

# Master P, Kennys Dead

This is Master P  
I'm down here in South Park  
I just put a million dollar reward up  
For any information or anybody who know who killed Kenny  
Ya heard?

[Chorus]  
(Kenny's dead)  
We got to ride tonight  
My little homey Kenny died tonight  
(that's what I said)  
unh!

Kenny strated messin' up, hangin' with the thugs  
Cutting class, in the fast section, see weed and drugs  
And I guess that's how it is, when the ghetto got you trapped  
But Kenny ain't scared, he seen his pops get his neck snapped  
People lie in they sheet, on South Park streets  
Where the hoes chill and everybody run from the police  
But what I liked about Kenny, he wasn't no crip or no blood  
And he mumbled when he talked, but he loved that bud

[Chorus]  
Alot of hopeless nights chasin' nickels and dimes  
Kenny rode the other bus to school, but at night, he did crimes  
two eleven, one eighty seven, it's like a hobby  
Kenny slowed his roll, he did three years for a robbery  
Some say Kenny was the poorest kid on the street  
But picture this, Kenny with about ten g's and a couple of keys  
Huh, servin' the dope fiends, standin' on the corner  
Moved and worked from New Orleans to Arizona  
But it was a trip, Kenny always wondered how he would die  
Would it be a car crash, a plane, a gun, or suicide  
He knew one day that the rats would come  
But he didn't know they was gonna scream 'bout it 'bout it'  
And hit him with a shotgun  
unh!

[Chorus]  
Alot of wasted deaths, alot of senseless crime  
But everybody think about what you do out there, because uh  
Judgment day is for everybody  
Just remember that, uh, we can't take none of this wit' us  
And it's real out here on these streets  
I'd love to live like Kenny  
But just remember, Kenny wasn't nothin' but a cartoon  
Huh, died, he's dead, ain't no comin' back  
Ya heard me?  
Hombre, Master P, No Limit  
To the world, baby  
Don't get no realer than this