

Master P, 17 Reasons

car full of weed
didn't see him creep up
hit him in the jaw
took him for his phone and his beeper
left him on the ground, caught in blood
pissed in the ???? , then pulled the plug
2 to the dome, didn't let him suffer
and like a chicken, put him in the pot then smother
life in the Rich, gotta think quick
be about your money, you can't trust a bitch
f**ked in the game, gettin paid dues
but when they tagged his toe, the boy made the news
and like Spice said, from bodies to zags
from forties to funeral
just another nigga on the grass dead
18 and bad luck, nobody gives a f**k
here comes a black truck
2 days later everybody cryin
and at the funeral bangers in line
here comes his mother pushin through the crowd
screamin oh my god don't killm y child
I'm in the back dressed in khakies
9 in my pocket caue P is trigga happy
Lil O.G. pushing tapes and c.d.'s
puttin in work like some Levi jeans
and when my number's called, you know I'm ready bro
cause I got 17 reasons, I'll let you know

17 reasons, to let go
shoot em up, bang bang, you f**kin with a psycho
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back on the scene
P making green, playa hatas hate to see a nigga go clean
ain't slangin dope, but got dope tapes
went worldwide, started from the Bay
from No Limit to SMG
put it in the trunk, ship it across the sea
Saint get the check, King break they neck
it's all legit, like Solar Flex
one blow and I'll drop ya, you might need a doctor
a nigga getaway, C-Murder got the Shocker
stuck to your ass, played you like a bitch
mark ass niggas get the motherf**k 86
besides wanna run up and mean mug the P
fools comeup short, Silkk get their teeth

stick it in the ground, till it turn blue
and if a fool live he be suckin on soup
stuck em in the car with a broken jaw
it ain't what you heard, it's what you saw
retaliation's a must, that's why I bust
but fool, got 17 reasons
shut you motherf**kin ass up

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gold on my ride
4 woofers, 2 Alpines
and when the Lexus stop
hoochies wanna form lines
fiends on my shit
lookin for a hit
watchin them niggas ????
trying to get a fix
I walk with a limp, mean like a soldier
Colt 45, gone off that donja
Master P, the nappy head fool
don't give a f**k, don't play by no rules
rata-tat-tat, just like the Brat
P leaving suckas stuck on their back
better check his pulse, left him with his eyes open
struck him from the back, god damn watch his head open
throw him off the cliff, take him to the torcher ship
and this was who
I'll be like Shawn Kemp
dumpin bodies off straight to the mortuary
Master P, in the hood, Black Dirty Harry
Richmond Balla, 23rd Street hustla
still independent, started from the gutter
went big time, took to the gangsta rhyme
put the town on the map, that's the f**king like of crime
the hoods gettin hectic,
the P well respected
but got to pack some heat
incase some fool test me

17 reasons, to let go
shoot em up, bang bang, you f**kin with a pyscho