

Master P, A Woman

(More than a woman...)

This for all the soldierettes that made it through the war
Was able to maintain the struggle

(More than a woman to me)

Oh yeah this for all them thug girls out there

[Verse 1]

She that gangsta type, love to fight
Rode motorbikes, wodie shit, do it all night
Feel the fall, she a killa dawg
Do a bid in a minute just to get some scrilla dawg
It's a cold game, I mean she used cold names
Like Nikki, Mimi, Shelly, you know her man
She be iced out, creepin when the lights out
Be a Queen to the King I mean a right spouse
Project chick, but when you see her she be playa
Thuggin on da block but in bed she be nasty
I'm lovin that, I mean I'm huggin that
Put 10 karats on her finger other bitches muggin that
Rolls 600, tats on stomach
Ain't no stuntin, but love gettin money
Down for whateva, thug til the end
From the cradle to the grave, from the streets to the penn
Ya heard me

[Chorus - 2x]

More than a woman... (Holla when ya need me!)
More than a woman to me (Holla when ya need me!)

[Verse 2]

I call her baby boo, I'm one she two
Rich or po', we gon' stick like glue
Go to war wit her, jump in a car wit her
Wifey material I mean my nigga
Mean my lady, drive me crazy
Like Rolls-y Ms. Bently, or Sadie
Don't creep wit her, gotta sleep wit her
I mean I love her too much to draw the heat wit her
Keep it reala, love scrilla
Thug figga, hustler, real gold getta
Made misses, iced out riches
Love kisses, went to the penn the first to visit

[Chorus x3]