

Master P, Ghetto D

(*water bubbling*)

(*voice in background repeating "make crack like this";*)

[Master P]

Imagine substitutin crack for music

I mean dope tapes, this is how we would make it

(There it is right there)

For all you players, hustlers, ballers and even you smokers

("Ma ma ma ma make crack like this";)

[Master P]

Ghetto Dope, No Limit Records

("Ma ma ma make crack like this";)

Part of the Tobacco, Firearms, and Freedom of Speech Committee

Thank you dope fiends for your support, ha ha

[C-Murder]

Let me give a shoutout to the D Boys (drug dealers)

Neighborhood dope man, I mean real niggas

that'll make a dollar out of fifteen cents

Ain't got a dime, but I rides and pay the rent

Professional crackslanger I serve fiends

I once went to jail for having rocks up in my jeans

But nowadays I be too smart for the task

C-Murder been known to keep the rocks up in the skillet man

Waitin on a kilo they eight I'm straight you dig

What you need ten, ain't no fuckin order too big

And makin crack like this is the song

You won't be getting yo money if yo shit ain't cooked long

Overcook yo' dope it might come out brown

Them fiends gonna run yo ass clean outta town

But fuck that I'm bout to put my soldiers in the game

And tell ya how to make crack from cocaine

One - look for the nigga wit the whitest snow

Two - no buying from no nigga that you don't know

Make yo way to the kitchen where the stove be

You get the baking soda I got yo D

Get the triple beam and measure out yo dope

Mix one gram of soda every seven grams of coke

An shake it up until it get harder

Then sit the tube in some ready made cold water

Twist the bitch like a knot while it's still hot

And watch that shit while it can rise to the fuckin top

Now ya cocaine powder is crack

Nigga I hopes you strapped cause you might get jacked

[Chorus: repeat all 4X]

Ghett Ghett Ghett Ghetto Dope

Ma Ma Ma Ma Make Crack like this Ghett Ghetto Dope

[Silkk the Shocker]

My phone rang I picked it up

(Need some weight)

What you need

(Silkk bout a coupla K)

I had it all into powder but it ain't no thang

Gimme a coupla hours I have it all in a cake

Trust nobody got my gun and went an smacked Kane and Abel

You probably catch me choppin ki's choppin ki's up on my mom's table

I got a big order for some coke

I called some hoes up

I want ya'll but naked while you cookin up my dope

I told ya'll we some Tru G's

See me and P and C
??? with uzi's
Choppin up two ki's
Baby twenty-four oz's a piece
Cause see if it ain't about money
Then it ain't about me
Hella mail from sales
Hella yeah for scales
Come up short
My money jumpin yo ass like bail
First of all you gotta have nuts
Don't give a fuck
Cause when I bust niggas guts
They know if it miss it ain't by much
Thinkin short like I'm only seventeen
A coupla dope fiends
Some oz's
A triple beam
And then playa hit yo block
And tell a bitch nigga to raise up off the spot
That's why I acts like this
But I rides rims, them gold D's (Ma Ma Make Crack like this)
I made crack like this

[Chorus]

[Master P]

Nigga Nigga never let a nigga front you no dizos
Start from the ground, work yo way up to a kilo
Get some killers on yo team, keep one up in the chamber
For the jackas and the dope fiends
Fools come short get rowdy
Kick down doors, show motherfuckers that ya bout it bout it
Break ki's down to oz's
Never buy any dope without weighin it on the triple beam
Fuck soda use V-12
Keep a stash for the tryin to take other niggas clientele
Check the man made junk for residue
Cause every fiend you miss want three or two
1. Never talk on the phone in ya house
2. Never slang dope out ya baby momma's house
3. Never fuck with snitches
Cause niggas that talk to the police is bitches
4. Keep a low key
And if you movin weight treat yo'self to an uzi
The first hit for free (damn)
But the next time you see me
You betta have twenty G
5. Never pay
Pimp hoes for the pussy
That's the 'Merican way
Clean up ya dirty money to good money
Cause legal money last longer than drug money

[Chorus]