Master P, Going Through Some Thangs

Chorus: [Master P]

I'm going through some thangs
These bitch ass niggas got me goin' through some thangs.
I'm going through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
These bitch ass niggas got me goin' through some thangs.

Verse 2: [Master P]
I close my eyes, I can't sleep, I visualize death
I seen my little homie get smoked like a cigarette
and these G's on the streets, enemies,
they'll take your life for a hundred C's
I mean a hundred dollars or less
the game gets so wicked that I wear a bulletproof vest
and now I'm grown, and they wonder why I'm crazy
Imagine feedin' tablets and beer to a baby
Never had a chance when I was 5
nigga took me in the car, took me on the ghetto ride
Cruisin' through streets that I've never seen
pull the clip off a 30 round magazine
Taught me how to deal with a triple beam
and ever since then I've been servin' dope fiends
I got the game in the bag that's so big
nigga see my nuts it's like two figs
swoll to the fullest,
in my heart to my vein, pumpk nickel plated bullets
and this ghetto got me stressed (stressed),
'cause niggas that you know (bitches) will rob you blind & leave you to rest.

Chorus: [Master P}

I'm going through some thangs
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through some thangs

Verse 2: [Big Ed]

I hit that nigga with a AR-15, do it clean
back up in the lex, bumpin' Mia, with my mug mean
Bulletproof vest, Smith & Wess
for enemies f**kin' steppin' in my direction
I'm gonna teach these niggas a lesson.
Flexin' like an Anaconda, I'm stuffed like bombers
Hit ya step and get wet, then duck my doorway teck.
I holds my own like I'm pissin'
beef with us is death wishing, I put to work because they didn't listen
They tryed to set me up, why did they push me?
Hook me up in the town with the killer pussy
rap me up between the sheets
nigga bust out the closet, but my 9 made 'em dead meat.
I shot the hoe who set me up
I'm drivin' off mad because the niggas threw off my nut
I'm going through a thang, ain't no thang though
cause before I left, I hit the set & took all the dope

Chorus: [Master P}

I'm going thorugh some thangs

I'm going through some thangs
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs

I'm going through some thangs
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through some thangs

(Mr. Serv-On)

So if it seem, point the beam
Since a youngster,these niggas pushed my cemetery dream
Lean my body if they could,
and wished ya die, I wished ya coward motherf**kers would
Everyday, I thank god for my baby, she fall asleep on my chest
but if her momma catch her callin' me daddy, she whoop that ass
I'm not scared to blast, why my momma wish she never had me?
She know these streets got me crazy
I'm hittin' my momma for some pocket change,
to stay one step ahead all these niggas in the game
My daddy, gangsterism pumpin' d up in my vein.
Should I kill a nigga for respect, or should I let him go?
and if I do, someone please close my eyes
when I'm layin' bleedin' on the floor
That's why I never trust a bitch
cause now a days these bitches carry an extra clip
Ready to knock ya head off for that paper
always down for a caper,
Mr. S-E-R-V
I'm going through some thangs, lord help me

Chorus: [Master P}

I'm going through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
I'm going through some thangs
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through some thangs

[Master P talks]

Going through somethangs, ya heard me?
I done made it out the ghetto
and every nigga that I know, that still there
Think I owe them somthing
and every motherf**kin' nigga that was down with me
or wanted to be, wanna be just like me
They think I owe them something
Every bitch I stopped f**king with,
thank I owe them something
Know what I'm sayin'?
Nigga can't even ride in his motherf**kin' car
Nigga can't even walk though the streets
without a motherf**ker thinkin' a nigga who think he owe him some
I got mine, and you can get yours
Motherf**kers in my family,
they think a nigga just got boo-coo money,
just a blown on them, just to give to a motherf**ker
that don't wanna do nothing for theyselves motherf**ker
Be a real motherf**ker, be a TRU nigga, get ya own
Damn, can't even mourn the dead anymore
without motherf**kers thinking if you a big nigga in the hood
you must be stickin' prices on other niggas heads
But I'm bigger than that nigga

I got family in the Caliope, the Magnolia, and the Saint Bernard nigga