
Called us all punk pussy say we all are shit.
As we walked over to her,
The hoe continued to speak,
So we beat the bitch down in the back alley streets.
But just living in the city is a serious tale,
The bitch didn't know what hit her,
Didn't have time to ask.
Continue clock freaks with misfestior,
Rolling expedision with the lether interior.
Wood grinding TV,
The ride was raw.
Bust a left turn,
Was all self burst.
Took a shocker was the driver.
On a different tale,
Had the beeper going off like a high school bell.
Looked in the mirror,
What did we see,
F**king blue lights and no PD.
Pig search I called 'cause the day was made,
Found a ozzoe 4 4 and a hand grenade.
They through us in the county-house power wit block,
No more freaks to see, no more shows to rock.
Didn't what no trouble, but the shit must fly,
Squad them wit the f**king hatey, squab them in the eye.
But just living in the city is a serious crime,
The nigga didn't know what happened, didn't have time to ask.