# Master P, Goin' Through Some Thangs

Chorus: [Master P]

I'm going through some thangs
These bitch ass niggas got me goin' through some thangs.
I'm going through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
These bitch ass niggas got me goin' through some thangs.

Verse 2: [Master P] I close my eyes, I can't sleep, I visualize death I seen my little homie get smoked like a cigarette and these G's on the streets, enemies, they'll take your life for a hundred C's I mean a hundred dollars or less the game gets so wicked that I wear a bulletproof vest and now I'm grown, and they wonder why I'm crazy Imagine feedin' tablets and beer to a baby Never had a chance when I was 5 nigga took me in the car, took me on the ghetto ride Cruisin' through streets that I've never seen pull the clip off a 30 round magazine Taught me how to deal with a triple beam and ever since then I've been servin' dope fiends I got the game in the bag that's so big nigga see my nuts it's like two figs swoll to the fullest, in my heart to my vein, pumpk nickel plated bullets and this ghetto got me stressed (stressed), cuz niggas that you know (bitches) will rob you blind & tamp; leave you to rest.

Chorus: [Master P]

I'm going through some thangs
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
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I'm going through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through some thangs

## Verse 2: [Big Ed]

I hit that nigga with a AR-15, do it clean back up in the lex, bumpin' Mia, with my mug mean Bulletproof vest, Smith & Dy Wess for enemies fuckin' steppin' in my direction I'm gonna teach these niggas a lesson. Flexin' like an Anaconda, I'm stuffed like bombers Hit ya step and get wet, then duck my doorway teck. I holds my own like I'm pissin' beef with us is death wishing, I put to work because they didn't listen They tryed to set me up, why did they push me? Hook me up in the town with the killer pussy rap me up between the sheets nigga bust out the closet, but my 9 made 'em dead meat. I shot the hoe who set me up I'm drivin' off mad because the niggas threw off my nut I'm going through a thang, ain't no thang though cause before I left, I hit the set & Dook all the dope

Chorus: [Master P]

I'm going thorugh some thangs

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I'm going through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
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### (Mr. Serv-On)

So if it seem, point the beam Since a youngster, these niggas pushed my cemetery dream Lean my body if they could, and wished ya die, I wished ya coward motherfuckers would Everyday, I thank god for my baby, she fall asleep on my chest but if her momma catch her callin' me daddy, she whoop that ass I'm not scared to blast, why my momma wish she never had me? She know these streets got me crazy I'm hittin' my momma for some pocket change, to stay one step ahead all these niggas in the game My daddy, gangsterism pumpin' d up in my vein. Should I kill a nigga for respect, or should I let him go? and if I do, someone please close my eyes when I'm layin' bleedin' on the floor That's why I never trust a bitch cause now a days these bitches carry an extra clip Ready to knock ya head off for that paper always down for a caper, Mr. S-E-R-V I'm going through some thangs, lord help me

#### Chorus: [Master P]

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I'm going through some thangs
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#### [Master P talks]

Going through somethangs, ya heard me? I done made it out the ghetto and every nigga that I know, that still there Think I owe them somthing and every motherfuckin' nigga that was down with me or wanted to be, wanna be just like me They think I owe them something Every bitch I stopped fucking with, thank I owe them something Know what I'm sayin'? Nigga can't even ride in his motherfuckin' car Nigga can't even walk though the streets without a motherfucker thinkin' a nigga who think he owe him some I got mine, and you can get yours Motherfuckers in my family, they think a nigga just got boo-coo money, just a blown on them, just to give to a motherfucker that don't wanna do nothing for theyselves motherfucker Be a real motherfucker, be a TRU nigga, get ya own Damn, can't even mourn the dead anymore without motherfuckers thinking if you a big nigga in the hood you must be stickin' prices on other niggas heads But I'm bigger than that nigga I got family in the Caliope, the Magnolia, and the Saint Bernard nigga