

Master P, Till We Dead And Gone

[Chorus - Master P]

Nigga, nigga, nigga
P and Bone nigga
Ughhhhhhh
And we gone kill ya
Till we dead and gone nigga

[Master P]

I couldn't gang bang
With crips and bloods
But i could stand on the corner
Wit killas and drugs
They healing
Outlaws that reaching for souls
We ghetto niggas
600, Fearris, and Rolls
We couldn't run from niggas cause we bout it bout it
I'm from the set where my niggas get rowdy rowdy
We gon hang niggas
We gon bang niggas
We gon slang niggas
Cause we trigger niggas
Banger got cheese nigga
Never fall nigga
Put my name on the wall when I'm gone nigga
Cause I'm a soldier
No Limit finest
Mouth full of gold teeth and diamonds
Uhh - uhh
Hit 'em up nigga
Get 'em get 'em get 'em
Miss me I'ma split 'em
Throw up your something soldier rag if you ain't with 'em
Uhh - uhh
Or else East 99 will get with 'em

[Chorus - Master P]

[Layzie Bone]

Little Lay done traveled around the world
Caught a few cases
Seen so many faces and so many places
Ace this game
Why do you try to erase this on a daily basis
Give me my spaces
Show me some love though
Just pump your fist in the air and holler "Mo"
Could you do me that and I'll hit you back
Little nig just don't know where my thugs at
Some at the track on the back chrome gat
Some around the corner selling that crack
Some of my thugs in the penn dead wrong
Got a lot of my thugs in the grave long gone
May they rest in peace
My nigga sleep
Nigga be creep thugging till we all deceased
Makaveli, Biggie Smalls, and Eazy-E
T-Rock got shot
Lord bless 'em please bless thier seed
For real we tru to the thugs representing that Land
Putting it down for the nation of thugs man

So you understand
Now whats wrong with your game
Wounds be getting to shooting
Fuck the law
Keep packing that steel
Real real when your riding the feel just chill
And peace will be still
Nigga from Cleveland to New Orleans
Across the sea and ocean
Master P and Bone thugs
Coast to coast
We steadily rolling putting it down

[Chorus - Master P]

[Krayzie Bone]

Niggas niggas if you with me
Don't be talking about it nigga come get in the car
Reach in the back for the AK
Okay
Lets see if you ready for war
Scoping the target
Mark it then you pull out your weapon and spark it
Nine millimeter, heater, streetsweepers, and sawed-offs
Shit
Bitch hear me ticking
I'm bound to blow
Nigga better get on the floor
Oh, and hey and then when you dropping you might as well give me your bank
Look in my eyes
They so surprised
Cause they must have thought I was studio
What do ya know
Nigga jumped out of the video and fucked you up
Aw shit
Here come the police
Now tell me what it is you want?
I got the same thing you got so it all depends on who the sharpest shot
Lets get it on
Boy your funerals after if dead Krayzie snaps
Cause there be to many bloody bodies bagged up off in the back
Fucked up
We wouldn't of had to resort to violence
But man the nigga was raised that way
And I'm gon stay that way even if I die today
But what can I say?
I picked a fucked up game to play
So I gotta get up and move out
Face the shoot out
So I'll be on my way

[Chorus - Master P]

[Wish Bone]

Yeah yeah
In the mist of the ghetto
When I fly ride by die
Niggas wanna let go
It's a pain just to maintain
But it's a shame cause I do the same thing
Still from the streets
Indeed you'll bleed when your fucking with me and B-O-N-E
Yeahhh

We the Mo Thug warriors warriors
Fuck them stories that them haters be telling
Huh
You run up we murder ya
Stressed out niggas on weed
Fuck niggas don't like me and police
I'ma keep it real all the way down till the end
All I wanna do is smoke weed with my friends
Make ends
Anyday can be your last one
Thats why a nigga gotta carry guns
Don't you wanna have some fun
Come come
Bloody red red rum

[Flesh-N-Bone]

Me telling ya
Yeah
See me and my niggas we down for whatever
Yah heard me?
No matter the cause
Follow the paper chase thats straight to the income
Ya'll get fifth thugs
Your nigga thats ready for war
Lets battle
Stepping with cannons
Come with my handbook
Niggas with (?)
But if you choose you lose
Them niggas will fucking fool
Come and get a abused
If you've paid your dues
My niggas you've learned the golden rule
You gotta do what you gotta do
But priceless
So many done test don't try me
(?)
Niggas come to stay tru
Digging his grave
They dieing
They recognize the Cles from C-L-E
Hooked up with niggas from New Orleans
My niggas at No Limit
Gotta make more cheese
It's Bone and P

[Chorus - Master P]

[Master P]
Ha ha
P and Bone nigga
Yah heard me?
And we gone be here till we dead and gone nigga
This is dedicated to every mother fucking rapper that went before us
Yah heard me?