

Master P, 1-900 Master P

[Master P]

G ride, homicide, hoo ride 4 deep
Thats how we late night creep
See in Cali' fools be gettin' their serve on
And at the side shows cars got it going on
With that candy paint plus that ???
So many woofers in the trunk sound like an army tank
I'm from that Richmond 23rd street army
So fools can't harm me, gats cocked incase they run up on me
See I'm deep, TRU is how I creep
I don't bang cause that went out in '93
Still locin, blunted and smokin'
Gator Rade and Thunderbird, a pocket full of Trojans
For them hoochies, that wanna smooch me
End up in Motel 6 in some booty
Boots knockin', panties be droppin'
Gat under the bed incase the playa hatas come and pop me
Got that glock, 17 shots, it's all good I tell a hoochie don't stop
Ass bangin', nuts still hangin', moble phone ringin'
Ain't stoppin' 'till the fat lady starts singin' and hollerin'
And moanin'i'm humpin'
Check my watch god damn it's 6 in the mornin'
Should I stay, ain't got no time to play
Put my ??? by my t-shirt
Then I break, to the door
My partner's three deep in a six-four
Chorus: repeat 2X
G ride, homicide, hoo ride 4 deep
That's how we late night creep

[Master P]

Well it's the weekend and everybody chillin' at the giggety lake
Hoes in daisy dukes so tight, it'll make your nuts break
Polk-a-dot panties, gold thangs, dampies
So many stars out here I feel like I'm at the Grammys
Niggas blowin', bitches out hoein'
Weaves so tight ain't nobody else knowin'
Is it real, if it's not just chill
Cause talkin' shit to a hoe in Cali' can get your god damn cap peeled
Ballers roll low, fools out tellin' jokes
Hittin' like Tyson on the mother fuckin' Spliff smoke
Tangueray mixed with that orange juice and lemon squeeze
Straight vodka and mother fuckin 80 leaves
I mean high, I'm higher than a giggety bird
Show my ass for the hood make them gold thangs hit the curb
5-0 on my trizail, I had to post bizail
100 g's to get me out of jail, I'm with the quickness
All because a big nigga bought a ki' of dope
Watch a young nigga flip this
Straight independant, ain't nobody lendin'
Underground King Pin, title dependant
Master P or should I say Al Capone
No Limit Records in the house got it goin' on
Ain't no love, I thought I told ya
Us TRU niggas, straight soldiers
King ready to fight a bitch like a Pit Bull
And Big Ed got that 9 trigger ready to pull
And Silkk will put your teeth in the dirt fool
And C-Murder don't give a fuck about a nigga dude
And Cali-G is ready to do a fuckin' OG call
Cause when you fuckin' with us one
You fuckin' with us all
That's how we do it on the Westcoast
Westcoast Badd Boyz some more No Limit dope
Chorus

[Master P]

Now we creepin' from the Westcoast of California
To Washington, Texas, Louisiana, Arizona, Utah, Florida, Atlanta, Kansas,
Nebraska, New York, Kentucky, Alabama, Detroit
Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina

[Silkk]

Man let me check this shit out

Let me see what this all about 1-9-0-0-Master-P

[Master P]

Yo, what's up this is your nigga Master P

Sorry I'm unavailable to come to the phone right now

I'm either out on the fuckin' road doin' shows

Kickin' it with bitches

Could be your bitch if you a real G

Just take it to the law, you could be a playa hater

We can hold court in the streets

But if you my nigga little Rich

Yeah nigga if you still got them mountings for 350

Hold me 7 of 'em nigga

I'll be back tomorrow, and if its that bitch Sheryl

Yeah I told them niggas you sucked my dick hoe

You know how that go, every dog got they day

Bitch you had 3 or 4 though

No Limit Records, supplyin' the world with that dope gangsta ass shit

Y'all know as usual, comin' back with a bomb on y'all ass

Dope ass EP P 99 Ways To Die

Everybody got it

You must have it cause you wouldn't be listenin' to this shit

Master P bout it be, audi five thousand

'Bout to smoke this ol' Spliff on y'all dog ass

Watch this, when the weed stop

Then leave a mother