

Master P, More 2 Life

Chorus (4x):

This ghetto got me crazy

But there's more to life than bitches, weed and a Mercedes

Master P:

Jealous niggaz wanna see me dead, hoes wanna steal my bread

Only time will tell the truest shit I ever said

Now I'm walking with the devil (With the devil)

And they done banned my movies because a nigga from the ghetto

No nominees from the Grammys

But ask every nigga who bought Ghetto D do we sell whammies

Tears in my eyes from these street pains

That last time I seen my little brother was in a sheet man

And the feds follow me like I'm slanging crack

Wasting tax dollars cause I'm young, rich, famous and black

Chorus (4x)

Master P:

Its a new slavery times done changed

Took the shackles off our wrists and put 'em on our brains

Got us killing up each other

Crack babies in the hood with AIDS infected mothers

Hypocrite preachers teaching the word

And gave us shelters and rehab when dope hit the suburbs

Watch Bill Gates buying islands

See we from the ghetto where ain't nobody smiling

Where the poor live hungry

And penatentiaries packed sell t-shirts off my dead homies

Chorus (2x)

C-Murder:

I'm still mad at the world 'cause I ain't got nothing to lose

Alot of young cats out there I know wanna stand in my shoes

I'm just a young thug nigga God helped me out with some paper

Mothafuckas call me C-Murder 'cause they no I ain't no faker

Duck and dodgin' penatentiaries and running from debt

I ain't got nothing but No Limit so I'm a represent it 'til my last breath

My tattoos represent my thoughts like a work of art

My mama cried when she saw fear, my pain tatted cross my heart

My enemies dropping like flies, nosy bitches wanna know why

Just take the C off my name and you left with a homicide

You see the ghetto made me crazy, but it also made me realize

I thank God for my hard times keep ghetto ties make me hard to kill

Chorus (4x)

This ghetto got us crazy, but you know what

There's more to life than bitches, weed and Mercedes

This for all the ghetto stars out there

Going through a thing

All my homies in the penatentiary

I feel y'all pain

To all my dead homies that caught up in the ghetto

Rest in peace (Kevin Miller, 2Pac, Biggie Smalls)

To all my No Limit Soldiers

The ghetto got us crazy, but we gotta overcome

It's foolish, ya heard me

Chorus