

Master P, Dear Mr. President

[Master P]

Dear Mr. President i live in the hood
Where people live bad
But say its all good
And my homies slanging and robbing
Caught a misdemeanor felonies
We cant survive it
And three strikes niggas out it
But we dont give a fuck cause niggas down here bout it bout it
One nation in god we trust
But then you say Saddam ain't gon fuck with us
(ugghhhhh)
Now you see how we feel
Niggas set trip, ride and gang bang
Thats how they get killed
You run from the press
We run from killers and jackers
And wear bullet proof vest
Some say the president like weed and hoes
Down here it's young niggas riding sixes with o's, got
Terrorist wantin to blow you away,
I got niggas in the ghetto wantin to take my place
You got secret service
Roamin the streets
I got a bunch of no limit niggas ridin with me

(chorus)

Dear mr. president (mr.president)
My letter to the president, the president
(repeat 2x)

[Mac]

Dear mr president
Mama just lost her job
Daddy just got paid, coming home he was robbed
Landlord giving us three days to disappear
Santa Claus missed our house this year
You got the white house
Protected by the goverment killers
We got the crack house
Protected by them neighborhood dealers
Opportunity ain't never knocked
And they be locking niggas up for slangin petty rocks
If you could answer my questions i wouldn't stress
That's why a nigga smoke crack, snort coke
And hit the weed when they stress me
Niggas die in the ghetto
Put they face on a shirt
White folks get killed and its a city wide search
Go and holler at a nigga when you need a vote
My lil homie got twenty for weed and coke
Nigga cross my heart and hope to die
I'm begging for change but only you can take the tears out my people's eyes

(Chorus) repeat four times