

Master P, Why They Wanna See Me Dead

Chorus

Now why dey wanna see me dead niggas put prices on my head now I got to
Rottwiellers by my bed

Verse 1

Niggas afraid to see a Gambino nigga get paid
so my life be filled with blood shed
late nights mommas cryin on the bed visulizin me in the grave
now why the fuck it gots to be dis way
these projects got a nigga fucked up in the head
gotta stay high to survive, I ain't gone lie these streets be havin a
nigga wanna die
bein a breeder gots to stay alive keep close to my 4-5
keep my eyes on the prize can't be victimized by bitch niggas in
disguise
pretendin to be my thug nigga but all the while my designated killah
my whole life is a thrillah everything is on the realah nigga I'm all
about my skrilla
fucked up and I kill ya I know you feel the pressure dat a thug goin
through
I wanna change but its hard to do
when all my life I been true 2 da game pushin cane to represent my
family name
ain't a damn thang gone change its the same old same
everytime I walk out my house these playa haters approach
these niggas get smoked
cause lord knows I ain't ready to go
but when my time comes (but when my time comes) and my blood runs
just blaze the blunt and watch over my son
make sure dat his days okay dry the tears from his eye
when dis nigga here die tell em I went to a place high next to a lot
tell em dat I live my life as a wise guy and floss my ride and bust
bitches eyes
maybe dat's why dey wanna see me dead and put prices over my
motherfuckin head

chorus

2nd Verse

I think dey after me dey wanna see me dead
100 G's for the slugs dat enter my head
but I ain't scared though we leavin niggas stank
no limit niggas commin bustin in the fuckin tank
dem niggas jealous cause my tape in demand
we on the paper chase and I just can't understand
how these niggas infiltraton findin out about my whereabouts
thought you did something kickin in my baby momma house
I know your blood flowin with these evil thoughts of killin me
but I'm like P always think somebodys watchin me
other jealous folk got me under survielence
wanna murder me and make me number 187
but I tell em if dey come dem niggas best come prepared
puttin lead between yo heads and I'm leavin it dead
cause dis 4th Ward soul ain't got no time for fools (I guess dat what
he sayin but he ain't pronouncin it right)
12 gauge unload now your brain exposed
gotta get up out dis game because its gettin to drastic
dodgin bullets cause dey wanna make my child a bastard
will I last it or will a nigga just perish instead
the N.O.P.D. the Feds dey all wanna see me dead

