

# Master P, 99 Ways To Die

[Master P]

H to the motherfuckin' K

A Richmond ass nigga residin' in the Bay

Still slangin' cola out the motherfuckin' palm trees

TRU to the game and gone off that Dank weed

Shoot a nigga up in the middle of the sunset

And when you ride through the town you better wear your vest

Real East Bay gangsta, the P is not a prankster

Put the nina to your a jaw and watch a nigga gank ya

See it's a turf thing, fools like to gangbang

Russian roulette, put the Glock to your dome man

And if a fool live he have shit in his pants

Just seen the devil, taught you how to dirty dance

Merri D whip the beat up just like some dope

I put the lyrics in the chamber and watch that ass get smoked

[Chorus]

99 ways to die, survival of the fittest

Only one way to stay alive

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[Master P]

Head for the 94, P got that deuce deuce

Homies better run, gon' like psycho ready to bust a few

23rd street, I'm posted in the cut

Southside of the Rich, TRU don't give a fuck

Caught a fool slippin', tryin' to slang them Coca leaves

Mark's gettin' smoked in my hood like some Dank weed

My homie little Rich got the shotgun ready to bust a cap

Duct tape around your mouth motherfucker did you ???

Ain't nobody trippin', caught that ass slippin'

Dumpin' bullets in your back like young Scottie Pippen

Niggas in the truck, with automatics

5 g's ready to roll up on your ass from some static

Fry that ass like Wendy's, where they fry fuckin' burgers

Well done drippin' in blood cause that's the way I serve ya

No lettuce or tomato, just straight lead

When people straight clip three bullets to your head

[Chorus]

[Master P]

Blood drippin' from my nose, I'm in a cold sweat

I done smoked this fool, can't sleep I need a cigarette

O.G. but it's time for me to put in work

I mean cock the trigger, time to do my own dirt

King guard the window, I toss and turn in my sleep

Silk hand on the pump, I hear the fuckin' police

It's my time to come, i'm going out like Kadafi

Jumped out the window ain't nobody gonna stop me

Still have fuckin' blood on my hands from the torture

??? with the motherfucker that I thought ya

Cause it's slaughter in the dope game

Have you ever held the hands of a dead man

It's serious G, I can't sleep though

And I'm gone on that motherfuckin' Indo

You gotta stay strapped

Ain't no time to blank

Niggas in my hood left dead with they corpses' stank

Black-on-black crimes it's all about the dividends

The government fed dope to my hood to make us kill again

Fake D.A., feds on my fuckin' case

Just like the ??? man, fuck the yellow tape

I'm out on 50 g's and that's real

And the sucka that snitched on the P, got his cap peeled

[Chorus]